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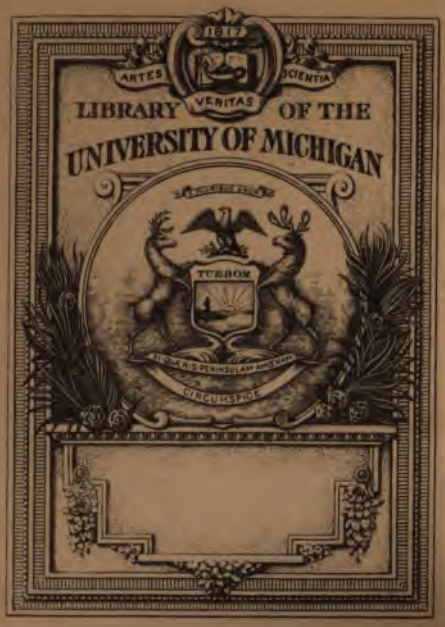


THE GIFT OF
Albert Greene

PR
1171
.J7
V.20-22

John Dickinson
1786

From a Picture in the possession of W. Bromfield Esq.r

THE

)RKS

OF THE

ISH POETS.

WITH

FACES,

CAL AND CRITICAL,

UEL JOHNSON.

THE TWENTIETH.

ONDON:

TED BY J. NICHOLS;

.RCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVING-
AVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN,
WDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN,
.DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN,
ORSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES,
ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS,
. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RID-
DWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND
Y, J. BEW, N. CONANT,
RAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M DCC LXXII.

Grad. RR 2
Gift
Albert Greene
1-15-1935

THE

POEMS

OF

GARTH

AND

KING.

© 3-22-35

THE

DISPENSARY.

A

POEM

IN

SIX CANTO'S.

BY SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

"— Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim."

HOR. de Arte Poet.

TO

ANTHONY HENLEY, ESQ.

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's bluſhes, is ſtill moſt diſcovered, when it labours moſt to be concealed.

It is hard, that to think well of you, ſhould be but juſtice, and to tell you ſo, ſhould be an offence: thus, rather than violate your modeſty, I muſt be wanting to your other virtues; and, to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thouſand.

The world generally meaſures our eſteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will ſcarce believe that ſo much zeal in the heart, can be conſiſtent with ſo much faintneſs in the expreſſion; but when they reflect on your readineſs to do good, and your induſtry to hide it; on your paſſion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgements would be ungrateful to a perſon, who even ſeems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I ſhould perſuade myſelf to be ſilent upon all occaſions; thoſe more polite arts, which, till of late, have languiſhed and decayed, would appear under their preſent advantages, and own you for one of their generous reſtorers; inſomuch, that Sculpture now breathes, Painting ſpeaks, Muſic raviſhes; and as you help to refine our taſte, you diſtinguiſh your own.

Your approbation of this poem, is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgement, that ought to reliſh nothing ſo much as what you write yourſelf: but you are reſolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To ſay more, would be uneaſy to you; and to ſay leſs, would be unjuſt in

Your humble Servant.

PRE-

PREFACE.

SINCE this following Poem in a manner ſtole into the world, I could not be ſurprized to find it uncorrect: though I can no more ſay I was a ſtranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the Publiſher's precipitation in doing it: for a hurry in the execution generally produces a leiſure in reflexion; ſo when we run the faſteſt, we ſtumble the ofteneſt. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but ſay the ſame of the defects of the author, he would need no juſtification againſt the cavils of ſome furious critics, who, I am ſure, would have been better pleaſed if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the Fury Diſeaſe is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of preſent writers: but though I had the authority of ſome Greek and Latin Poets, upon parallel inſtances, to juſtify the deſign; yet that I might not introduce any thing that ſeemed inconſiſtent, or hard, I ſtarted this objection myſelf, to a gentleman, very remarkable in this ſort of criticiſm, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Diſeaſe is repreſented a Fury as well as Envy: ſhe is imagined to be forced by an incantation from her recels;

and, to be revenged on the Exerciſt, mortifies him with an introduction of ſeveral perſons eminent in an accompliſhment he has made ſome advances in.

Nor is the compliment leſs to any great genius mentioned there; ſince a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confeſs how happily they have all ſucceeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the Lutrin of Monſieur Boileau. I muſt own, I am proud of the imputation; unleſs their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himſelf the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Moleſſe, Canto II. and in one in his firſt Canto; the ſenſe of which line is entirely his, and I could wiſh it were not the only good one in mine.

I have ſpoke to the moſt material objections I have heard of, and ſhall tell theſe gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I will undertake to ſhew them two. One of theſe curious perſons does me the honour to ſay, he approves of the concluſion of it; but I ſuppoſe it is upon no other reaſon, but becauſe it is the concluſion. However, I ſhould not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amuſement I have very little practiſed hitherto, nor perhaps ever ſhall again.

Reputation of this ſort is very hard to be got, and very eaſy to be loſt; its purſuit is painful, and its poſſeſſion unfruitful; nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the animoſities among the

Members of the College of Phyſicians increaſing daily (notwithſtanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy Preſident to the contrary) I was perſuaded to attempt ſomething of this nature, and to endeavour to railly ſome of our diſaffected Members into a ſenſe of their duty, who have hitherto moſt obſtinately oppoſed all manner of union; and have continued ſo unreaſonably refractory, that it was thought fit by the College, to reinforce the obſervance of the ſtatutes by a bond, which ſome of them would not comply with, though none of them had refuſed the ceremony of the cuſtomary oath; like ſome that will truſt their wives with any body, but their money with none. I was ſorry to find there could be any conſtitution that was not to be cured without poiſon, and that there ſhould be a proſpect of effecting it by a leſs grateful method than reaſon and perſuaſion.

The original of this difference has been of ſome ſtanding, though it did not break out to fury and exceſs, until the time of erecting the Diſpenſary, being an apartment in the college, ſet up for the relief of the ſick poor, and managed ever ſince with an integrity and diſintereſt, ſuitable to ſo charitable a deſign.

If any perſon would be more fully informed about the particulars of ſo pious a work, I refer him to a Treatiſe, ſet forth by the authority of the Preſident and Cenſors, in the year 97. It is called, "A ſhort Account of the "Proceedings of the College of Phyſicians, London, in "relation to the ſick Poor." The reader may there not only be informed of the riſe and progreſs of this ſo public an undertaking, but alſo of the concurrence and

encouragement it met with from the moſt, as well as the moſt ancient Members of the Society, notwithſtanding the vigorous oppoſition of a few men, who thought it their intereſt to defeat ſo laudable a deſign.

The intention of this preface is not to perſuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being cenſured of taking any indecent liberty with a faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the ſatire may appear directed at any particular perſon, it is at ſuch only as are preſumed to be engaged in diſhonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, againſt the dignity of their own profeſſion. But if there be no ſuch, then theſe characters are but imaginary, and by conſequence ought to give nobody offence.

The deſcription of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the Diſpenſary, betwixt a member of the College with his retinue, and ſome of the ſervants that attended there to diſpenſe the medicines; and is ſo far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope nobody will think the author too undecently reflecting through the whole, who, being too liable to faults himſelf, ought to be leſs ſevere upon the miſcarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular perſon: it is a reflection which I ſhould be ſorry ſhould give offence; being no more than what may be ſaid of any phyſician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is ſo trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the leaſt impreſſion, either upon the reader, or the perſon it is applied to; being one that I think in my conſcience

ence a very able phyſician, as well as a gentle-
of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any
it is my reader: but ſome worthy gentlemen, as
rkable for their humanity as their extraordinary
, have taken care to make him amends for it, by
xing ſomething of their own.

confeſs, thoſe ingenious gentlemen have done me a
t honour; but while they deſign an imaginary pane-
ic upon me, they have made a real one upon them-
es; and by ſaying how much this ſmall performance
ceeds ſome others, they convince the world how far
falls ſhort of theirs.

THE

THE

COPY OF AN INSTRUMENT

Subſcribed by the Preſident, Cenſor, moſt of the Elects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of the COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, in relation to the SICK POOR.

WHEREAS the ſeveral orders of the College of Phyſicians, London, for preſcribing medicines *gratis* to the poor ſick of the cities of London and Weſtminſter, and parts adjacent; as alſo propoſals made by the ſaid College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council, of London, in purſuance thereof; have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furniſh the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reaſonable rates; we therefore whoſe names are here under-written, fellows and members of the ſaid College, being willing effectually to promote ſo great a charity, by the counſel and good-liking of the Preſident and College declared in their Comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us ſeverally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourſelves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, fellow and elect of the ſaid College, the ſum of ten pounds apiece of lawful money of England, by ſuch proportions, and at ſuch times, as to the major part of the ſubſcribers here ſhall ſeem moſt convenient: which money, when received by the ſaid Dr. Thomas Burwell,

is

is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinſic value, in ſuch manner, and at ſuch times, and by ſuch orders and directions, as by the major part of the ſubſcribers hereto ſhall in writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpoſe.

In witneſs whereof we have hereunto ſet our hands and ſeals, this twenty-ſecond day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, Præſes.
Tho. Burwell, Elect. and Cenſor.
Sam. Collins, Elect.
Edw. Browne, Elect.
Rich. Torleſs, Elect. and Cenſor.
Edw. Hulſe, Elect.
Tho. Gill, Cenſor.
Will. Dawes, Cenſor.
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
Rich. Robinſon.
John Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Sampſon.
Thomas Gibſon.
Charles Goodall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joſeph Gaylard.
John Woollaſton.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horſeman.
Rich. Morton, Jun.
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Th. Colladon.
Martin Liſter.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.

P. Syl-

P. Sylveſtre.
Cha. Morton.
Walter Charlton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward.
—— Norris.
George Colebrook.
Gideon Harvey.

The deſign of printing the ſubſcribers names, is to ſhew, that the late undertaking has the ſanction of a College act; and that it is not a project carried on by five or ſix members, as thoſe that oppoſe it would unjuſtly inſinuate.

TO

D R. G A R T H,

UPON THE

D I S P E N S A R Y.

H that ſome genius, whoſe poetic vein
Like Montague's could a juſt piece ſuſtain,
ıld ſearch the Grecian and the Latin ſtore,
thence preſent thee with the pureſt ore:
ſting numbers praiſe thy whole deſign,
manly beauty of each nervous line!
' how your pointed ſatire's ſterling wit,
only knaves or formal blockheads hit;
) 're gravely dull, *inſipidly ſerene*,
carry all their wiſdom in their mien;
)m thus expos'd, thus ſtripp'd of their diſguiſe,
: will again admire, moſt will deſpiſe!
' in what noble verſe Naſſau you ſing,
ſuch a poet 's worthy ſuch a king!
n Somers' charming eloquence you praiſe,
loftily your tuneful voice you raiſe!
ny poor feeble Muſe is as unfit
ıraiſe, as imitate what you have writ.
ls alone ſhould venture to commend
ıt Dennis can't condemn, nor Dryden mend:
ıt muſt, writ with that fire and with that eaſe,
beaux, the ladies, and the critics, pleaſe.

C. BOYLE.

TO

MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR,

DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM.

ASK me not, friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not why I like, or damn;
I can be pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou haſt no faults, or I no faults can ſpy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindneſs I.
Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaſte,
Who ne'er had fire, or elſe whoſe fire is paſt,
Muſt judge by rules what they want force to taſte.
I would a poet, like a miſtreſs, try,
Not by her hair, her hand, her noſe, her eye;
But by ſome nameleſs power, to give me joy.
The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's charms,
If with reſiſtleſs fires my ſoul ſhe warms,
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.
Such is thy genius, and ſuch art is thine,
Some ſecret magic works in every line;
We judge not, but we feel the power divine.
Where all is juſt, is beauteous, and is fair,
Diſtinctions vaniſh of peculiar air.
Loſt in our pleaſure, we enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, Sheffield, Montague.
And yet 'tis thought, ſome critics in this town,
By rules to all, but to themſelves, unknown,
Will damn thy verſe, and juſtify their own.

Why

Why let them damn: were it not wondrous hard
Facetious Mirmil * and the City Bard,
So near ally'd in learning, wit, and ſkill,
Should not have leave to judge, as well as kill?
Nay, let them write; let them their forces join,
And hope the motley piece may rival thine.
Safely deſpiſe their malice, and their toil,
Which vulgar ears alone will reach, and will defile.
Be it thy generous pride to pleaſe the beſt,
Whoſe judgement, and whoſe friendſhip, is a teſt.
With learned Hans thy healing cares be join'd;
Search thoughtful Ratcliffe to his inmoſt mind;
Unite, reſtore your arts, and ſave mankind:
Whilſt all the buſy Mirmils of the town
Envy our health, and pine away their own.
Whene'er thou would'ſt a tempting Muſe engage,
Judicious Walſh can beſt direct her rage.
To Somers and to Dorſet too ſubmit,
And let their ſtamp immortalize thy wit.
Conſenting Phœbus bows, if they approve,
And ranks thee with the foremoſt bards above.
Whilſt theſe of right the deathleſs laurel ſend,
Be it my humble buſineſs to commend
The faithful, honeſt man, and the well-natur'd friend.

CHR. CODRINGTON.

* Dr. Gibbons.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH, THE AUTHOR OF THE DISPENSARY.

TO praiſe your healing art, would be in vain;
The health you give, prevents the poet's pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your renown,
And I but fill the chorus of the town.
That let me waive, and only now admire
The dazzling rays of your poetic fire:
Which its diffuſive virtue does diſpenſe,
In flowing verſe, and elevated ſenſe.
The town, which long has ſwallow'd fooliſh verſe,
Which poetaſters every where rehearſe,
Will mend their judgement now, refine their taſte,
And gather up th' applauſe they threw in waſte.
The play-houſe ſhan't encourage falſe ſublime,
Abortive thoughts, with *decoration-rhyme*.
The ſatire of vile ſcribblers ſhall appear
On none, except upon themſelves, ſevere:
While yours contemns the gall of vulgar ſpite;
And when you ſeem to ſmile the moſt, you bite.

THO. CHEEK.

TO

TO MY FRIEND,

UPON THE DISPENSARY.

AS when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving ſun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they ſee the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night:
Thus we, who lately, as of ſummer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit,
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful ſhore.
But you, the favourite of the tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full luſtre ſhine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day;
And reach'd perfection in your firſt eſſay.
So the young eagle, that his force would try,
Faces the ſun, and towers it to the ſky.
Others proceed to art by ſlow degrees,
Aukward at firſt, at length they faintly pleaſe;
And ſtill, whate'er their firſt efforts produce,
'Tis an abortive, or an infant Muſe:
Whilſt yours, like Pallas, from the head of Jove,
Steps out full-grown, with nobleſt pace to move.
What ancient poets to their ſubjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it little, but have made it great,
They could deſcribe, but you alone create.

Now let your Muſe riſe with expanded wings,
To ſing the fate of empires and of kings;
Great William's victories ſhe 'll next rehearſe,
And raiſe a trophy of immortal verſe:
Thus to your art proportion the deſign,
And mighty things with mighty numbers join,
A ſecond Namur, or a future Boyne.

H. Blount.

POEMS

POEMS

By Sir SAMUEL GARTH.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, Goddeſs! ſince 'tis thou that beſt canſt tell,
How ancient leagues to modern diſcord fell;
And why Phyſicians were ſo cautious grown
Of others' lives, and laviſh of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elyſian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.
Not far from that moſt celebrated place,
Where angry * Juſtice ſhews her awful face;
Where little villains muſt ſubmit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in ſtate;
There ſtands a † dome, majeſtic to the ſight,
And ſumptuous arches bear its oval height;

* Old Bailey. † College of Phyſicians.

A golden globe, plac'd high with artful ſkill,
Seems, to the diſtant ſight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a uſe as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd ſociety decline
The propagation of that great deſign;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they view'd,
And, as ſhe diſappear'd, their ſearch purſued.
Wrapt in the ſhade of night the Goddeſs lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark diſguiſe,
But ſhuns the groſs acceſs of vulgar eyes.
Now ſhe unfolds the faint and dawning ſtrife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And ſlender trains of twiſting fibres makes;
And how the viſcous ſeeks a cloſer tone,
By juſt degrees to harden into bone;
While the more looſe flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple ſtreams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps ariſe,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each ſluice a gentle torrent pours,
To ſlake a feveriſh heat with ambient ſhowers;
Whence their mechanic powers the ſpirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 19. —they ſtill purſued.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain,
Here ſhe 's too ſparing; there profuſely vain.

How

How the ſame nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt pleaſure and the greateſt pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in ſilver currents run;
How the dim ſpeck of entity began
T' extend its recent form, and ſtretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæſar, and the great Naſſau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft' transforms with wan diſguiſe,
And why gay mirth fits ſmiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire;
Why Scarſdale rages to ſurvive deſire;
When Milo's vigour at th' Olympick 's ſhown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the vary'd ſhape of pores,
Or idiots frames, or ſolemn ſenators.
Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cauſe to find,
How body acts upon impaſſive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Paſt hopes revive, and preſent joys inſpire;
Why our complexions oft' our ſoul declare,
And how the paſſions in the feature are;
How touch and harmony ariſe between
Corporeal figure, and a form unſeen;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 53. Why Atticus polite, Brutus ſevere,
Why Methwin muddy, Montagu why clear.

How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every ſummons of the will;
With mighty truths, myſterious to deſcry,
Which in the womb of diſtant cauſes lie.
But now no grand enquiries are deſcry'd,
Mean faction reigns where knowledge ſhould preſide,
Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aſide.
Thus ſynods oft' concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings ſhew a zeal:
The drooping ſciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading luſtre ſhine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching, drown'd;
The lonely edifice in ſweats complains
That nothing there but ſullen ſilence reigns.
This place, ſo fit for undiſturb'd repoſe,
The God of Sloth for his aſylum choſe;
Upon a couch of down in theſe abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtleſs nods;
Indulging dreams his Godhead lull to eaſe,
With murmurs of ſoft rills, and whiſpering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant diſpenſe
Their drowzy virtue, and dull indolence;
No paſſions interrupt his eaſy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain;
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.
As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in eaſe, and ſlumbering life away;

A ſpiteful

A ſpiteful noiſe his downy chains unties,
Haſtes forward, and increaſes as it flies.
Firſt, ſome to cleave the ſtubborn * flint engage,
Till, urg'd by blows, it ſparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, ſome ſpacious veſſels move;
Theſe furnaces erect, and thoſe approve;
Here phials in nice diſcipline are ſet,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you ſpy;
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted peſtles, brandiſh'd in the air,
Deſcend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud ſtrokes, with pounding ſpice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in ſpires aſcend.
So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils ſweat,
And ſwelling ſinews echoing blows repeat;
From the volcanos groſs eruptions riſe,
And curling ſheets of ſmoke obſcure the ſkies.
The ſlumbering God, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down again.
Liſtleſs he ſtretch'd and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and ſighs:
How impotent a deity am I!
With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly ſhare
A grateful negligence, and eaſe from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I with-held
The northern monarchs from the duſty field!

* The building of the Diſpenſary.

How have I kept the Britiſh fleet at eaſe,
From tempting the rough dangers of the ſeas!
Hibernia owns the mildneſs of my reign,
And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.
I ſwains to ſylvan ſolitudes convey,
Where, ſtretch'd on moſſy beds, they waſte away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wondrous clemency I've ſhown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own:
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Baſks in their eyes, and ſparkles in their face.
How ſleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big thy ſtrut behind a double chin!
Each faculty in blandiſhments they lull,
Aſpiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates moleſt their downy trance,
Or diſcompoſe their pompous ignorance;
But, undiſturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and bloſſom in decay;
Deep ſunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd * crape the drudgery of prayer.
† Urim was civil, and not void of ſenſe,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence:
So ſpruce he moves, ſo gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd roſe declares him orthodox:
He paſs'd his eaſy hours, inſtead of prayer,
In madrigals, and phylliſing the fair;

* See Boil. Lut. † Dr. Atterbury.

Conſtant

Conſtant at feaſts, and each decorum knew,
And, ſoon as the deſert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancy'd, for his gay impertinence.
But ſee how ill-miſtaken parts ſucceed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in controverſy, wrangled well;
In convocation-language could excel;
In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
By nothing guarded but by Providence;
How grace and moderation diſagree;
And violence advances charity.
Thus writ till none would read, becoming ſoon
A wretched ſcribbler, of a rare buffoon.
  Mankind my fond propitious power has try'd,
Too oft' to own, too much to be deny'd.
And all I aſk are ſhades and ſilent bowers,
To paſs in ſoft forgetfulneſs my hours.
Oft' have my fears ſome diſtant villa choſe,
O'er their *quietus* where fat judges doſe,
And lull their cough and conſcience to repoſe:
Or, if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,

The

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 170.
Sometimes among the Caſpian cliffs I creep,
Where ſolitary bats and ſwallows ſleep;
Or, if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,
Still Naſſau's arms a ſoft repoſe deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.

The peals of * Naſſau's arms theſe eyes uncloſe,
Mine he moleſts, to give the world repoſe.
That eaſe I offer with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the ſkies.
Nor climes nor ſeaſons his reſolves control,
Th' equator has no heat, no ice the pole.
With arms reſiſtleſs o'er the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire of the ſkies.
But, as the ſlothful God to yawn begun,
He ſhook off the dull miſt, and thus went on:
'Twas in this reverend dome I ſought repoſe,
Theſe walls were that aſylum I had choſe.
Here have I rul'd long undiſturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With eaſy inſignificance of thought.

VARIATIONS.

Since he has bleſs'd the weary world with peace,
And with a nod has bid Bellona ceaſe;
I ſought the covert of ſome peaceful cell,
Where ſilent ſhades in harmleſs raptures dwell;
That reſt might paſt tranquillity reſtore,
And mortal never interrupt me more.

Ver. 183.

Nought underneath this roof but damps are found,
Nought heard but drowſy beetles buzzing round.
Spread cobwebs hide the walls, and duſt the floors,
And midnight ſilence guards the neiſeleſs doors.

* See Boil. Lut.

But now ſome buſy, enterprizing brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to diſſolve my eaſy reign.
With that, the God his darling Phantom calls,
And from his faltering lips this meſſage falls:
Since mortals will diſpute my power, I 'll try
Who has the greateſt empire, they or I.
Find Envy out, ſome prince's court attend,
Moſt likely there you 'll meet the famiſh'd fiend;
Or where dull critics authors' fate foretell;
Or where ſtale maids, or meagre eunuchs, dwell;
Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign,
Among the homicides of Warwick-lane;
And what th' event, unleſs ſhe ſtrait inclines
To blaſt their hopes, and baffle their deſigns.
More he had ſpoke, but ſudden vapours riſe,
And with their ſilken cords tie down his eyes.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 196.
Or in cabals, or camps, or at the bar,
Or where ill poets pennyleſs confer,
Or in the ſenate-houſe at Weſtminſter.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO II.

SOON as the evening veil'd the mountains heads,
And winds lay hush'd in subterranean beds;
Whilst sickening flowers drink up the silver dew,
And beaux for some assembly dress anew;
The city saints to prayers and play-house haste;
The rich to dinner, and the poor to rest:
Th' officious phantom then prepar'd with care
To slide on tender pinions through the air.
Oft' he attempts the summit of a rock,
And oft' the hollow of some blasted oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay;
The hissing of her snakes proclaim'd the way.
Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
That taints the grass with sickly sweats of dew;
No verdant beauty entertains the sight,
But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.

But

But how deform'd, and worn with ſpiteful woes,
When Accius has applauſe, Dorſennus ſhews.
The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forſook,
And baſiliſks ſate brooding in her look;
A bald and bloated toad-ſtool rais'd her head;
The plumes of boding ravens were her bed:
From her chapp'd noſtrils ſcalding torrents fall,
And her ſunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
Whilſt ſeas of melted ore lay waſte the plains.
Around the fiend in hideous order ſate
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate;
Gruff Diſcontent, through ignorance miſ-led,
And clamorous Faction at her party's head;
Reſtleſs Sedition ſtill diſſembling fear,
And ſly Hypocriſy with pious leer.
Glouting with ſullen ſpite the fury ſhook
Her clotted locks, and blaſted with each look;
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant ſcrolls,
Where Fame the acts of demi-gods enrolls;
And, as the rent-records in pieces fell,
Each ſcrap did ſome immortal action tell.
This ſhow'd, how fix'd as fate Torquatus ſtood,
That, the fam'd paſſage of the Granic flood;
The Julian eagles, here, their wings diſplay,
And there, like ſetting ſtars, the Decii lay;
This does Camillus as a God extol,
That points at Manlius in the capitol;
How Cocles did the Tiber's ſurges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.

Great

Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Perſians join,
And, there, th' immortal battle of the Boyne.
As the light meſſenger the fury ſpy'd,
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide:
Confuſion on his fainting vitals hung,
And faltering accents flutter'd on his tongue:
At length, aſſuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he ſhrunk into a ſhade.
The Hag lay long revolving what might be
The bleſt event of ſuch an embaſſy:
Then blazons in dread ſmiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting ſtorm.
Thus

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 60.

Then ſhe: alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at theſe noble ills the fates deny?
Within this iſle for ever muſt I find
Diſaſters to diſtract my reſtleſs mind?
Good Teniſon's celeſtial piety
At laſt has rais'd him to the ſacred ſee.
Somers does ſickening equity reſtore,
And helpleſs orphans are oppreſs'd no more.
Pembroke to Britain endleſs bleſſings brings;
He ſpoke; and Peace clapp'd her triumphant wings.
Great Ormond ſhines illuſtriouſly bright
With blazes of hereditary right.
The noble ardour of a royal ſire
Inſpires the generous breaſt of Devonſhire.
And Macclesfield is active to defend
His country with the zeal he loves his friend.
Like Leda's radiant ſons divinely clear,
Portland and Jerſey deck'd in rays appear,
To gild by turns the Gallic hemiſphere.

Worth

Thus ſhe—Mankind are bleſt, they riot ſtill
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devaſtation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten moſt when famine reigns;
For fickly ſeaſons the phyſicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of ſtate;
The Lover 's eaſy when the fair-one ſighs,
And Gods ſubſiſt not but by ſacrifice.
Each other being ſome indulgence knows:
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
My preſent pain Britannia's genius wills,
And thus the fates record my future ills.
A heroine ſhall Albion's ſceptre bear,
With arms ſhall vanquiſh earth, and heaven with prayer.
She on the world her clemency ſhall ſhower,
And only to preſerve exert her power.
Tyrants ſhall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear.
Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterprizes of the great,
I 'll calmly ſtoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd ſnakes have teeth or ſtings.
She ſaid; and ſtraight ſhrill * Colon's perſon took,
In morals looſe, but moſt preciſe in look.

VARIATIONS.

Worth in diſtreſs is rais'd by Montague;
Auguſtus liſtens if Mæcenas ſue;
And Vernon's vigilance no ſlumber takes,
Whilſt faction peeps abroad, and anarchy awakes.

* Lee, an apothecary.

Black

Black-friars annals lately pleas'd to call
Him warden of Apothecaries-hall;
And, when ſo dignify'd, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics eaſe, and makes the ladies fair.
In trifling ſhow his tinſel talent lies;
And form the want of intellects ſupplies.
In aſpect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren ſuperfluity of words;
The patient's ears remorſeleſs he aſſails,
Murders with jargon where his medicine fails.
The Fury thus aſſuming Colon's grace,
So ſlung her arms, ſo ſhuffl'd in her pace.
Onwards ſhe haſtens to the fam'd abodes,
Where * Horoſcope invokes th' infernal gods;
And reach'd the manſion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.
This viſionary various projects tries,
And knows, that to be rich is to be wiſe.
By uſeful obſervations he can tell
The ſacred charms that in true ſterling dwell;
How gold makes a patrician of a ſlave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Therſites brave.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 95.
In haſte he ſtrides along, to recompenſe
The want of buſineſs with its vain pretence.

* Dr. Barnard.

It

It cancels all defects, and to their place
Finds sense in Brownlow, charms in lady Grace;
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
No bankrupt ever found a fair-one kind.
So truly Horoscope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd idol 'tis, alone, he bows:
And fancies such bright heraldry can prove,
The vile Plebeian but the third from Jove.
Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to prescribe, and busy to apply.
His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets, and domestic toys.
Here mummies lay most reverentially stale;
And there the swords hung her coat of mail;
Not far from some huge Shark's devouring head
The flying fish their finny pinions spread;
Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were strung,
And near, a scaly alligator hung:
In this place, drugs in musty heaps decay'd;
In that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.
An inner room receives the numerous shoals
Of such as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary schemes amuse the eye.
The sage, in velvet chair, here bids at ease,
To promise future health for present fees;
Then, as from tripod, solemn shams reveals,
And what the stars know nothing of, foretells.
One asks how soon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage-fetters on:

Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Enquire when courteous fates will ſtrike them off.
Some, by what means they may redreſs their wrong,
When fathers the poſſeſſion keep too long.
And ſome would know the iſſue of their cauſe,
And whether gold can ſolder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To loſe by art what fruitful Nature gave;
And Portia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curſe, and begs a ſon:
Whilſt Iris his coſmetic wath would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some aſk for charms, and others philtres chooſe,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans loſe.
Young Hylas, botch'd with ſtains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame:
Cloy'd with deſire, and ſurfeited with charms,
A hot-houſe he prefers to Julia's arms.
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the ſparks of love.
Bleak Envy theſe dull frauds with pleaſure ſees,
And wonders at the ſenſeleſs myſteries.
In Colon's voice ſhe thus calls out aloud
On Horoſcope environ'd by the croud:
Forbear, forbear, thy vain amuſements ceaſe,
Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile releaſe;
And to that dire misfortune liſten well,
Which thou ſhould'ſt fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever waſt eſteem'd by me
The great Alcides of our company.

When

n we with noble ſcorn reſolv'd to eaſe
:lves from all parochial offices;
to our wealthier patients left the care
draggled dignity of ſcavenger;
zeal in that affair thou didſt expreſs,
ht could be equal, but the great ſucceſs.
call to mind thy generous proweſs paſt,
iat thou ſhould'ſt, by thinking what thou waſt:
aculty of Warwick-lane deſign,
to ſtorm, at leaſt to undermine.
gates each day ten thouſand night-caps croud,
nortars utter their attempts aloud.
y ſhould once unmaſk our myſtery,
nurſe, ere long, would be as learn'd as we;
rt expos'd to every vulgar eye;
ione, in complaiſance to us, would die.
if we claim their right t' aſſaſſinate,
they needs turn apothecaries ſtraight?
it it, Gods! all ſtratagems we try,
oud with new inhabitants your ſky.
/e who wait the Deſtinies' command,
irge the troubled air, and weed the land.
lare the college inſolently aim
ual our fraternity in fame?
let crabs-eyes with pearl for virtue try,
ghgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie;
w-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
Iare-court pump with Aganippe's ſtreams.
ianufactures now they meanly ſell,
heir true value treacherouſly tell;

Nay, they diſcover too, their ſpite is ſuch,
That health, than crowns more valued, coſt not much;
Whilſt we muſt ſteer our conduct by theſe rules,
To cheat as tradeſmen, or to ſtarve as fools.
  At this fam'd Horoſcope turn'd pale, and ſtraight
In ſilence tumbled from his chair of ſtate:
The croud in great confuſion fought the door,
And left the Magus fainting on the floor;
Whilſt in his breaſt the fury breath'd a ſtorm,
Then ſought her cell, and re-aſſum'd her form.
Thus from the ſore although the inſect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in diſguiſe.
  Officious Squirt * in haſte forſook his ſhop,
To ſuccour the expiring Horoſcope.
Oft' he eſſay'd the Magus to reſtore,
By ſalt of Succinum's prevailing power;
Yet ſtill ſupine the ſolid lumber lay,
An image of ſcarce-animated clay;
Till Fates, indulgent when diſaſters call,
By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal.
The wight no ſooner did the ſteam receive,
But rouz'd, and bleſs'd the ſtale reſtorative.
The ſprings of life their former vigour feel;
Such zeal he had for that vile utenſil.
  So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
He knew the ſea-weed ſcent, and th' azure Goddeſs own'd.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 202. Whilſt we, at our expence, muſt perſevere,
And for another world, be ruin'd here.

* Dr. Barnard's man.

THE

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO III.

ALL night the ſage in penſive tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow approach of day;
Oft' turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more
Of what ſhrill Colon ſaid the day before.
Cowſlips and poppies o'er his eyes he ſpread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
But thoſe bleſs'd opiates ſtill in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breaſt,
And thus his anxious thoughts the Sage expreſt.
Oft' has this planet roll'd around the ſun,
Since to conſult the ſkies I firſt begun:
Such my applauſe, ſo mighty my ſucceſs,
Some granted my predictions more than gueſs.
But, doubtful as I am, I 'll entertain
This faith, there can be no miſtake in gain.
For the dull world muſt honour pay to thoſe,
Who on their underſtanding moſt impoſe.
Firſt man creates, and then he fears the elf;
Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf;

He loaths the ſubſtance, and he loves the ſhow;
You 'll ne'er convince a fool, himſelf is ſo:
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And ſtill the only pleaſure 's the deceit.
So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye,
Which no exiſtence has, but in the eye.
As diſtant proſpects pleaſe us, but when near
We find but deſert rocks and fleeting air;
From ſtratagem to ſtratagem we run,
And he knows moſt, who lateſt is undone.
Mankind one day ſerene and free appear;
The next, they 're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere:
New paſſions new opinions ſtill excite;
And what they like at noon, they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with eaſe;
And health, for want of change, becomes diſeaſe.
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are ſlaves to ſuperſtitious fear.
They counſel others, but themſelves deceive;
And though they 're cozen'd ſtill, they ſtill believe.
So falſe their cenſure, fickle their eſteem,
This hour they worſhip, and the next blaſpheme.
Shall I then, who with penetrating ſight
Inſpect the ſprings that guide each appetite;
Who with unfathom'd ſearches hourly pierce
The dark receſſes of the univerſe;
Be aw'd, if puny emmets would oppreſs;
Or fear their fury, or their name careſs?
If all the fiends that in low darkneſs reign
Be not the fictions of a ſickly brain,

That

That project, the Diſpenſary they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, ſhall fall.
With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots through the cryſtal kingdoms of the ſkies.
The ſavage kind in foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And ſots, o'ercharg'd with nauſeous loads, reel home;
Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the ſlumbering pair,
Whilſt bridegroom ſighs, and thinks the bride leſs fair;
Light 's chearful ſmiles o'er th' azure waſte are ſpread,
And Miſs from inns of court bolts out unpaid;
The Sage, tranſported at th' approaching hour,
Imperiouſly thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had acceſs,
His truſt was great, his vigilance no leſs.
To him thus Horoſcope:
My kind companion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, ſince you aſſume a ſhare;
Fly with what haſte you us'd to do of old,
When clyſter was in danger to be cold;
With expedition on the beadle call,
To ſummon all the company to th' hall.
Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial ſteams of harts-horn riſe.
The Magus in the interim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to ſome infernal power,
And draws myſterious circles on the floor.
But from the gloomy vault no glaring ſpright
Aſcends, to blaſt the tender bloom of light,
No myſtic ſounds from hell's deteſted womb
In duſky exhalations upwards come.

And now to raiſe an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy called Diſeaſe:
Then flowers in caniſters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted ſpring;
With cold ſolanum from the Pontic ſhore,
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore;
The griper ſenna, and the puker rue,
The ſweetener ſaſſafras, are added too;
And on the ſtructure next he heaps a load
Of ſulphur, turpentine, and maſtic wood;
Gums, foſſils too, the pyramids increas'd;
A mummy next, once monarch of the eaſt;
Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with preſcriptions lights the ſolemn pile.
Feebly the flames on clumſy wings aſpire,
And ſmothering fogs of ſmoke benight the fire.
With ſorrow he beheld the ſad portent,
Then to the hag theſe oriſons he ſent:
Diſeaſe! thou ever moſt propitious power,
Whoſe kind indulgence we diſcern each hour!
Thou well canſt boaſt thy numerous pedigree,
Begot by ſloth, maintain'd by luxury.
In gilded palaces thy proweſs reigns,
But flies the humble ſheds of cottage ſwains.
To you ſuch might and energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the ſtrong.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 101.
Thou that would'ſt lay whole ſtates and regions wa
Sooner than we thy cormorants ſhould faſt.

T

The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vaſſals only kind.
If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire, and confirm your ſway,
Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
From Kent-ſtreet end, to fam'd St. Giles's Pound;
Behold this poor libation with a ſmile,
And let auſpicious light break through the pile.
He ſpoke; and on the pyramid he laid
Bay-leaves and vipers-hearts, and thus he ſaid;
As theſe conſume in this myſterious fire,
So let the curs'd Diſpenſary expire!
And as thoſe crackle in the flames, and die,
So let its veſſels burſt, and glaſſes fly!
But a ſiniſter cricket ſtraight was heard;
The altar fell, the offering diſappear'd.
As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
Squirt brought the news the company was met.
Nigh where Fleet-ditch deſcends in ſable ſtreams,
To waſh his ſooty Naiads in the Thames;
There ſtands a ſtructure on a riſing hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in theſe dreadful ſhambles tell,
How, by the Delian god, the Python fell;
And how Medea did the philtre brew,
That could in Æſon's veins young force renew;
How mournful Myrrha for her crimes appears,
And heals hyſteric matrons ſtill with tears;
How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more,
Revive in ſacred plants, and health reſtore;

How

How ſanguine ſwains their amorous hours repent,
When pleaſure 's paſt, and pains are permanent;
And how frail nymphs oft', by abortion, aim
To loſe a ſubſtance, to preſerve a name.
Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
The aſſembly Diaſenna* thus addreſs'd:
My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis ſincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on ſome more ſafe deſign,
And on no other buſineſs but to dine;
The Faculty had ſtill maintain'd their ſway,
And intereſt then had bid us but obey;
This only emulation we had known,
Who beſt could fill his purſe, and thin the town.
But now from gathering-clouds deſtruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours:
Miſts from black jealouſies the tempeſt form,
Whilſt late diviſions reinforce the ſtorm.
Know, when theſe feuds, like thoſe at law, were paſt,
The winners will be loſers at the laſt.
Like heroes in ſea-fights we ſeek renown;
To fire ſome hoſtile ſhip, we burn our own.
Whoe'er throws duſt againſt the wind, deſcries
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes.
That juggler which another's ſleight will ſhow,
But teaches how the world his own may know.
Thrice happy were thoſe golden days of old,
When dear as burgundy, ptiſans were ſold;

* Gilſtorp, an apothecary.

When

When patients choſe to die with better will,
Than breathe, and pay th' apothecary's bill;
And, cheaper than for our aſſiſtance call,
Might go to Aix or Bourbon, ſpring and fall.
Then prieſts increas'd, and piety decay'd,
Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
Their lives and doctrine ſlaves and atheiſts made.
The laws were but the hireling judge's ſenſe;
Juries were ſway'd by venal evidence.
Fools were promoted to the council-board,
Tools to the bench, and bullies to the ſword.
Penſions in private were the ſenate's aim;
And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
But now no influencing art remains,
For Somers has the ſeal, and Naſſau reigns.
And we, in ſpite of our reſolves, muſt bow,
And ſuffer by a reformation too.
For now late jars our practices detect,
And mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe effect.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 182.
But now late jars our practices detect,
For mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe th' effect.
Diſſenſions, like ſmall ſtreams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run.
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they ſtill disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haſte we ſend,
And beg the Faculty to be our friend.
As he revolving ſtood to ſay the reſt,
Rough Colocynthus thus his rage expreſt.

Diſſen-

Diſſenſion, like ſmall ſtreams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they ſtill disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haſte we ſend,
And beg the Faculty to be our friend;
Send ſwarms of patients, and our quarrels end.
So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
Straight turn familiar, and their faſces quit.
In vain we but contend, that planet's power
Thoſe vapours can diſperſe it rais'd before.
As he prepar'd the miſchief to recite,
Keen Colocynthus * paus'd, and foam'd with ſpite.
Sour ferments on his ſhining ſurface ſwim,
Work up the froth, and bubble o'er the brim:
Not beauties feet ſo much if freckles come,
Or noſe ſhould reddon in the drawing-room;
Or lovers that miſtake th' appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute want the power.
Thus he — Thou ſcandal of great Pæan's art,
At thy approach the ſprings of nature ſtart,
The nerves unbrace: nay, at the ſight of thee,
A ſcratch turns cancer, itch a leproſy.
Could'ſt thou propoſe, that we, the friends of fates,
Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople ſtates,
Who baffle nature, and diſpoſe of lives,
Whilſt Ruſſel †, as we pleaſe, or ſtarves, or thrives,

* Dare, an apothecary.

† A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

Should

Should e'er ſubmit to their deſpotic will,
Who out of conſolation ſcarce can kill?
The towering Alps ſhall ſooner ſink to vales,
And leeches, in our glaſſes, ſwell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in inſtruments of ſteel,
And Birmingham in ſtuffs and druggets deal!
Alleys at Wapping furniſh us new modes,
And Monmouth-ſtreet; Verſailles with riding-hoods!
The Sick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the Gravel-pits for Kentiſh air!
Our properties muſt on our arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar death too harſh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die, is landing on ſome ſilent ſhore,
Where billows never break, nor tempeſts roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly ſtroke, 'tis o'er.
The wiſe through thought th' inſults of death defy;
The fools, through bleſt inſenſibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquiſh'd by the brave.
It eaſes lovers, ſets the captive free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.
Sound but to arms, the foe ſhall ſoon confeſs
Our force increaſes, as our funds grow leſs;
And what requir'd ſuch induſtry to raiſe,
We 'll ſcatter into nothing as we pleaſe.
Thus they 'll acknowledge, to annihilate
Shews no leſs wondrous power than to create.

We 'll

We 'll raiſe our numerous cohorts, and oppoſe
The feeble forces of our pygmy foes;
Legions of quacks ſhall join us on the place,
From great Kirleus down to doctor Caſe.
Though ſuch vile rubbiſh ſink, yet we ſhall riſe;
Directors ſtill ſecure the greateſt prize.
Such poor ſupports ſerve only like a ſtay;
The tree once fix'd, its reſt is torn away.
So patriots, in time of peace and eaſe,
Forget the fury of the late diſeaſe:
On dangers paſt ſerenely think no more,
And curſe the hand that heal'd the wound before.
Arm therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call;
Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall!
To this the ſeſſion ſeem'd to give conſent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
At length, the growing difference to compoſe,
Two brothers, nam'd Aſcarides *, aroſe.
Both had the volubility of tongue,
In meaning faint, but in opinion ſtrong.
To ſpeak they both aſſum'd a like pretence;
The elder gain'd his juſt pre-eminence.
Thus he: 'Tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
But ere we once engage in honour's cauſe,
Firſt know what honour is, and whence it was.
Scorn'd by the baſe, 'tis courted by the brave,
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's ſlave;

* The Pearces, apothecaries.

Born

in the noiſy camp, it lives on air,
both exiſts by hope and by deſpair;
y whene'er a moment's eaſe we gain,
reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
es, when in death's arms the hero lies:
when his ſafety he conſults, it dies.
ed to this idol, we diſclaim
health, and eaſe, for nothing but a name.
ien let us, to the field before we move,
v, if the gods our enterprize approve.
oſe th' unthinking Faculty unveil
t we, through wiſer conduct, would conceal:
reaſon we ſhould quarrel with the glaſs
ſhews the monſtrous features of our face?
rant ſome grave pretenders have of late
ight fit an innovation to create;
they 'll repent what raſhly they begun:
igh projects pleaſe, projectors are undone.
novelties muſt this ſucceſs expect,
n good, our envy; and when bad, neglect:
aſon could direct, ere now each gate
borne ſome trophy of triumphal ſtate;
ples had told how Greece and Belgia owe
and Namur to Jove and to Naſſau.
ien, ſince no veneration is allow'd,
the real, or th' appearing good;
project that we vainly apprehend
, as it blindly roſe, as vilely end.
members of the Faculty there are,
intereſt prudently to oaths prefer.

Our

Our friendſhip with feign'd airs they poorly court,
And boaſt, their politics are our ſupport:
Them we 'll conſult about this enterprize,
And boldly execute what they adviſe.
But from below, while ſuch reſolves they took,
Some Aurum Fulminans the fabric ſhook.
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their ſafety, and their rage forget.
So when at Bathos earth's big offspring ſtrove
To ſcale the ſkies, and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the aſs of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confuſion fled.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 288. If things of uſe were valued, there had been
Some workhouſe where the Monument is ſeen.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented theatre,
Where wandering punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buſkins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread;
Where Bentley *, by old writers, wealthy grew,
And Briſcoe * lately was undone by new;
There triumphs a phyſician of renown,
To none, but ſuch as ruſt in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly, to impart
His known experience, and his healing art.
When Burgeſs deafens all the liſtening preſs
With peals of moſt ſeraphic emptineſs;
Or when myſterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his pariſh to a lethargy;
This Æſculapius waits hard by, to eaſe
The martyrs of ſuch chriſtian cruelties.
Long has this darling quarter of the town,
Of lewdneſs, wit, and gallantry, been known.

* Two bookſellers.

All ſorts meet here, of whatſoe'er degree,
To blend and juſtle into harmony.
The critics each adventurous author ſcan,
And praiſe or cenſure as they like the man.
The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull;
So nicely taſteleſs, ſo correctly dull!
The politicians of Parnaſſus prate,
And poets canvaſs the affairs of ſtate;
The cits ne'er talk of trade and ſtock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
Firſt find a ſpark, and after loſe a noſe.
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
And in the cloiſter penſive Strephon waits,
Till Cloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th' ungenerous nymph a ſhaft lets fly,
More fatally than from a ſparkling eye,
Mirmillo *, that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.
The trading tribe oft' thither throng to dine,
And want of elbow-room ſupply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they ſurfeit there,
Whilſt the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterpriſe to treat.
Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And ſtern Mirmillo in theſe words begun:
'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here;
No grievance you can know, but I muſt ſhare.

* Dr. Gibbons.

'Tis

'Tis plain, my intereſt you 've advanc'd ſo long,
Each fee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.
And, in return, though I have ſtrove to rend
Thoſe ſtatutes, which on oath I ſhould defend;
Such arts are trifles to a generous mind:
Great ſervices, as great returns ſhould find.
And you 'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandiſh arms as well as urinals.

Oxford and all her paſſing-bells can tell,
By this right-arm what mighty numbers fell.
Whilſt others meanly aſk'd whole months to ſlay,
I oft' diſpatch'd the patient in a day:
With pen in hand I puſh'd to that degree,
I ſcarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
Some fell by laudanum, and ſome by ſteel,
And death in ambuſh lay in every pill.
For, ſave or ſlay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit ſuffers, the reward 's the ſame.

What though the art of healing we pretend,
He that deſigns it leaſt, is moſt a friend.
Into the right we err, and muſt confeſs
To overſights we often owe ſucceſs.
Thus Beſſus got the battle in the play;
His glorious cowardice reſtor'd the day.
So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its deſert
To chance, and not the labour'd ſtrokes of art.

Phyſicians, if they 're wiſe, ſhould never think
Of any arms but ſuch as pen and ink:
But th' enemy, at their expence, ſhall find
When honour calls, I 'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.

He ſaid; and ſeal'd th' engagement with a kiſs,
Which was return'd by younger Aſcaris *;
Who thus advanc'd: Each word, Sir, you impart,
Has ſomething killing in it, like your art.
How much we to your boundleſs friendſhip owe,
Our files can ſpeak, and your preſcriptions ſhow.
Your ink deſcends in ſuch exceſſive ſhowers,
'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.
Whilſt poor pretenders puzzle o'er a caſe,
You but appear, and give the *coup de grace.*
O that near Xanthus' banks you had but dwelt,
When Ilium firſt Achaian fury felt!
The horned river then had curs'd in vain
Young Peleus' arm, that chok'd his ſtream with ſlain;
No trophies you had left for Greeks to raiſe;
Their ten years toil, you 'd finiſh'd in ten days.
Fate ſmiles on your attempts; and, when you liſt,
In vain the cowards fly, or brave reſiſt.
Then let us arm, we need not fear ſucceſs;
No labours are too hard for Hercules.
Our military enſigns we 'll diſplay;
Conqueſt purſues, where courage leads the way.
To this deſign ſhrill Querpo † did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty;
His ſire's pretended pious ſteps he treads,
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint ſucceeds.
A conventicle fleſh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour ſhares.

* Mr. Parrot. † Dr. Howe.

Thus

Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
Slow * Carus next diſcover'd his intent,
With painful pauſes muttering what he meant.
His ſparks of life, in ſpite of drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only calentures can heat.
In his chill veins the ſluggiſh puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his ſable brows.
Legions of lunaticks about him preſs;
His province is, loſt reaſon to redreſs.
So when perfumes their fragrant ſcent give o'er,
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, reſtore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books beſieg'd around.
The gazing throng acknowledge their ſurprize,
And, deaf to reaſon, ſtill conſult their eyes.
Well he perceives, the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak ſtate by wiſe diſtruſt inclines
To numerous ſtores, and ſtrength in magazines.
So fools are always moſt profuſe of words,
And cowards never fail of longeſt ſwords.
Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world to duſt and worms retreat.
Here dregs and ſediment of auctions reign,
Refuſe of fairs, and gleanings of Duck-lane.
And up theſe walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swiſs philoſophy, and Runic rhymes.

* Dr. Tyſon.

Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Mede's works entire, and endleſs reams of Blome.
Where would the long-neglected Collins fly,
If bounteous Carus ſhould refuſe to buy?
But each vile ſcribbler 's happy on this ſcore:
He 'll find ſome Carus ſtill to read him o'er.
Nor muſt we the obſequious * Umbra ſpare,
Who ſoft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
But when ſome rival power invades a right,
Flies ſet on flies, and turtles turtles fight.
Elſe courteous Umbra to the laſt had been
Demurely meek, inſipidly ſerene.
With him, the preſent ſtill ſome virtues have;
The vain are ſprightly; and the ſtupid, grave;
The ſlothful, negligent; the foppiſh, neat;
The lewd are airy; and the ſly, diſcreet;
A Wren, an Eagle; a Baboon, a Beau;
† Colt, a Lycurgus; and a Phocion, ‡ Rowe.
Heroic ardour now th' aſſembly warms,
Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
For future glory while the ſcheme is laid,
Fam'd Horoſcope thus offers to diſſuade:
Since of each enterprize th' event 's unknown,
We 'll quit the ſword, and hearken to the gown.
Nigh lives § Vagellius, one reputed long
For ſtrength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.

* Dr. Gould. † Sir H. Dutton Colt.
‡ Mr. Anthony Rowe.
§ Sir Barth. Shower.

For

For fees, to any form he moulds a cauſe,
The worſt has merits, and the beſt has flaws.
Five guineas make a criminal to-day;
And ten to-morrow wipe the ſtain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo 's the Lecher, Clodius th' Homicide;
Cato pernicious, Catiline a ſaint,
Orford ſuſpected, Duncomb innocent.
To law then, friends, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our money, ſhall ſucceed.
Know, when I firſt invok'd Diſeaſe by charms
To prove propitious to our future arms,
Ill omens did the ſacrifice attend,
Nor would the Sibyl from her grot aſcend.
As Horoſcope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a * Bard:
In vain your magic myſteries you uſe,
Such ſounds the Sibyl's ſacred ears abuſe.
Theſe lines the pale divinity ſhall raiſe,
Such is the power of ſound, and force of lays.
" † Arms meet with arms, fauchions with fauchions
" claſh,
" And ſparks of fire ſtruck out from armour flaſh.
" Thick clouds of duſt contending warriors raiſe,
" ‡ And hideous war o'er all the region brays.
" Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
" Some maſſy balls of braſs, ſome mighty tubs
" Of cinders bore.—

* Sir Richard Blackmore.
† King Arthur, p. 307.
‡ King Arthur, p. 327.

"* Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck
"Affright the skies, and fry the ocean's back."
As he went rumbling on, the Fury straight
Crawl'd in, her limbs could scarce support her weight.
A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd lips these accents found:
Mortal, how dar'st thou with such lines address
My awful seat, and trouble my recess?
In Essex marshy hundreds is a cell,
Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell:
Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
And shivering quartans shake the sickly air.
There, when fatigu'd, some silent hours I pass,
And substitute Physicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
The dissonance of such untuneful verse;
But in your lines let energy be found,
And learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound.
Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
None please the fancy, who offend the ear.
In sense and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherley, consider Dryden well.
In one, what vigorous turns of fancy shine!
In th' other, Syrens warble in each line.
If Dorset's sprightly Muse but touch the lyre,
The Smiles and Graces melt in soft desire,
And little Loves confess their amorous fire.

After ver. 212. these lines are omitted:
Thy Tiber now no gentle Gallus sees,
But smiling Thames enjoys her Normanbys.

* Prince Arthur, p. 130.

The

The gentle Iſis claims the ivy crown,
To bind th' immortal brows of Addiſon.
As tuneful Congreve tries his rural ſtrains,
Pan quits the woods, the liſtening Fawns the plains;
And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
And Britain, ſince * Pauſanias was writ,
Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior ſings;
The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention ſhow,
And ſilver Sequana forgets to flow.
Such juſt examples carefully read o'er;
Slide without falling; without ſtraining, ſoar.
Oft' though your ſtrokes ſurprize, you ſhould not chooſe
A theme ſo mighty for a virgin Muſe.
Long did Apelles his fam'd piece decline;
His Alexander was his laſt deſign.
'Tis Montague's rich vein alone muſt prove,
None but a Phidias ſhould attempt a Jove.
The Fury paus'd, till with a frightful ſound
A riſing whirlwind burſt th' unhallow'd ground.
Then ſhe—The Deity we Fortune call,
Though diſtant, rules and influences all.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 232.
The Fury ſaid; and vaniſhing from ſight,
Cry'd out, To arms; ſo left the realms of light.
The combatants to th' enterprize conſent,
And the next day ſmil'd on the great event.

* Pauſanias, written by Mr. Norton.

Straight for her favour to her court repair;
Important embaſſies aſk wings of air.
Each wondering ſtood; but Horoſcope's great ſoul,
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind.
The evening now with bluſhes warms the air,
The ſteer reſigns the yoke, the hind his care.
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refreſh the earth below.
The bat with footy wings flits through the grove,
The reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the aſpines move.
And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.
Through the tranſparent region of the ſkies,
Swift as a wiſh, the miſſionary flies:
With wonder he ſurveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors ſporting there;
How lambent jellies, kindling in the night,
Shoot through the æther in a trail of light;
How riſing ſteams in th' azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or ſoft in ſhowers deſcend;
Or, if the ſtubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail;
How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luſcious ſweats adorn;
How heat and moiſture mingle in a maſs,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze;
Why nimble corruſcations ſtrike the eye,
And bold Tornados bluſter in the ſky;

Why

Why a prolifick Aura upwards bends,
Ferments, and in a living shower descends;
How vapours hanging on the towering hills,
In breezes sigh, or weep in warbling rills;
Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
And river-gods their thirsty urns supply.
The wondering Sage pursues his airy flight,
And braves the chill unwholesome damps of night:
He views the tracks where luminaries rove,
To settle seasons here, and fates above;
The bleak Arcturus still forbid the seas,
The stormy Kids, the weeping Hyades;
The shining Lyre with strains attracting more
Heaven's glittering mansions now than Hell's before;
Glad Cassiopeia circling in the sky,
And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.
Aurora, on Eurus breezes borne,
With blushing lips breathes out the sprightly morn:
Each flower in dew their short-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion sleeps.
As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day;
Dim he discerns majestic Atlas rise,
And bend beneath the burden of the skies;
A towering brows aloft no tempests know,
Whilst lightning flies, and thunder rolls below.
Distant from hence beyond a waste of plains,
And Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns;
Ith breathing fire his pitchy nostrils glow,
From his sides he shakes the fleecy snow.

5

Around

Around this hoary prince, from watry beds,
His ſubject iſlands raiſe their verdant heads;
The waves ſo gently waſh each riſing hill,
The land ſeems floating, and the ocean ſtill.
Eternal ſpring with ſmiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
From cryſtal rocks tranſparent rivulets flow;
The tuberoſe ever breathes, and violets blow.
The vine undreſs'd her ſwelling cluſters bears,
The labouring hind the mellow olive chears;
Bloſſoms and fruit at once the citron ſhows,
And, as ſhe pays, diſcovers ſtill ſhe owes.
The orange to her ſun her pride diſplays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
No blaſts e'er diſcompoſe the peaceful ſky,
The ſprings but murmur, and the winds but ſigh.
The tuneful ſwans on gliding rivers float,
And warbling dirges die on every note.
Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings,
And ſcatters odours from his purple wings;
Whilſt birds from woodbine bowers and jaſmine groves
Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves.
Mild ſeaſons, riſing hills, and ſilent dales,
Cool grottos, ſilver brooks, and flowery vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy ſhrubs, in pomp appear,
And ſcent with gales of ſweets the circling year.
These happy iſles, where endleſs pleaſures wait,
Are ſtil'd by tuneful bards—The Fortunate.
On high, where no hoarſe winds nor clouds reſort,
The hoodwink'd Goddeſs keeps her partial court.

Upon

Upon a wheel of amethyſt ſhe ſits,
Gives and reſumes, and ſmiles and frowns by fits.
In this ſtill labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and ſchemes of palmiſtry:
A figil in this hand the gypſy bears,
In th' other a prophetic ſieve and ſheers.

The Dame, by divination, knew that ſoon
The Magus would appear — and then begun:
Hail ſacred ſeer! thy embaſſy I know:
Wars muſt enſue, the fates will have it ſo.
Dread feats ſhall follow, and diſaſters great,
Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
Both ſides ſhall conquer, and yet both ſhall fail;
The mortar now, and then the urinal.

To thee alone my influence I owe;
Where Nature has deny'd, my favours flow.
'Tis I that give, ſo mighty is my power,
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
I am the wretch's wiſh, the rook's pretence,
The ſluggard's eaſe, the coxcomb's providence.
Sir Scrape-quill, once a ſupple ſmiling ſlave,
Looks lofty now, and inſolently grave;
Builds, ſettles, purchaſes, and has each hour
Caps from the rich, and curſes from the poor.
Spadillio, that at table ſerv'd of late,
Drinks rich Tockay himſelf, and eats in plate;
Has levees, villas, miſtreſſes in ſtore,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.

Souls heavenly-born my faithleſs boons defy;
The brave is to himſelf a deity

Though

Though bleſt Aſtrea's gone, ſome ſpoil remains
Where Fortune is the ſlave, and Merit reigns.
The Tiber boaſts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Naſſau, the Nile his Ptolomy.
Iberia, yet for future ſway deſign'd,
Shall, for a Heſſe, a greater Mordaunt find.
Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She loſt a hero, and ſhe found a god.

THE

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO V.

WHEN the ſtill night, with peaceful poppies crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady pinions o'er the ground;
And ſlumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and ſtreams are the ſoft virgin's theme;
The ſurges gently daſh againſt the ſhore,
Flocks quit the plains, and gally-ſlaves the oar;
Sleep ſhakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes;
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies;
He finds no reſpite from his anxious grief;
Then ſeeks from this ſoliloquy relief.
  Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppreſs'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.
  None e'er could die with due ſolemnity,
Unleſs his paſſport firſt was ſign'd by me.
My arbitrary bounty 's undeny'd;
I give reverſions, and for heirs provide.
None could the tedious nuptial ſtate ſupport,
But I, to make it eaſy, make it ſhort.

I ſet

I ſet the diſcontented matrons free,
And ranſom huſbands from captivity.
Shall one of ſuch importance then engage
In noiſy riot, and in civil rage?
No: I'll endeavour ſtraight a peace, and ſo
Preſerve my character, and perſon too.
  But Diſcord, that ſtill haunts with hideous mien
Thoſe dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,
O'erheard Mirmillo's anguiſh; then begun
In peeviſh accents to expreſs her own:
  Have I ſo often baniſh'd lazy peace
From her dark ſolitude, and lov'd receſs?
Have I made South and Sherlock diſagree,
And puzzle truth with learn'd obſcurity?
And does the faithful Ferguſon profeſs
His ardour ſtill for animoſities?
Have I, Britannia's ſafety to enſure,
Expos'd her naked, to be moſt ſecure?
Have I made parties oppoſite, unite,
In monſtrous leagues of amicable ſpite,
To curſe their country, whilſt the common cry
Is freedom; but their aim, the miniſtry?
And ſhall a daſtard's cowardice prevent
The war, ſo long I 've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis reſolv'd, he either ſhall comply,
Or I 'll renounce my wan divinity.
  With that, the Hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,
And, taking Querpo's meagre ſhape, ſhe ſaid:
  At noon of night I haſten, to diſpel
Thoſe tumults in your penſive boſom dwell.

I dreamt

I dreamt but now I heard your heaving ſighs,
Nay, ſaw the tears debating in your eyes.
O that 'twere but a dream! but threats I find
Lour in your looks, and rankle in your mind.
Speak, whence it is this late diſorder flows,
That ſhakes your ſoul, and troubles your repoſe.
Miſtakes in practice ſcarce could give you pain;
Too well you know, the dead will ne'er complain.
What looks diſcover, ſaid the homicide,
Would be a fruitleſs induſtry to hide.
My ſafety firſt I muſt conſult, and then
I 'll ſerve our ſuffering party with my pen.
All ſhould, reply'd the Hag, their talent learn;
The moſt attempting oft' the leaſt diſcern.
Let Peterborough ſpeak, and Vanbrugh write,
Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight:
Such muſt ſucceed; but, when th' enervate aim
Beyond their force, they ſtill contend for ſhame.
Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the Saffold of the town.
Aſſes and owls, unſeen, their kind betray,
If theſe attempt to hoot, or thoſe to bray.
Had Weſley never aim'd in verſe to pleaſe,
We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
Still cenſures will on dull pretenders fall;
A Codrus ſhould expect a Juvenal.
Tit lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd,
To ſet off, and to recommend the good.
So diamonds take a luſtre from their foil;
And to a Bentley 'tis, we owe a Boyle.

Conſider well the talent you poſſeſs;
To ſtrive to make it more, would make it leſs:
And recollect what gratitude is due,
To thoſe whoſe party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd magnificence,
But to your ſtars your magazine of ſenſe.
Hafte in a tombril, awkward have you ſhin'd,
With one fat ſlave before, and none behind.
Then haſte and join your true intrepid friends,
Succeſs on vigour and diſpatch depends.
Labouring in doubts Mirmillo ſtood; then ſaid,
'Tis hard to undertake, if gain diſſuade;
What fool for noiſy feuds large fees would leave?
Ten harveſts more would all I wiſh for give.
True man! reply'd the elf; by choice diſeas'd,
Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.
A preſent good they ſlight, an abſent chooſe;
And what they have, for what they have not, loſe.
Falſe proſpects all their true delights deſtroy,
Reſolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.
In reſtleſs hurries thoughtleſsly they live,
At ſubſtance oft' unmov'd, for ſhadows grieve.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 87—104. Originally thus,

But ſoon what they 've exalted they 'll diſcard,
And ſet up Carus or the city Bard.
Alarm'd at this the Hero courage took,
And ſtorms of terror threaten'd in his look.
My dread reſolves, he cry'd, I 'll ſtraight purſue;
The Fury, ſatisfy'd, in ſmiles withdrew.

Children at toys, as men at titles, aim;
And in effect both covet but the ſame.
This Philip's ſon prov'd in revolving years;
And firſt for rattles, then for worlds ſhed tears.
The Fury ſpoke; then in a moment fir'd
The hero's breaſt with tempeſts, and retir'd.
In boding dreams Mirmillo ſpent the night,
And frightful phantoms danc'd before his ſight,
Till the pale Pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.
At length gay morn glows in the eaſtern ſkies,
The larks in raptures through the æther riſe,
The azure miſts ſcud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chaunter at his early matins yawns,
The amaranth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.
As bold Mirmillo the gray dawn deſcries,
Arm'd cap-a-pe, where honour calls, he flies,
And finds the legions planted at their poſt;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the moſt.
His arms were made, if we may credit fame,
By Mulciber, the Mayor of Birmingham.
Of temper'd ſtibium the bright ſhield was caſt,
And yet the work the metal far ſurpaſs'd.
A foliage of the vulnerary leaves,
Grav'd round the brim, the wondering ſight deceives.
Around the centre Fate's bright trophies lay,
Probes, ſaws, inciſion-knives, and tools to ſlay.
Emboſt upon the field, a battle ſtood
Of leeches ſpouting hæmorrhoidal blood.

The artiſt too expreſs'd the ſolemn ſtate
Of grave phyſicians at a conſult met;
About each ſymptom how they diſagree,
But how unanimous in caſe of fee.
Whilſt each aſſaſſin his learn'd colleague tires
With learn'd impertinence, the ſick expires.

Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo ſhone,
Himſelf an Atlas, and his ſhield a moon.
A peſtle for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a cloſe-ſtool pan.
His creſt an ibis, brandiſhing her beak,
And winding in looſe folds her ſpiral neck.
This when the young Querpoïdes beheld,
His face in nurſe's breaſt the boy conceal'd;
Then peep'd, and with th' effulgent helm would play,
And as the monſter gap'd, would ſhrink away.
Thus ſometimes joy prevail'd, and ſometimes fear;
And tears and ſmiles alternate paſſions were.

As Querpo towering ſtood in martial might,
Pacific Carus ſparkled on the right.
An Oran Outang o'er his ſhoulders hung,
His plume confeſs'd the capon whence it ſprung.
His motley mail ſcarce could the hero bear,
Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war:

Fam'd chiefs,
For preſent triumphs born, deſign'd for more,
Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
If battle be reſolv'd, you'll find this hand
Can deal out Deſtiny, and Fate command.

throngs shall hide the crimson plain,
.pollo interpose in vain.
ds themselves engage, a Diomed
ould show a deity can bleed.
rough trade should be by fools profest,
abbish fills a trench the best.
throttle, and the quartan shake,
irown, and gout and colics rack;
id pestilence lay waste, while we
less wars, and fight in theory.
not merit, needs not arm for fame;
aise, my chivalry proclaim;
ied, and lost health restor'd,
ight list my victories record.
rom me their preservation own,
lose if fair Cornelia frown.
, shrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell,
our miscarriages conceal.
t, in Samothrace of old,
with Philopidas the bold:
you own, but think them blind
cerns the state of human kind.
ear not, or regard not prayer;
want of power, and this of care.
vi'dom infinite must know;
e must sift. "I grant it so."
t to Neptune's fane; survey with zeal
"What then?" reply'd the infidel.
numerous throngs, in effigy,
ve sav'd from the devouring sea.

"To raise, [illegible] pillars that [illegible] you [illegible],
"But where are [illegible] that [illegible] to [illegible]?"

Haste now to crown the triumph of your skill,
But, though subdued, assert your arms, and still
[illegible]
[illegible]

But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells,
Now sinks in Burnet, now in Cavendish, reigns,
Nature's magnificence with [illegible] frame;
But here at [illegible] all [illegible] and [illegible]
§ Warrington has plead, or [illegible] or Holt presides;
Her nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends, declares.
Confusion in each countenance appear'd,
A council's call'd, and * Stentor first was heard;
His labouring lungs the throng'd prætorium rent,
Addressing thus the passive president:

† Machaon, whose experience we adore,
Great as your matchless merit, is your power.
At your approach, the baffled tyrant Death
Breaks his keen shafts, and grinds his clashing teeth.
To you we leave the conduct of the day;
What you command, your vassals must obey.

Variations.

Ver. 165.
True to extremes, yet to dull forms a slave,
He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
With indignation, and a daring air,
He paus'd awhile, and thus address'd the chair.

* Dr. Goodall. † Sir Thomas Millington.

Our foes in throngs shall hide the crimson plain,
And their Apollo interpose in vain.
Though Gods themselves engage, a Diomed
With ease could show a deity can bleed.
But war's rough trade should be by fools profest,
The truest rubbish fills a trench the best.
Let quinsies throttle, and the quartan shake,
Or dropsies drown, and gout and colics rack;
Let sword and pestilence lay waste, while we
Wage bloodless wars, and fight in theory.
Who wants not merit, needs not arm for fame;
The dead I raise, my chivalry proclaim;
Diseases baffled, and lost health restor'd,
In Fame's bright list my victories record.
More lives from me their preservation own,
Than lovers lose if fair Cornelia frown.
Your cures, shrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell,
But wisely your miscarriages conceal.
Zeno, a priest, in Samothrace of old,
Thus reason'd with Philopidas the bold:
Immortal Gods you own, but think them blind
To what concerns the state of human kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not prayer;
That argues want of power, and this of care.
Allow that wisdom infinite must know;
Power infinite must act. "I grant it so."
Haste straight to Neptune's fane; survey with zeal
The walls. "What then?" reply'd the infidel.
Observe those numerous throngs, in effigy,
The gods have sav'd from the devouring sea.

" Tis true, their pictures that eſcap'd you keep,
" But where are theirs that periſh'd in the deep?"
Vaunt now no more the triumph of your ſkill,
But, though unfeed, exert your arm, and kill.
Our ſcouts have learn'd the poſture of the foe;
In war, ſurprizes ſureſt conduct ſhow.
But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
How truth in Burnet, how in Cavendiſh, reigns,
Varro's magnificence with Maro's ſtrains;
But how at church and bar all gape and ſtretch
If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends, declares.
Confuſion in each countenance appear'd,
A council 's call'd, and * Stentor firſt was heard;
His labouring lungs the throng'd prætorium rent,
Addreſſing thus the paſſive preſident:
† Machaon, whoſe experience we adore,
Great as your matchleſs merit, is your power.
At your approach, the baffled tyrant Death
Breaks his keen ſhafts, and grinds his claſhing teeth.
To you we leave the conduct of the day;
What you command, your vaſſals muſt obey.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 205.
True to extremes, yet to dull forms a ſlave,
He 's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
With indignation, and a daring air,
He paus'd awhile, and thus addreſs'd the chair.

* Dr. Goodall. † Sir Thomas Millington.

If

If this dread enterprize you would decline,
We 'll ſend to treat, and ſtifle the deſign.
But, if my arguments had force, we 'd try
To humble our audacious foes, or die:
Our ſpite, they 'll find, to their advantage leans;
The end is good, no matter for the means.
So modern caſuiſts their talents try,
Uprightly for the ſake of truth to lye.

He had not finiſh'd, till th' out-guards deſcry'd
Bright columns move in formidable pride;
The paſſing pomp ſo dazzled from afar,
It ſeem'd a triumph, rather than a war.
Though wide the front, though groſs the phalanx grew,
It look'd leſs dreadful, as it nearer grew.

The adverſe hoſt for action ſtraight prepare;
All eager to unveil the face of war.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 221.

What Stentor offer'd was by moſt approv'd:
But ſeveral voices ſeveral methods mov'd.
At length th' adventurous heroes all agree
T' expect the foe, and act defenſively.
Into the ſhop their bold battalions move,
And what their chief commands, the reſt approve.
Down from the walls they tear the ſhelves in haſte,
Which on their flank for paliſades are plac'd;
And then behind the compter rang'd they ſtand,
Their front ſo well ſecur'd, t' obey command.
And now the ſcouts the adverſe hoſt deſcry,
Blue aprons in the air for colours fly:
With unreſiſted force they urge their way,
And find the foe embattled in array.

Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
And to their truſty Squire reſign the ſhield:
To paint each knight, their ardour and alarms,
Would aſk the Muſe that ſung the frogs in arms.
And now the ſignal ſummons to the fray;
Mock falchions flaſh, and paltry enſigns play.
Their patron God his ſilver bow-ſtrings twangs;
Tough harneſs ruſtles, and bold armour clangs;
The piercing cauſtics ply their ſpiteful power;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics, ſcour;
The deadly drugs in double doſes fly;
And peſtles peal a martial ſymphony.
Now from their level'd ſyringes they pour
The liquid volley of a miſſive ſhower.
Not ſtorms of ſleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
Puſh'd on by northern guſts, ſuch horror give.
Like ſpouts in ſouthern ſeas the deluge broke,
And numbers ſunk beneath th' impetuous ſtroke.
So when Leviathans diſpute the reign
And uncontrol'd dominion of the main;
From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And iſles of ſea-weed on the waves are borne;
Such watery ſtores from their ſpread noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is ſea, and which is ſky.
And now the ſtaggering braves, led by Deſpair,
Advance, and, to return the charge, prepare.
Each ſeizes for his ſhield a ſpacious ſcale,
And the braſs weights fly thick as ſhowers of hail.
Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
With gally-pots and broken phials crown'd;
Whilſt empty jars the dire defeat reſound.

Thus

Thus when ſome ſtorm its cryſtal quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling ſhowers of ice deſcends;
Mount Athos ſhakes the foreſts on his brow,
Whilſt down his wounded ſides freſh torrents flow,
And leaves and limbs of trees o'erſpread the vale below.

But now, all order loſt, promiſcuous blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
From * Stentor's arm a maſſy opiate flies,
And ſtraight a deadly ſleep clos'd Carus' eyes.
At † Colon great Sertorius Buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce gripes, like thoſe of Death, was ſtung;
But with a dauntleſs and diſdainful mien
Hurl'd back ſteel pills, and hit him on the ſpleen.
‡ Chiron attack'd Talthibius with ſuch might,
One paſs had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
Who ſtraight retreated to evade the wound,
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
This § Pylas ſaw, and to the victor ſaid,
Thou ſhalt not long ſurvive th' unwieldy dead,
Thy fate ſhall follow; to confirm it, ſwore,
By th' image of Priapus, which he bore:
And rais'd an eagle-ſtone, invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a ſilver cloud:
Great queen of night, and empreſs of the ſeas,
If, faithful to thy midnight myſteries,

* Dr. Goodall againſt Dr. Tyſon.
† Dr. Birch.
‡ Dr. Gill againſt Dr. Ridley.
§ Dr. Chamberlain.

If,

On Stentor's creſt the uſeful cryſtal breaks,
And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks:
But whilſt the champion, as late rumours tell,
Deſign'd a ſure deciſive ſtroke, he fell:
And as the victor hovering over him ſtood,
With arms extended, thus the ſuppliant ſued:
When honour's loſt, 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a ſure retreat from infamy.
But, to the loſt if pity might be ſhown,
Reflect on young Querpoïdes thy ſon;
Then pity mine, for ſuch an infant grace
Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
If he was near, compaſſion he 'd create,
Or elſe lament his wretched parent's fate.
Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
To thee the lov'd Diſpenſary I reſign.
At this the victors own ſuch extaſies,
As Memphian prieſts if their Oſiris ſneeze:
Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd;
Or ſimpering prudes with ſprightly Nantz inſpir'd;
Or Sultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown;
Or faſting zealots when the ſermon 's done.
Awhile the chief the deadly ſtroke declin'd,
And found compaſſion pleading in his mind.
But whilſt he view'd with pity the diſtreſs'd,
He ſpy'd * Signetur writ upon his breaſt.
Then tow'rds the ſkies he toſs'd his threatening head,
And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, ſaid:

* Thoſe members of the college that obſerve a late ſtatute, are called by the apothecaries "*Signetur* men."

Sooner

Sooner than I 'll from vow'd revenge deſiſt,
His Holineſs ſhall turn a Quietiſt;
Janſenius and the Jeſuits agree,
The inquiſition wink at hereſy.
Warm convocations own the church ſecure,
And more conſult her doctrine than her power.
With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the ſtill ſupplicating ſage.
But, while his thoughts that fatal ſtroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.
The Chief great Pæan's golden treſſes knew,
He own'd the God, and his rais'd arm withdrew.
Thus often at the Temple-ſtairs we 've ſeen
Two Tritons, of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly diſpute ſome quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face beſmear'd in blood;
But, at the firſt appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.
The Hero ſo his enterprize recalls,
His fiſt unclinches, and the weapon falls.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 342.
Faith ſtand unmov'd through Stillingfleet's defence,
And Locke for myſtery abandon ſenſe.

THE

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO VI.

WHILE the ſhrill clangor of the battle rings,
Auſpicious Health appeared on Zephyr's wings;
She ſeem'd a cherub moſt divinely bright,
More ſoft than air, more gay than morning-light.
A charm ſhe takes from each excelling fair,
And borrow's Carliſle's ſhape, and Grafton's air.
Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams diſpenſe,
With Churchill's bloom, and Berkeley's innocence;
On Iris thus the differing beams beſtow
The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow;
From the fair nymph a vocal muſic falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddeſs calls:
Enough th' atchievement of your arms you 've ſhown,
You ſeek a triumph you ſhould bluſh to own.
Haſte to th' Elyſian fields, thoſe bleſs'd abodes,
Where Harvey ſits among the demi-gods.
Conſult that ſacred ſage, he 'll ſoon diſcloſe
The method that muſt mollify theſe woes.

Let

The copper ſparkles next in ruddy ſtreaks;
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
The ſilver then, with bright and burniſh'd grace,
Youth and a blooming luſtre in its face,
To th' arms of thoſe more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire;
Their love 's more violent than the chemiſt's fire.
Near theſe the Delegate with wonder ſpies
Where floods of living ſilver ſerpentiſe;
Where richeſt metals their bright looks put on,
And golden ſtreams through amber channels run;
Where light's gay god deſcends, to ripen gems,
And lend a luſtre brighter than his beams.
Here he obſerves the ſubterranean cells,
Where wanton nature ſports in idle ſhells.
Some helicoeids, ſome conical appear:
Theſe, mitres emulate; thoſe turbans are.
Here marcaſites in various figure wait,
To ripen to a true metallic ſtate:
Till drops that from impending rocks deſcend
Their ſubſtance petrify, and progreſs end.
Nigh, livid ſeas of kindled ſulphur flow,
And, whilſt enrag'd, their fiery ſurges glow,
Convulſions in the labouring mountains riſe,
And hurl their melted vitals to the ſkies.
He views with horror next the noiſy cave,
Where with hoarſe dins impriſon'd tempeſts rave;
Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.

The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celſus fear'd.
Andromeda ſo, whilſt her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.
And now the goddeſs with her charge deſcends,
Where ſcarce one chearful glimpſe their ſteps befriends.
Here his forſaken ſeat old Chaos keeps;
And, undiſturb'd by form, in ſilence ſleeps;
A griſly wight, and hideous to the eye,
An aukward lump of ſhapeleſs anarchy.
With ſordid age his features are defac'd;
His lands unpeopled, and his countries waſte.
To theſe dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
There copious Morton ſafe in ſilence ſleeps;
Where muſhroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, ſoon as born, like other monſters, die.
Upon a couch of jet, in theſe abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy conſort, nods.
No ways and means their cabinet employ;
But their dark hours they waſte in barren joy.
Nigh this receſs, with terror, they ſurvey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic ſway.
In the cloſe covert of a cypreſs grove,
Where goblins friſk, and airy ſpectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the Monarch's triumphs are deſcry'd;
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie;
Dim lamps with ſickly rays ſcarce ſeem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow;

[illegible] Despair,
[illegible] family of Care;
[illegible] dangers, and distress,
Make up the [illegible] of the place.
Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait,
Which execute the harsh decrees of Fate.
Febris is first: the hag relentless hears
The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears.
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
And restless ferments revel in each vein.
Then Hydrops next appears amongst the throng;
Bloated, and big, she slowly sails along;
But, like a miser, in excess she's poor,
And pines for thirst amidst her watery store.
Now loathsome Lepra, that offensive spright,
With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight;
Still deaf to Beauty's soft persuading power;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.
Whilst meagre Phthisis gives a silent blow,
Her strokes are sure, but her advances slow:
No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults, are shewn;
She starves the fortress first, then takes the town.
Behind stood crowds of much inferior name,
Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name;
The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.
Now Celsus, with his glorious guide, invades
The silent region of the fleeting shades;
Where rocks and rueful deserts are descry'd,
And sullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;

Then ſhews the ferry-man the plant he bore,
And claims his paſſage to the further ſhore.
To whom the Stygian pilot, ſmiling, ſaid,
You need no paſſport to demand our aid.
Phyſicians never linger on this ſtrand:
Old Charon 's préſent ſtill at their command.
Our awful monarch and his conſort owe
To them the peopling of their realms below.
Then in his ſwarthy hand he graſp'd the oar,
Receiv'd his gueſts aboard, and ſhov'd from ſhore.
Now, as the goddeſs and her charge prepare
To breathe the ſweets of ſoft Elyſian air,
Upon the left they ſpy a penſive ſhade,
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head:
Pale grief ſate heavy on his mournful look;
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celſus ſpoke:
Tell me, thou much afflicted ſhade, why ſighs
Burſt from your breaſt, and torrents from your eyes:
And who thoſe mangled Manes are, which ſhow
A ſullen ſatisfaction at your woe?
Since, ſaid the ghoſt, with pity you 'll attend,
Know, I 'm Guâicum *, once your firmeſt friend;
And on this barren beach in diſcontent
Am doom'd to ſtay, 'till th' angry powers relent.
Thoſe ſpectres, ſeam'd with ſcars, that threaten there,
The victims of my late ill-conduct are.
They vex with endleſs clamours my repoſe:
This wants his palate; that demands his noſe:

* Dr. Morton.

And here they execute ſtern Pluto's will,
And ply me every moment with a piil.
Then Celſus thus: O much-lamented ſtate!
How rigid is the ſentence you relate!
Methinks I recollect your former air,
But ah, how much you 're chang'd from what you wer
Inſipid as your late ptiſans you lie,
That once were ſprightlier far than mercury.
At the ſad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable ſouls aſleep;
The unctuous larix, and the healing pine,
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine.
But ſtill the offspring of your brain ſhall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove:
When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works ſhall riſe
In rockets, till they reach the wondering ſkies.
If mortals e'er the Stygian powers could bend,
Intreaties to their awful ſeats I 'd ſend.
But, ſince no human arts the Fates diſſuade,
Direct me how to find bleſs'd Harvey's ſhade.
In vain th' unhappy ghoſt ſtill urg'd his ſtay;
Then, riſing from the ground, he ſhew'd the way.
Nigh the dull ſhore a ſhapeleſs mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful frown ſurvey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on;
No friſking goats bound o'er the ridgy ſtone.
To gain the ſummit the bright goddeſs try'd;
And Celſus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.
Th' aſcent thus conquer'd, now they tower on high
And taſte th' indulgence of a milder ſky.

Looſ

Looſe breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant bloſſoms their chaſte odours pay,
And roſes bluſh their fragrant lives away.
Cool ſtreams through flowery meadows gently glide,
And, as they paſs, their painted banks they chide.
Theſe bliſsful plains no blights nor mildews fear,
The flowers ne'er fade, and ſhrubs are myrtles here.
The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
Ere noon in painted pride ſhe decks her head,
Rob'd in rich dye ſhe triumphs on the green,
And every flower does homage to their queen.
So, when bright Venus riſes from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal ſhell,
And every grace unſung, the waves conceal.
  The Delegate obſerves, with wondering eyes,
Ambroſial dews deſcend, and incenſe riſe;
Then haſtens onward to the penſive grove,
The ſilent manſion of diſaſtrous love.
Here Jealouſy with jaundic'd looks appears,
And broken ſlumbers, and fantaſtic fears.
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs ſings.
No winds but ſighs there are, no floods but tears;
Each conſcious tree a tragic ſignal bears.
Their wounded bark records ſome broken vow,
And willow-garlands hang on every bough.
  Olivia here in ſolitude he found,
Her down-caſt eyes fix'd on the ſilent ground:

Her [illegible] neglected, and unbound her hair.
She [illegible] the dying image of despair.
How lately did this celebrated thing
Blaze in the box, and sparkle in the ring;
Till the green-sickness and love's force betray'd
To Death's remorseless arms th' unhappy maid!
All o'er confus'd the guilty lover stood,
The light forsook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
An icy horror shiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he spoke:
Tell me, dear shade, from whence such anxious care,
Your looks disorder'd, and your bosom bare?
Why thus you languish like a drooping flower,
Crush'd by the weight of some relentless shower?
Your languid looks, your late ill-conduct tell;
Oh that, instead of trash, you 'd taken steel!
Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conscious maid
Thus to her late insulting lover said:
When ladies listen not to loose desire,
You stile our modesty, our want of fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You still find reasons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peevish things we say.
Few are the fair-ones of Rufilla's make,
Unask'd she grants, uninjur'd she 'll forsake:
But several Cælia's, several ages boast,
That like, where reason recommends the most.
Where heavenly truth and tenderness conspire,
Chaste passion may persuade us to desire.

Your

Your ſex, he cry'd, as cuſtom bids, behaves;
In forms the tyrant ties ſuch haughty ſlaves.
To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
Impulſes are but weak, where reaſon 's ſtrong.
Some want the courage; but how few the flame!
They like the thing, that ſtartle at the name;
The lonely Phœnix, though profeſs'd a nun,
Warms into love, and kindles at the ſun;
Thoſe tales of ſpicy urns and fragrant fires
Are but the emblems of her ſcorch'd deſires.
Then, as he ſtrove to claſp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confeſs'd th' impaſſive air.
From his embrace th' unbody'd ſpectre flies,
And, as ſhe mov'd, ſhe chid him with her eyes.
They haſten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the bleſs'd remain:
Where Harvey gathers ſimples, to beſtow
Immortal youth on heroes' ſhades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable ſage her preſence knew:
Thus he —
Hail, blooming goddeſs! thou propitious power,
Whoſe bleſſings mortals more than life implore!
With ſo much luſtre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where thoſe appear.
Mankind, as you vouchſafe to ſmile or frown,
Finds eaſe in chains, or anguiſh in a crown.
With juſt reſentments and contempt you ſee
The foul diſſenſions of the Faculty;

How your fad ſickening art now hangs her head,
And, once a ſcience, is become a trade.
Her ſons ne'er riſe her myſterious ſtore,
But ſtudy nature leſs, and lucre more.
Not ſo when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple, where devoted incenſe blaz'd.
Oft' father Tiber views the lofty fire,
As the learn'd ſon is worſhip'd like the ſire;
The ſage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the ſame.
I ſhow'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of the refluent tide.
Then, Willis, why ſpontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the ſpirits, by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cauſe.
Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Gliſſon, lie
In the abyſs of blind obſcurity.
But now ſuch wondrous ſearches are forborn,
And Pæan's art is by diviſions torn.
Then let your Charge attend, and I 'll explain
How her loſt health your ſcience may regain.
Haſte, and the matchleſs Atticus addreſs,
From Heaven and great Naſſau he has the mace.
'Th' oppreſs'd to his aſylum ſtill repair;
Arts he ſupports, and learning is his care.
He ſoftens the harſh rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws;
And graciouſly he caſts a pitying eye
On the ſad ſtate of virtuous poverty.

When-

Whene'er he ſpeaks, Heaven! how the liſtening throng
Dwells on the melting muſic of his tongue!
His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though ſerene;
And, when the power of eloquence he 'd try,
Here lightning ſtrikes you; there ſoft breezes ſigh.
To him you muſt your ſickly ſtate refer,
Your charter claims him as your viſiter.
Your wounds he 'll cloſe, and ſovereignly reſtore
Your ſcience to the height it had before.
Then Naſſau's health ſhall be your glorious aim;
His life ſhould be as laſting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from devaſtations ſpring;
He condeſcends in pity to be king:
And, when amidſt his olives plac'd he ſtands,
And governs more by candour than commands;
Ev'n then not leſs a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel-diadem he wears.
Would Phœbus, or his Granville, but inſpire
Their ſacred vehemence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in ſong that god-like power,
Which did the labouring univerſe reſtore:
Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the ſtrain;
And praiſe the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repoſe, and empire o'er the main.
Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his bleſſings endleſs as they 're great:
Whilſt malice and ingratitude confeſs
They 've ſtrove for ruin long without ſucceſs.

When

When, late, Jove's eagle from the pile ſhall riſe
To bear the victor to the boundleſs ſkies,
Awhile the god puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heavens a ſtar.
Near thee, Alcides, ſhall the hero ſhine;
His rays reſembling, as his labours, thine.
Had ſome fam'd patriot, of the Latian blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preſerv'd the Latian liberties,
Aſpiring columns ſoon had reach'd the ſkies:
Loud Io's the proud capitol had ſhook,
And all the ſtatues of the gods had ſpoke.
No more the Sage his raptures could purſue:
He paus'd; and Celſus with his Guide withdrew.

CLAREMONT.

Addressed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Clare, afterwards Duke of Newcastle.

"...yadum sylvas, saltusque sequamur
...tam, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia jussa." Virg.

PREFACE.

...EY that have seen those two excellent poems of Cooper's-hill and Windsor-forest; the one by Sir ...ham, the other by Mr. Pope; will shew a great ...candour if they approve of this. It was written ...iving the name of Claremont to a villa, now be...g to the earl of Clare. The situation is so agree...d surprizing, that it inclines one to think some ...f this nature put Ovid at first upon the story of ...us and Echo. It is probable he had observed ...ying arising amongst woods and rocks, where ...ere heard; and some flower bending over the ..., and by consequence reflected from it. After ...g the story in the third book of the Metamor-

phosis,

phoſis, it is obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had diſpoſſeſſed her,

"— vox tantùm atque oſſa ſuperſunt,"

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare ſay the gentleman who is meant, would have been well pleaſed to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can ſay the ſame of: experience ſhews us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother ſhould ſucceed, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconſiderable; upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their prieſts, may conſult Pliny, Ovid, and the other claſſic authors that have mentioned them.

CLAREMONT.

WHAT frenzy has of late poſſeſs'd the brain!
Though few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our ſoil, our bards riſe in ſuch ſtore,
Their rich retaining patrons ſcarce are more.
The laſt indulge the fault the firſt commit;
And take off ſtill the offal of their wit.
So ſhameleſs, ſo abandon'd, are their ways;
They poach Parnaſſus, and lay ſnares for praiſe.

None

None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a penſion or a place to give.
Great miniſters ne'er fail of great deſerts;
The herald gives them blood; the poet, parts.
Senſe is of courſe annex'd to wealth and power;
No Muſe is proof againſt a golden ſhower.
Let but his lordſhip write ſome poor lampoon,
He's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own;
Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
Falſe Fame cries—Athens; honeſt Truth—Moorfields.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on through floods of ink;
Flags with full-ſail; and riſes but to ſink.
Some venal pens ſo proſtitute the bays,
Their panegyrics laſh; their ſatires praiſe.
So nauſeouſly, and ſo unlike, they paint,
N——'s an Adonis; M——r, a ſaint.
Metius with thoſe fam'd heroes is compar'd,
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But ſuch a ſhameleſs Muſe muſt laughter move,
That aims to make Salmonius vie with Jove.
To form great works, puts Fate itſelf to pain;
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty man,
And, to perpetuate her Hero's fame,
She ſtrains no leſs a Poet next to frame.
Rare as the Hero's, is the Poet's rage;
Churchills and Drydens riſe but once an age.
With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun;
And an eclipſe produc'd Alcmena's ſon.
The ſire of Gods o'er Phœbus caſt a ſhade;
But, with a hero, well the world repaid.

No

[illegible]

[illegible] Newcastle [illegible]

[illegible] the Afian [illegible]

[illegible] gilded:

From [illegible] in a purer [illegible]

[illegible] streams enlarge his cours

But, when new-gathering streams enlarge his course,

He [illegible] named, and roils with mightier force;

In fabled floods of gold his current flows,

And wealth on nations, as he runs, bestows.

'Direct me, Clare, to name some nobler Muse,
That for her theme thy late recess may choose;
Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress,
Such vary'd scenes, such pleasing images,
That swains shall leave their lawns, and nymphs their bowers,
And quit Arcadia for a seat like yours.
But say, who shall attempt th' adventurous part
Where Nature borrows dress from Vanbrugh's art?
'If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
And rocks are animated with his fire.
'Tis he can paint in verse those rising hills,
Their gentle vallies, and their silver rills;
Close groves, and opening glades with verdure spread,
Flowers sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsam bleed;
With gay variety the prospect crown'd,
And all the bright Horizon smiling round.
Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient Fame
Records from whence the Villa took its name.
In times of old, when British nymphs were known
To love no foreign fashions like their own;
When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
And quality put on no paint but woad;
Of Spanish red unheard was then the name
(For cheeks were only taught to blush by shame);
No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,
Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves;
Not yet lead-comb was on the toilet plac'd;
Not yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paste;

No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade
To mend the work wise Providence had made;
Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
And thrifty silkworms spun for times to come;
Bare limbs were then the marks of modesty:
All like Diana were below the knee.

The men appear'd a rough, undaunted race,
Surly in show, unfashion'd in address;
Upright in actions, and in thought sincere;
And strictly were the same they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
For villains had no titles but their own.
None travel'd to return politely mad;
But still what fancy wanted, reason had,
Whatever Nature ask'd, their hands could give;
Unlearn'd in feasts, they only eat to live.
No cook with art increas'd physicians' fees:
Nor serv'd up Death in soups and fricasees:
Their taste was, like their temper, unrefin'd;
For looks were then the language of the mind.

Ere right and wrong, by turns, set prices bore;
And conscience had its rate like common whore;
Or tools to great employments had pretence;
Or merit was made out by impudence;
Or coxcombs look'd assuming in affairs;
And humble friends grew haughty ministers;
In those good days of innocence, here stood
Of oaks, with heads unshorn, a solemn wood,
Frequented by the Druids, to bestow
Religious honours on the Mistletoe.

The

The naturaliſts are puzzled to explain,
How trees did firſt this ſtranger entertain;
Whether the buſy birds ingraft it there;
Or elſe ſome deity's myſterious care,
As Druids thought; for, when the blaſted oak
By lightning falls, this plant eſcapes the ſtroke.
So, when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outrageous waſte,
Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd ſtood:
So ſacred was the manſion of a God.
Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids choſe,
Here, for the bleeding victims, altars roſe.
To Hermes oft' they paid their ſacrifice;
Parent of arts, and patron of the wiſe.
Good rules in mild perſuaſions they convey'd;
Their lives confirming what their lectures ſaid.
None violated truth, invaded right;
Yet had few laws, but will and appetite.
The people's peace they ſtudied, and profeſt
No politicks but public intereſt.
Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
For all their luxury was doing good.
No mitre'd prieſt did then with princes vie,
Nor o'er his maſter claim ſupremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
For being ſeveral centuries obſcure.
None loſt their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none underſtood.
Nor ſimony, nor fine-cure, were known;
Nor would the Bee work honey for the Drone.

Nor was the way invented, to difmifs
Frail Abigails with fat Pluralities.
But then, in fillets bound, a hallow'd band
Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land;
Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the feafons travel'd with the fun;
When his dim orb fcem'd wading through the air,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellowing throats would try,
When reddening clouds reflect his blood-fhot eye:
All their remarks on Nature's laws require
More lines than would even Alpin's readers tire.
This fect in facred veneration held
Opinions, by the Samian Sage reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from thefe tenements to thofe:
For when the plaftic particles are gone,
They rally in fome fpecies like their own;
The felf-fame atoms, if new-jumbled, will
In feas be reftlefs, and in earth be ftill;
Can, in the truffle, furnifh out a feaft,
And naufeate, in the fealy fquill, the tafte.
Thofe falling leaves that wither with the year,
Will, in the next, on other ftems appear.
The fap, that now forfakes the burfting bud,
In fome new fhoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day that from the jafmine blows,
Will, when the feafon offers, fcent the rofe.
And thofe bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a fnow.

They

They hold that matter muſt be ſtill the ſame,
And varies but in figure and in name;
And that the ſoul not dies, but ſhifts her ſeat,
New rounds of life to run, or paſt repeat.
Thus, when the brave and virtuous ceaſe to live,
In beings brave and virtuous they revive.
Again ſhall Romulus in Naſſau reign;
Great Numa, in a Brunſwick prince, ordain
Good laws; and Halcyon years ſhall huſh the world again.

The truths of old traditions were their theme;
Or Gods deſcending in a morning dream.
Paſs'd acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold:
Beneath the ſhady covert of an oak,
In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they ſpoke.
Attend then, Clare; nor is the legend long;
The ſtory of thy villa is their ſong.

The fair Montano, of the ſylvan race,
Was with each beauty bleſs'd, and every grace.
His ſire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a ſwift Naiad of the flood.
Her ſilver urn ſupply'd the neighbouring ſtreams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.

Not lovelier ſeem'd Narciſſus to the eye;
Nor, when a flower, could boaſt more fragrancy:
His ſkin might with the down of ſwans compare,
More ſmooth than pearl; than mountain-ſnow more fair:
In ſhape ſo poplars or the cedars pleaſe;
But thoſe are not ſo ſtraight, nor graceful theſe:

[illegible]
[illegible] tongue:
[illegible] without [illegible] wound.
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] blushing cheeks [illegible]
[illegible] woods, [illegible] the [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] charms impair,
[illegible] fair.
[illegible] Love decrees:
[illegible] appetite, he meant to please:
[illegible] largely he supplies;
T[illegible] indulgence lies.
A [illegible] was, with hoary moss o'ergrown,
R[illegible] and arch'd with mouldering stone;
[illegible] the lonesome wall;
And [illegible] whisper as they fall;
T[illegible] the ruin creep,
And there the bat and drowsy beetle sleep.
This cell sad Echo chose, by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the Sylvan flies,
To shun the calenture of sultry skies;
But feels a fiercer flame: Love's keenest dart
Finds through his eyes a passage to his heart.

Pensive

Penſive the virgin ſate with folded arms,
Her tears but lending luſtre to her charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes;
But wants himſelf the pity he beſtows.
Oh whether of a mortal born! he cries;
Or ſome fair daughter of the diſtant ſkies;
That, in compaſſion, leave your cryſtal ſphere,
To guard ſome favour'd charge, and wander here:
Slight not my ſuit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity one, a novice yet in love.
If words avail not; ſee my ſuppliant tears;
Nor diſregard thoſe dumb petitioners.
From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Aſſerting all the empire of her eyes.
Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor ſeeks from ſleep, or ſuſtenance, relief.
The lamp of life now caſts a glimmering light;
The meeting lids his ſetting eyes benight.
What force remains, the hapleſs lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred deities:
Haſte, parents of the flood, your race to mourn;
With tears repleniſh each exhauſted urn;
Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
Fall a juſt victim to an injur'd ſhade.
More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and ſtopp'd unfiniſh'd on his tongue.
For him the Graces their ſad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wiſh'd for eyes to weep.
What Gods can do, the mournful Faunus tries;
A mount erecting where the Sylvan lies.

The rural powers the wondrous pile ſurvey,
And piouſly their different honours pay.
Th' aſcent with verdant herbage Pales ſpread;
And nymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their ſhade.
Her ſtream a Naiad from the baſis pours;
And Flora ſtrows the ſummit with her flowers.
Alone Mount Latmos claims preeminence,
When ſilver Cynthia lights the world from thence.
Sad Echo now laments her rigour, more
Than for Narciſſus her looſe flame before.
Her fleſh to ſinew ſhrinks, her charms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks ſhe hides her head.
Soon as the evening ſhews a ſky ſerene,
Abroad ſhe ſtrays, but never to be ſeen.
And ever, as the weeping Naiads name
Her cruelty, the Nymph repeats the ſame;
With them ſhe joins, her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.
Her ſex's privilege ſhe yet retains;
And, though to nothing waſted, voice remains.
So ſung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the Delphick God inſpir'd:
Ere twice ten centuries ſhall fleet away,
A Brunſwick prince ſhall Britain's ſceptre ſway.
No more fair Liberty ſhall mourn her chains;
The Maid is reſcued, her lov'd Perſeus reigns.
From Jove he comes, the captive to reſtore;
Nor can the thunder of his Sire do more.
Religion ſhall dread nothing but diſguiſe;
And Juſtice need no bandage for her eyes.

Britannia ſmiles, nor fears a foreign lord;
Her ſafety to ſecure, two powers accord,
Her Neptune's trident, and her Monarch's ſword.
Like him, ſhall his Auguſtus ſhine in arms,
Though captive to his Carolina's charms.
Ages with future heroes ſhe ſhall bleſs;
And Venus once more found an Alban race.
Then ſhall a Clare in honour's cauſe engage:
Example muſt reclaim a graceleſs age.
Where guides themſelves for guilty views miſ-lead;
And laws even by the legiſlators bleed;
His brave contempt of ſtate ſhall teach the proud,
None but the virtuous are of noble blood:
For Tyrants are but Princes in diſguiſe,
Though ſprung by long deſcents from Ptolemies.
Right he ſhall vindicate, good laws defend;
The firmeſt patriot, and the warmeſt friend.
Great Edward's order early he ſhall wear;
New light reſtoring to the ſully'd ſtar.
Oft' will his leiſure this retirement chuſe,
Still finding future ſubjects for the Muſe;
And, to record the Sylvan's fatal flame,
The place ſhall live in ſong, and Claremont be the name.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] or pretty [illegible]:
Commencing [illegible], and concluding [illegible].
In [illegible] what differing passions glow!
[illegible] flow.
[illegible]
[illegible]:
[illegible] degrees,
[illegible] flame [illegible] to please.
[illegible], in all that can engage, excel;
[illegible] in patience, and [illegible] well.
[illegible] Nature equally decrees:
[illegible] your pride, and we our perjuries.
[illegible] to conquer, yet too oft' you fail
By [illegible], or by granting all.
But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd years
[illegible] the tale of lovers' hopes and fears.

Though

Though infant graces ſooth your gentle hours,
More ſoft than ſighs, more ſweet than breathing flowers;
Let raſh admirers your keen lightning fear;
'Tis bright at diſtance, but deſtroys if near.
The time ere long, if verſe preſage, will come,
Your charms ſhall open in full Brudenell bloom.
All eyes ſhall gaze, all hearts ſhall homage vow,
And not a lover languiſh but for you.
The Muſe ſhall ſtring her lyre, with garlands crown'd,
And each bright Nymph ſhall ſicken at the ſound.
So, when Aurora firſt ſalutes the ſight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But, when with riper red ſhe warms the ſkies,
In circling throngs the wing'd Muſicians riſe:
And the gay groves rejoice in ſymphonies.
Each pearly flower with painted Beauty ſhines;
And every ſtar its fading fire reſigns.

TO RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON, WITH OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

My Lord,

OUR Poet's rules, in eaſy numbers, tell,
He felt the paſſion he deſcribes ſo well.
In that ſoft art ſucceſsfully refin'd,
Though angry Cæſar frown'd, the fair were kind.
More ills from love, than tyrants malice, flow;
Jove's thunder ſtrikes leſs ſure than Cupid's bow.

Ovid

Ovid hath felt the pains, and found the cure:
Phyficians fure muft their own difeafe.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies would liften then, and lovers lye.
Who fancy'd moft the fair were moft polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly fo, excus'd for all.
Bounding was banifh'd for the fair-one's fake,
The fea ne'er given, but fuffers ours fhould take.
  Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring;
The flowers ne'er fail to meet the blooming fpring.
Though you poffefs all Nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her fnare.
  On all that Goddefs her falfe fmiles beftows;
As on the feas fhe reigns, from whence fhe rofe.
Young Zephyrs figh with fragrant breath, foft gales
Guide her gay barge, and fwell the filken fails:
Each filver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her bofom, gentle as her doves;
But he that once embarks, too furely finds
A fullen fky, black ftorms, and angry winds;
Cares, fears, and anguifh, hovering on the maft,
And wrecks of wretches by their folly loft.
  When coming Time fhall blefs you with a bride,
Let paffion not perfuade, but reafon guide;
Inftead of gold, let gentle Truth endear;
She has moft charms who is the moft fincere.
Shun vain variety, 'tis but difeafe;
Weak appetites are ever hard to pleafe.

The

The nymph muſt fear to be inquiſitive;
'Tis for the ſex's quiet, to believe.
Her air an eaſy confidence muſt ſhow,
And ſhun to find what ſhe would dread to know;
Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

To the Dutcheſs of BOLTON, on her ſtaying all the Winter in the Country.

CEASE rural conqueſts, and ſet free your ſwains,
To Dryads leave the groves, to Nymphs the plains.
In penſive dales alone let Echo dwell,
And each ſad ſigh ſhe hears with ſorrow tell.
Haſte, let your eyes at Kent's pavilion * ſhine,
It wants but ſtars, and then the work 's divine.
Of late, Fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive generals, and protected crowns:
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, ſtates vanquiſh'd, provinces o'er-run,
And all Alcides' labour ſumm'd in one.
The brave muſt to the fair now yield the prize,
And Engliſh arms ſubmit to Engliſh eyes:
In which bright liſt among the firſt you ſtand;
Though each a Goddeſs, or a Sunderland.

* A Gallery at St. James's.

TO

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, ON HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

GO, mighty prince, and those great nations see,
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name engrav'd
Shall tell their children who their empire sav'd,
Point out that marble where thy worth is shown,
To every grateful country but thy own.
O censure undeserv'd! unequal fate!
Which strove to lessen him who made her great:
Which, pamper'd with success and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conquests, but condemn'd his name.
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Though all the fault 's in the beholder's eye;
Yet he, untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no danger but domestic jars,
Smiles at the dart which angry Envy shakes,
And only fears for Her whom he forsakes:
He grieves to find the course of virtue cross'd,
Blushing to see our blood no better lost;
Disdains in factious parties to contend,
And proves in absence most Britannia's friend.
So the great Scipio of old, to shun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'er his country's cause requir'd,
To shine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

TO

TO THE

EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

WHILST weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And where the ſword deſtroys not, famine kills;
Our iſle enjoys, by your ſucceſsful care,
The pomp of peace, amidſt the woes of war.
So much the publick to your prudence owes,
You think no labours long for our repoſe:
Such conduct, ſuch integrity are ſhown,
There are no coffers empty, but your own.
From mean dependance, merit you retrieve,
Unaſk'd you offer, and unſeen you give:
Your favour, like the Nile, increaſe beſtows,
And yet conceals the ſource from whence it flows.
No pomp, or grand appearance, you approve:
A people at their eaſe is what you love:
To leſſen taxes, and a nation ſave,
Are all the grants your ſervices would have.
Thus far the ſtate-machine wants no repair,
But moves in matchleſs order by your care;
Free from confuſion, ſettled and ſerene;
And, like the univerſe, by ſprings unſeen.
But now ſome ſtar, ſiniſter to our prayers,
Contrives new ſchemes, and calls you from affairs:
No anguiſh in your looks, or cares appear,
But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to ſteer.
Thus, like a victim, no conſtraint you need,
To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.

Ingra-

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

ON

HER MAJESTY'S STATUE,

IN

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

NEAR the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name,
With grace divine great Anna's seen to rise,
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes:
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there:
Britain and Ireland seem to own her grace,
And even wild India wears a smiling face.
But France alone with downcast eyes is seen,
The sad attendant of so good a Queen:
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon
All that great Anna for thy sake has done:
When sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws;
For thee she sheath'd the terrors of her sword,
For thee she broke her General — and her word:

For

For thee her mind in doubtful terms ſhe told,
And learn'd to ſpeak like oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what could ſhe more?
She loſt the honour ſhe had gain'd before;
Loſt all the trophies, which her arms had won
(Such Cæſar never knew, nor Philip's ſon);
Reſign'd the glories of a ten years' reign,
And ſuch as none but Marlborough's arm could gain.
For thee in annals ſhe 's content to ſhine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

ON THE

NEW CONSPIRACY. 1716.

WHERE, where, degenerate countrymen—how high
Will your fond folly and your madneſs fly?
Are ſcenes of death, and ſervile chains ſo dear,
To ſue for blood and bondage every year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curſt,
To court a change — though certain of the worſt?
There is no climate which you have not fought,
Where tools of war, and vagrant kings, are bought;
O! noble paſſion, to your country kind,
To crown her with — the refuſe of mankind.
As if the new Rome, which your ſchemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
While her aſylum openly provides
For every ruffian every nation hides.

Will

Will you ftill tempt the great avenger's blow,
And force the bolt — which he is loath to throw?
Have there too few already bit the plains,
To make you feek new Preftons and Dumblains?
If vengeance lofes its effects fo faft,
Yet thofe of mercy fure — fhould longer laft.
Say, is it rafhnefs or defpair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to thefe repeated ftrokes?
Reply: — Behold, their looks, their fouls declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep defpair.
Hear then, you fons of blood, your deftin'd fate,
Hear, ere you fin too foon — repent too late.
Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
And ftem the ftream of Providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders, made our own,
The hand that gave it fhall preferve his throne.
As vain your hopes to diftant times remove,
To try the fecond, or the third from Jove;
For 'tis the nature of that facred line,
To conquer monfters, and to grow divine.

ON THE

KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, deftructive to the Trojan line,
Raz'd their proud walls, though built by hands divine:
But Love's bright goddefs, with propitious grace,
Preferv'd a hero, and reftor'd the race.
Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna rofe.

VERSES

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR

THE TOASTING-GLASSES

OF THE

KIT-CAT-CLUB. 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can every Muſe inſpire;
To Carliſle fill the glaſs, and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd bays the God of Day ſhall crown
A wit and luſtre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

AT once the Sun and Carliſle took their way,
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues he, their beauties ſhe beſtow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

THE braveſt hero, and the brighteſt dame,
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder, and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Eſſex fill the ſprightly wine;
The health 's engaging and divine.
Let pureſt odours ſcent the air,
And wreaths of roſes bind our hair:
In her chaſte lips theſe bluſhing lie,
And thoſe her gentle ſighs ſupply.

LADY HYDE.

The God of Wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The Queen of Love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

Hyde, though in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thouſand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
In tears of dew ſo mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offſpring is the chearful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toaſting paſs'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet bleſs'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feaſt.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR

TAMERLANE.

TO-DAY a mighty hero comes, to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm.
To valour much he c virtue more;
He fights to ſave, an 's to reſtore.
He ſtrains no texts, n dragoons perſuade;
He likes religion, bu trade.
Born for mankind, t our live;
Their property is his
His ſword deſtroys le ſaves,
And none, except his ſlaves.
Such, Britons, is the oſſeſs,
In council greateſt, a ---ſs:
Brave, but not cruel; wiſe, without deceit;
Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
But you, diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Aſk his protection, and yet grudge his power.
With you a monarch's right is in diſpute;
Who give ſupplies, are only abſolute.
Britons, for ſhame! your factious feuds decline,
Too long you 've labour'd for the Bourbon line:
Aſſert loſt rights, an Auſtrian prince alone
Is born to nod upon a Spaniſh throne.
A cauſe no leſs could on great Eugene call;
Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal:

If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
Call that the robber, this the parasite.
Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl;
Cinna 's a statesman; Sydrophel, a tool.
Our censurers with want of thought dispense,
But tremble at the hideous sin of sense.
Who would not such hard fate as ours bemoan,
Indicted for some wit, and damn'd for none?
But if, to-day, some scandal should appear,
Let those precise Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
Poet, and Papist too, they 'll surely maul,
There 's no indulgences at Hicks's-hall.
Gold only can their pious spite allay,
They call none criminals that can but pay:
The heedless shrines with victims they invoke,
They take the fat, and give the gods the smoke.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE QUEEN'S THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

SUCH was our builder's art, that, soon as nam'd,
This fabrick, like the infant-world, was fram'd.
The architect must on dull order wait,
But 'tis the Poet only can create.
None else, at pleasure, can duration give:
When marble fails, the Muses' structures live.

The

The Cyprian fane is now no longer ſeen,
Though ſacred to the name of love's fair queen.
Ev'n Athens ſcarce in pompous ruin ſtands,
Though finiſh'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.
More ſure preſages from theſe walls we find,
By Beauty * founded, and by Wit deſign'd.
In the good age of ghoſtly ignorance,
How did cathedrals riſe, and zeal advance!
The merry monks ſaid oriſons at eaſe,
Large were their meals, and light their penances;
Pardons for ſins were purchas'd with eſtates,
And none but rogues in rags dy'd reprobates.
But, now that pious pageantry 's no more,
And ſtages thrive, as churches did before;
Your own magnificence you here ſurvey,
Majeſtic columns ſtand, where dunghills lay,
And carrs triumphal riſe from carts of hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
And big Almanzor's fight mocks Blenheim's here.
Deſcending goddeſſes adorn our ſcenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He 'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
Though to the ſun his towering eagles riſe,
They ſcarce could bear the luſtre of theſe eyes.

* Lady Sunderland.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who would not liſten when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt:
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft' they 're cancel'd, though in convents made.
Would you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves — you may
Be ſpiteful — and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you, when you 're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourſelves would chooſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the power of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!

At

At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no ſanctuaries now;
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddeſs who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs, and the thoughts ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts leſs coveted than groves and ſprings.
Love then ſhall only mourn when Truth complains,
And conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains;
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's ſon.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIV.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF SCYLLA.

NOW Glaucus, with a lover's haſte, bounds o'er
The ſwelling waves, and ſeeks the Latian ſhore.
Meſſena, Rhegium, and the barren coaſt
Of flaming Ætna, to his ſight are loſt:
At length he gains the Tyrrhene ſeas, and views
The hills where baneful philtres Circe brews;
Monſters in various forms around her preſs;
As thus the God ſalutes the Sorcereſs:
O Circe, be indulgent to my grief,
And give a love-ſick deity relief.
Too well the mighty power of plants I know,
To thoſe my figure and new fate I owe
Againſt Meſſena, on th' Auſonian coaſt,
I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was loſt.
In tendereſt ſounds I ſued; but ſtill the fair
Was deaf to vows, and pitileſs to prayer.
If numbers can avail, exert their power;
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.

I ask

I aſk no cure; let but the virgin pine
With dying pangs, or agonies, like mine.
No longer Circe could her flame diſguiſe,
But to the ſuppliant God Marine, replies:
When maids are coy, have manlier aims in view;
Leave thoſe that fly; but thoſe that like, purſue.
If love can be by kind compliance won;
See, at your feet, the Daughter of the Sun.
Sooner, ſaid Glaucus, ſhall the aſh remove
From mountains, and the ſwelling ſurges love;
Or humble ſea-weed to the hills repair;
E'er I think any but my Scylla fair.
Straight Circe reddens with a guilty ſhame,
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
Fierce liking oft' a ſpite as fierce creates;
For love refus'd, without averſion, hates.
To hurt her hapleſs rival, ſhe proceeds;
And, by the fall of Scylla, Glaucus bleeds.
Some faſcinating beverage now ſhe brews,
Compos'd of deadly drugs and baneful juice.
At Rhegium ſhe arrives; the ocean braves,
And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves.
Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
Shelter'd from ſeas, and ſhaded from the ſkies:
This ſtation Scylla choſe; a ſoft retreat
From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat.
The vengeful Sorcereſs viſits this receſs;
Her charm infuſes, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs; then at herſelf ſhe ſtarts.

A ghaſtly horror in her eyes appears;
But yet ſhe knows not who it is ſhe fears;
In vain ſhe offers from herſelf to run,
And drags about her what ſhe ſtrives to ſhun.
Oppreſs'd with grief the pitying God appears,
And ſwells the riſing ſurges with his tears;
From the diſtreſſed Sorcereſs he flies;
Her art reviles, and her addreſs denies:
Whilſt hapleſs Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees
Deſtruction to thoſe barks, that beat the ſeas.

THE

VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS continued.

Here bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulyſſes' fleet;
But good Æneas 'ſcap'd the fate he met.
As to the Latian ſhore the Trojan flood,
And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood:
He weather'd fell Charybdis: but ere-long
The ſkies were darken'd, and the tempeſt ſtrong.
Then to the Libyan coaſt he ſtretches o'er;
And makes at length the Carthaginian ſhore.
Here Dido, with an hoſpitable care,
Into her heart receives the wanderer.
From her kind arms th' ungrateful hero flies;
The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,
Then to her folly falls a ſacrifice.
Æneas now ſets ſail, and, plying, gains
Fair Eryx, where his friend Aceſtes reigns:

Firſt

Firſt to his fire does funeral rites decree,
Then gives the ſignal next, and ſtands to ſea;
Out-runs the iſlands where volcano's roar;
Gets clear of Syrens, and their faithleſs ſhore:
But loſes Palinurus in the way;
Then makes Inarime, and Prochyta.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CERCOPIANS INTO APES.

The gallies now by Pythecuſa paſs;
The name is from the natives of the place.
The Father of the Gods, deteſting lies,
Oft', with abhorrence, heard their perjuries.
Th' abandon'd race, transform'd to beaſts, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd; with grimace they grin;
And look, to what they were, too near akin:
Merry in make, and buſy to no end;
This moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this ſpecies of their paſt retains;
Though loſt the language, yet the noiſe remains.

ÆNEAS DESCENDS TO HELL.

Now, on his right, he leaves Parthenope:
His left, Miſenus jutting in the ſea:
Arrives at Cuma, and with awe ſurvey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid;

Begs leave through black Avernus to retire;
And view the much-lov'd manes of his ſire.
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes;
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies:
O thou, whoſe worth thy wondrous works proclaim;
The flames, thy piety; the world, thy fame;
Though great be thy requeſt, yet ſhalt thou ſee
Th' Elyſian fields, th' infernal monarchy;
Thy parent's ſhade: this arm thy ſteps ſhall guide:
To ſuppliant virtue nothing is deny'd.
She ſpoke, and pointing to the golden bough,
Which in th' Avernian grove refulgent grew,
Seize that, ſhe bids: he liſtens to the maid;
Then views the mournful manſions of the dead;
The ſhade of great Anchiſes, and the place
By Fates determin'd to the Trojan race.
As back to upper light the hero came,
He thus ſalutes the viſionary dame:
O, whether ſome propitious deity,
Or lov'd by thoſe bright rulers of the ſky!
With grateful incenſe I ſhall ſtile you one,
And deem no godhead greater than your own.
'Twas you reſtor'd me from the realms of night,
And gave me to behold the fields of light:
To feel the breezes of congenial air;
And nature's bleſt benevolence to ſhare.

THE

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

I am no deity, reply'd the Dame,
t mortal; and religious rites diſclaim.
t had avoided Death's tyrannic ſway,
d I conſented to the God of Day.
ith promiſes he ſought my love, and ſaid,
ve all you wiſh, my fair Cumæan maid.
aus'd; then, pointing to a heap of ſand,
r every grain, to live a year, demand.
t ah! unmindful of th' effect of time,
rgot to covenant for youth, and prime.
he ſmiling bloom, I boaſted once, is gone,
d feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
ven centuries have I liv'd; three more fulfil
he period of the years to finiſh ſtill.
ho 'll think, that Phœbus, dreſt in youth divine,
d once believ'd his luſtre leſs than mine?
his wither'd frame (ſo Fates have will'd) ſhall waſte
o nothing, but prophetic words, at laſt.
The Sibyl mounting now from nether ſkies,
nd the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cuma riſe.
e ſail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
nce call'd Cajeta, from his nurſe's name.
ere did the luckleſs Macareus, a friend
o wiſe Ulyſſes, his long labours end.
ere, wandering, Achæmenides he meets,
nd ſudden thus his late aſſociate greets.
Whence came you here, O friend, and whither bound?
ll gave you loſt on far Cyclopean ground;
a Greek 's at laſt aboard a Trojan found.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES OF ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides—With thanks I name
Æneas, and his piety proclaim.
I 'scap'd the Cyclops through the Hero's aid,
Eh! if his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
When first your navy under sail he found,
He rav'd, till Ætna labour'd with the sound.
Raging, he stalk'd along the mountain's side,
And vented clouds of breath at every stride.
His staff a mountain ash; and in the clouds
Oft', as he walks, his grisly front he shrowds.
Eyeless he grop'd about with vengeful haste,
And justled promontories, as he pass'd.
Then heav'd a rock's high summit to the main,
And bellow'd, like some bursting hurricane:
Oh! could I seize Ulysses in his flight,
How unlamented were my loss of sight!
These jaws should piece-meal tear each panting vein,
Grind every crackling bone, and pound his brain.
As thus he rav'd, my joints with horror shook;
The tide of blood my chilling heart forsook.
I saw him once disgorge huge morsels, raw,
Of wretches undigested in his maw.
From the pale breathless trunks whole limbs he tore,
His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
My anxious hours I pass'd in caves; my food
Was forest fruits, and wildings of the wood.

At

At length a fail I wafted, and aboard
My fortune found an hoſpitable lord.
Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
And what, ſince firſt you put to ſea, befel.

THE ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

Then Macareus—There reign'd a prince of fame
O'er Tuſcan ſeas, and Æolus his name.
A largeſs to Ulyſſes he conſign'd,
And in a ſteer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.
Nine days before the ſwelling gale we ran;
The tenth, to make the meeting land, began:
When now the merry mariners, to find
Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind.
Forthwith out-ruſh'd a guſt, which backwards bore
Our gallies to the Læſtrigonian ſhore,
Whoſe crown Antiphates the tyrant were.
Some few commiſſion'd were with ſpeed to treat;
We to his court repair, his guards we meet.
Two friendly flight preſerv'd; the third was doom'd,
To be by thoſe curs'd cannibals conſum'd.
Inhumanly our hapleſs friends they treat;
Our men they murder, and deſtroy our fleet.
In time the wiſe Ulyſſes bore away,
And dropp'd his anchor in yon faithleſs bay.
The thoughts of perils paſt we ſtill retain,
And fear to land, till lots appoint the men.

Polites true, Elpenor given to wine,
Eurylochus, myſelf, the lots aſſign.
Deſign'd for dangers, and reſolv'd to dare,
To Circe's fatal palace we repair.

THE

ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

Before the ſpacious front, a herd we find
Of beaſts, the fierceſt of the ſavage kind.
Our trembling ſteps with blandiſhments they meet,
And fawn, unlike their ſpecies, at our feet.
Within upon a ſumptuous throne of ſtate,
On golden columns rais'd, th' Enchantreſs ſate.
Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
Her aſpect awful, and ſhe look'd a queen.
Her maids not mind the loom, nor houſhold care,
Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war;
But cull in caniſters diſaſtrous flowers,
And plants from haunted heaths, and fairy bowers,
With brazen ſickles reap'd at planetary hours.
Each doſe the Goddeſs weighs with watchful eye;
So nice her art in impious pharmacy!
Entering ſhe greets us with a gracious look,
And airs, that future amity beſpoke.
Her ready Nymphs ſerve up a rich repaſt;
The bowl ſhe daſhes firſt, then gives to taſte.
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
Her power we prove, and ſhew the ſorcery.

Soon,

Soon, in a length of face, our head extends;
Our chin ſtiff briſtles bears, and forward bends.
A breadth of brawn new burniſhes our neck;
Anon we grunt, as we begin to ſpeak.
Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taſte,
Nor to a beaſt obſcene the man debas'd.
Hither Ulyſſes haſtes (ſo Fates command)
And bears the powerful Moly in his hand;
Unſheaths his ſcymitar, aſſaults the dame,
Preſerves his ſpecies, and remains the ſame.
The nuptial right this outrage ſtraight attends;
The dower deſir'd is his transfigur'd friends.
The incantation backwards ſhe repeats,
Inverts her rod, and what ſhe did defeats,
And now our ſkin grows ſmooth, our ſhape upright;
Our arms ſtretch up, our cloven feet unite.
With tears our weeping general we embrace;
Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face;
Twelve ſilver moons in Circe's court we ſtay,
Whilſt there they waſte th' unwilling hours away.
'Twas here I ſpy'd a youth in Parian ſtone;
His head a pecker bore; the cauſe unknown
To paſſengers. A Nymph of Circe's train
The myſtery thus attempted to explain.

THE STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

Picus who once th' Auſonian ſceptre held,
Could rein the ſteed, and fit him for the field:
So like he was to what you ſee, that ſtill
We doubt if real, or the ſculptor's ſkill.
The Graces in the finiſh'd piece, you find,
Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
Four luſtres ſcarce the royal youth could name,
Till every love-ſick nymph confeſs'd a flame.
Oft' for his love the mountain Dryads ſued,
And every ſilver ſiſter of the flood:
Thoſe of Numicus, Albula, and thoſe
Where Almo creeps, and haſty Nar o'erflows:
Where ſedgy Anio glides through ſmiling meads,
Where ſhady Farfar ruſtles in the reeds:
And thoſe that love the lakes, and homage owe
To the chaſte Goddeſs of the ſilver bow.
In vain each nymph her brighteſt charms put on,
His heart no ſovereign would obey but one:
She whom Venilia, on Mount Palatine,
To Janus bore the fairest of her line.
Nor did her face alone her charms confeſs,
Her voice was ravishing, and pleas'd no leſs.
Whene'er the ſung, ſo melting were her ſtrains,
The flocks unfed ſeem'd liſtening on the plains;

The

The rivers would ſtand ſtill, the cedars bend;
And birds neglect their pinions to attend;
The ſavage kind in foreſt-wilds grow tame;
And Canens, from her heavenly voice, her name.
Hymen had now in ſome ill-fated hour
Their hands united, as their hearts before.
Whilſt their ſoft moments in delights they waſte,
And each new day was dearer than the paſt;
Picus would ſometimes o'er the foreſts rove,
And mingle ſports with intervals of love.
It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chac'd,
His jewels ſparkling on his Tyrian veſt,
Laſcivious Circe well the youth ſurvey'd,
As ſimpling on the flowery hills ſhe ſtray'd.
Her wiſhing eyes their ſilent meſſage tell,
And from her lap the verdant miſchief fell.
As ſhe attempts at words, his courſer ſprings
O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a wiſh outwings.
Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me ſo, pronounc'd the dame;
If plants have power, and ſpells be not a name.
She ſaid—and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
That fought the covert with diſſembled fear.
Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
On foot, to chace the viſionary prey.
Now ſhe invokes the daughters of the night,
Does noxious juices ſmear, and charms recite;
Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
Or ſhade the golden luſtre of her ſire.
In filthy fogs ſhe hides the chearful noon;
The guard at diſtance, and the youth alone:

By thoſe fair eyes, ſhe cries, and every grace
That finiſh all the wonders of your face,
Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain;
Nor let the ſun's ſoft lineage ſue in vain.
Whoe'er thou art, reply'd the king, forbear,
None can my paſſion with my Canens ſhare.
She firſt my every tender wiſh poſſeſt,
And found the ſoft approaches to my breaſt.
In nuptials bleſt, each looſe deſire we ſhun,
Nor time can end what innocence begun.
Think not, ſhe cry'd, to ſaunter out a life
Of form, with that domeſtic drudge a wife;
My juſt revenge, dull fool, ere long, ſhall ſhow
What ills we women, if refus'd, can do:
Think me a woman, and a lover too.
From dear ſucceſsful ſpite we hope for eaſe,
Nor fail to puniſh, where we fail to pleaſe.
Now twice to eaſt ſhe turns, as oft' to weſt;
Thrice waves her wand, as oft' a charm expreſt.
On the loſt youth her magic power ſhe tries;
Aloft he ſprings, and wonders how he flies.
On painted plumes the woods he ſeeks, and ſtill
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns;
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.
The winds from drizling damps now purge the air,
The miſts ſubſide, the ſettling ſkies are fair:
The court their ſovereign ſeek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circe, and their Lord demand.

Quick

Quick ſhe invokes the ſpirits of the air,
And twilight elves, that on dun wings repair
To charnels, and th' unhallow'd ſepulchre.

Now, ſtrange to tell, the plants ſweat drops of blood,
The trees are toſs'd from foreſts where they ſtood;
Blue ſerpents o'er the tainted herbage ſlide,
Pale glaring ſpectres on the æther ride;
Dogs howl, earth yawns; rent rocks forſake their beds,
And from their quarries heave their ſtubborn heads.
The ſad ſpectators, ſtiffen'd with their fears,
She ſees, and ſudden every limb ſhe ſmears;
Then each of ſavage beaſts the figure bears.

The ſun did now to weſtern waves retire,
In tides to temper his bright world of fire.
Canens laments her royal huſband's ſtay;
Ill ſuits fond love with abſence, or delay:
Where ſhe commands, her ready people run;
She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
Reſtleſs in mind, and dying with deſpair,
Her breaſts ſhe beats, and tears her flowing hair.
Six days and nights ſhe wanders on, as chance
Directs, without or ſleep, or ſuſtenance.
Tiber at laſt beholds the weeping fair;
Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear;
Stretch'd on his banks, ſhe to the flood complains,
And faintly tunes her voice to dying ſtrains.
The ſickening ſwan thus hangs her ſilver wings,
And, as ſhe droops, her elegy ſhe ſings:
Ere-long ſad Canens waſtes to air; whilſt Fame
The place ſtill honours with her hapleſs name.

Here did the tender tale of Picus ceaſe,
Above belief the wonder, I confeſs.
Again we ſail, but more diſaſters meet,
Foretold by Circe, to our ſuffering fleet.
Myſelf, unable further woes to bear,
Declin'd the voyage, and am refug'd here.

ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

Thus Macareus—Now with a pious aim
Had good Æneas rais'd a funeral flame,
In honour of his hoary nurſe's name.
Her epitaph he fix'd; and ſetting ſail,
Cajeta left, and caroch'd at every gale.
He ſteer'd at diſtance from the faithleſs ſhore
Where the falſe Goddeſs reigns with fatal power;
And fought thoſe grateful groves, that ſhade the plain,
Where Tiber rolls majeſtic to the main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fair campain.
His kindred Gods the Hero's wiſhes crown
With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne:
But not without a war the prize he won.
Drawn up in bright array the battle ſtands:
Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.
Rutulians, Latians, equal fortune ſhare;
And doubtful long appears the face of war.
Both powers from neighbouring princes ſeek ſupplies,
And embaſſies appoint for new allies.
Æneas, for relief, Evander moves;
His quarrel he aſſerts, his cauſe approves.

The

The bold Rutilians, with an equal ſpeed,
Sage Venelus diſpatch to Diomede.
The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
Theſe reaſons for neutrality aſſign'd:
Shall I, of one poor dotal town poſſeſt,
My people thin, my wretched country waſte;
An exil'd prince, and on a ſhaking throne;
Or riſk my patron's ſubjects, or my own?
You 'll grieve the harſhneſs of our hap to hear;
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

THE

ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDES.

After fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finiſh'd, what the ſword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, purſued us to the main,
In vengeance of her violated fane.
Alone Oileus forc'd the Trojan maid,
Yet all were puniſh'd for the brutal deed.
A ſtorm begins, the raging waves run high,
The clouds look heavy, and benight the ſky;
Red ſheets of lightning o'er the ſeas are ſpread,
Our tackling yields, and wrecks at laſt ſucceed.
'Tis tedious our diſaſtrous ſtate to tell;
Even Priam would have pitied what befel.
Yet Pallas ſav'd me from the ſwallowing main;
At home new wrongs to meet, as Fates ordain.

Chac'd

Chac'd from my country, I once more repeat
All ſufferings ſeas could give, or war compleat;
For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
Still new calamities ſhould paſt ſucceed.
Agmon, impatient through ſucceſſive ills,
With fury, Love's bright Goddeſs thus reviles:
Theſe plagues in ſpite to Diomede are ſent;
The crime is his, but ours the puniſhment.
Let each, my friends, her puny ſpleen deſpiſe,
And dare that haughty harlot of the ſkies.
The reſt of Agmon's inſolence complain,
And of irreverence the wretch arraign.
About to anſwer, his blaſpheming throat
Contracts, and ſhrieks in ſome diſdainful note.
To his new ſkin a fleece of feather clings,
Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.
The lower features of his face extend,
Warp into horn, and in a beak deſcend.
Some more experience Agmon's deſtiny;
And, wheeling in the air, like ſwans they fly.
Theſe thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring,
And here I reign, a poor precarious king.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF APPULUS.

Thus Diomedes. Venulus withdraws;
Unſped the ſervice of the common cauſe.
Puteoli he paſſes, and ſurvey'd
A cave long honour'd for its awful ſhade.

Here

Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,
Here ſtreams in gentle falls through windings ſtray,
And with a paſſing breath cool Zephyrs play.
The goat-herd God frequents the ſilent place,
As once the wood-nymphs of the ſylvan race,
Till Appulus, with a diſhoneſt air,
And groſs behaviour, baniſh'd thence the fair.
The bold buffoon, whene'er they tread the green,
Their motion mimicks, but with geſt obſcene.
Looſe language oft' he utters; but ere long
A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.
Thus chang'd, a baſe wild olive he remains;
The ſhrub the coarſeneſs of the clown retains.

THE TROJAN SHIPS TRANSFORMED TO SEA-NYMPHS.

Meanwhile the Latians all their power prepare,
'Gainſt fortune and the foe to puſh the war.
With Phrygian blood the floating fields they ſtain;
But, ſhort of ſuccours, ſtill contend in vain.
Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill-mann'd,
Unguarded, and at anchor near the ſtrand;
He thought; and ſtraight a lighted brand he bore,
And fire invades what 'ſcap'd the waves before.
The billows from the kindling prow retire;
Pitch, roſin, ſearwood, on red wings aſpire,
And Vulcan on the ſeas exerts his attribute of fire.
This when the mother of the Gods beheld,
Her towery crown ſhe ſhook, and ſtood reveal'd;

Her goddess form reveal'd, unveil'd her head,
And, hovering o'er her favour'd fleet, the said;
Ceaſe Turnus, and the heavenly powers reſpect,
Nor dare to violate what I protect.
Theſe gallies, once fair trees, on Ida stood,
And gave their ſhade to each defcending God;
Nor ſhall conſume; irrevocable Fate
Allots their being no determin'd date.
Straight peals of thunder Heaven's high arches rend,
The hail-ſtones leap, the ſhowers in ſpouts deſcend.
The winds with widen'd throats the ſignal give;
The cables break, the ſmoaking veſſels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber ſoftens into fleſh and blood;
The yards and oars new arms and legs deſign;
A trunk the hull; the ſlender keel, a ſpine;
The prow a female face; and by degrees
The gallies riſe green daughters of the ſeas.
Sometimes on coral beds they ſit in ſtate,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.
The barks, that beat the ſeas, are ſtill their care,
Themſelves remembering what of late they were;
To ſave a Trojan fail, in throngs they preſs,
But ſmile to ſee Alcinous in diſtreſs.
Unable were thoſe wonders to deter
The Latians from their unſucceſsful war.
Both ſides for doubtful victory contend;
And on their courage, and their Gods, depend.
Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown,
Warm their great ſoul to war, like fair renown.

Venus

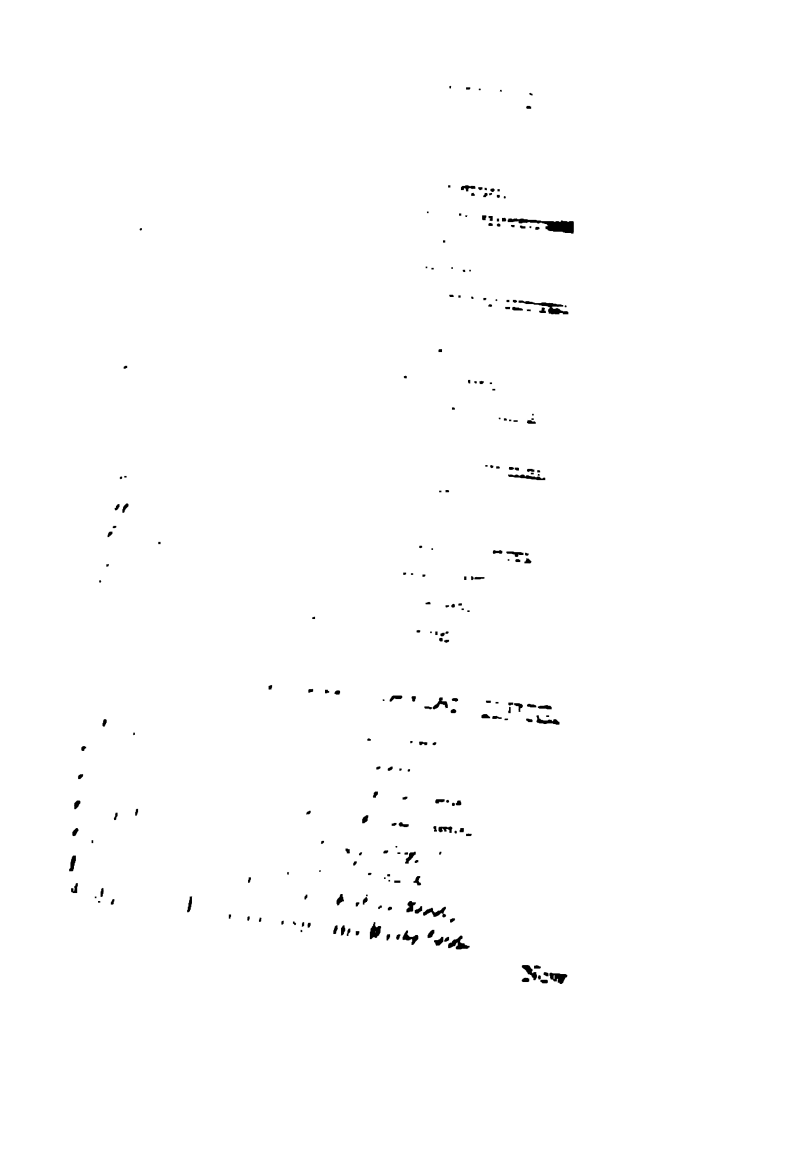
Venus at laſt beholds her godlike ſon
Triumphant, and the field of battle won;
Brave Turnus ſlain; ſtrong Ardea but a name,
And buried in fierce deluges of flame;
Her towers, that boaſted once a ſovereign ſway,
The fate of fancy'd grandeur now betray.
A famiſh'd heron from the aſhes ſprings,
And beats the ruin with diſaſtrous wings;
Calamities of towns diſtreſt ſhe feigns,
And oft', with woeful ſhrieks, of war complains.

THE

DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by Fate,
Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate:
And, by a ſure irrevocable doom,
Fix'd the immortal majeſty of Rome.
Fit for the ſtation of his kindred ſtars,
His mother Goddeſs thus her ſuit prefers:
Almighty arbiter, whoſe powerful nod
Shakes diſtant earth, and bows our own abode;
To thy great progeny indulgent be,
And rank the Goddeſs-born a deity.
Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,
Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether ſkies.
Forthwith a conclave of the Godhead meets,
Where Juno in the ſhining ſenate ſits.
Remorſe for paſt revenge the Goddeſs feels;
Then thundering Jove th' almighty mandate ſeals;

Allots



v haughty Romulus began his reign,
o fell by thunder he aſpir'd to feign.
ck Acrota ſucceeded to the crown;
m peace endeavouring, more than arms, renown,
Aventinus well reſign'd his throne.
e Mount on which he rul'd preſerves his name,
d Procas wore the regal diadem.

THE STORY OF
'ERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A Hama-dryad flouriſh'd in theſe days,
r name Pomona, from her woodland race.
garden culture none could ſo excel,
form the pliant ſouls of plants ſo well;
to the fruit more generous flavours lend,
teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.
The Nymph frequented not the flattering ſtream,
r meads, the ſubject of a virgin's dream;
: to ſuch joys her nurſery did prefer,
ne to tend her vegetable care.
pruning-hook ſhe carry'd in her hand,
d taught the ſtragglers to obey command;
t the licentious and unthrifty bough,
: too-indulgent parent ſhould undo.
ſhows, how ſtocks invite to their embrace
raft, and naturalize a foreign race
mend the ſalvage teint; and in its ſtead
pt new nature, and a nobler breed.

Now

Now hourly ſhe obſerves her growing care,
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air:
Then opes her ſtreaming ſluices, to ſupply
With flowing draughts her thirſty family.
Long had ſhe labour'd to continue free
From chains of love, and nuptial tyranny;
And, in her orchard's ſmall extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity ſhe ſtill ſecur'd.
Oft' would looſe Pan, and all the luſtful train
Of ſatyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame;
And he, that frights the thieves with ſtratagem
Of ſword, and ſomething elſe too groſs to name.
Vertumnus too purſued the maid no leſs;
But, with his rivals, ſhar'd a like ſucceſs.
To gain acceſs, a thouſand ways he tries;
Oft', in the hind, the lover would diſguiſe.
The heedleſs lout comes ſhambling on, and ſeems
Juſt ſweating from the labour of his teams.
Then, from the harveſt, oft' the mimic ſwain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dreſſer of the vine he feigns,
And lawleſs tendrils to their bounds reſtrains.
Sometimes his ſword a ſoldier ſhews; his rod,
An angler; ſtill ſo various is the God.
Now, in a forehead cloth, ſome crone he ſeems,
A ſtaff ſupplying the defect of limbs;
Admittance thus he gains; admires the ſtore
Of faireſt fruit; the fair poſſeſſor more;
Then greets her with a kiſs: Th' unpractis'd dame
Admir'd a grandame kiſs'd with ſuch a flame.

Now, ſeated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in amorous foldings twine.
If that fair elm, he cry'd, alone ſhould ſtand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the hand;
Or, if that vine without her elm ſhould grow,
'Twould creep a poor neglected ſhrub below.
Be then, fair Nymph, by theſe examples led;
Nor ſhun, for fancy'd fears, the nuptial bed.
Not ſhe for whom the Lapithites took arms,
Nor Sparta's queen, could boaſt ſuch heavenly charms.
And, if you would on woman's faith rely,
None can your choice direct ſo well as I.
Though old, ſo much Pomona I adore,
Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
'Tis your fair ſelf alone his breaſt inſpires
With ſofteſt wiſhes and unſoil'd deſires.
Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
The God of Seaſons only worth your love:
On my aſſurance well you may repoſe;
Vertumnus ſcarce Vertumnus better knows.
True to his choice, all looſer flames he flies;
Nor for new faces faſhionably dies.
The charms of youth, and every ſmiling grace,
Bloom in his features, and the God confeſs.
Beſides, he puts on every ſhape at eaſe;
But thoſe the moſt that beſt Pomona pleaſe.
Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;
Their likings and averſions are the ſame.
Not the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear,
Nor all the youthful product of the year,

Could bribe his choice; yourſelf alone can prove
A fit reward for ſo refin'd a love.
Relent, fair nymph; and, with a kind regret,
Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at your feet.
A tale attend, through Cyprus known, to prove
How Venus once reveng'd neglected love.

THE STORY OF IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
Fair Anaxaretè of Teucer's blood.
Not long had he beheld the royal dame,
Ere the bright ſparkle kindled into flame.
Oft' did he ſtruggle with a juſt deſpair,
Unfix'd to aſk, unable to forbear.
But Love, who flatters ſtill his own diſeaſe,
Hopes all things will ſucceed, he knows will pleaſe.
Where-e'er the fair-one haunts, he hovers there;
And ſeeks her confident with ſighs, and prayer;
Or letters he conveys, that ſeldom prove
Succeſsleſs meſſengers in ſuits of love.
Now ſhivering at her gates the wretch appears,
And myrtle garlands on the columns rears,
Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.
The nymph, more hard than rocks, more deaf than ſeas,
Derides his prayers; inſults his agonies;
Arraigns of inſolence th' aſpiring ſwain;
And takes a cruel pleaſure in his pain.

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd at laſt to finiſh his deſpair,
He thus upbraids th' inexorable fair:
O Anaxarete, at laſt forget
The licence of a paſſion indiſcreet.
Now triumph, ſince a welcome ſacrifice
Your ſlave prepares, to offer to your eyes.
My life, without reluctance, I reſign;
That preſent beſt can pleaſe a pride like thine.
But, O! forbear to blaſt a flame ſo bright,
Doom'd never to expire, but with the light.
And you, great powers, do juſtice to my name;
The hours, you take from life, reſtore to fame.
Then o'er the poſts, once hung with wreaths, he throws
The ready cord, and fits the fatal nooſe;
For Death prepares; and, bounding from above,
At once the wretch concludes his life, and love.
Erelong the people gather, and the dead
Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
Firſt, like ſome ghaſtly ſtatue, ſhe appears;
Then bathes the breathleſs corſe in ſeas of tears,
And gives it to the pile; now, as the throng
Proceed in ſad ſolemnity along,
To view the paſſing pomp, the cruel fair
Haſtes, and beholds her breathleſs lover there.
Struck with the ſight, inanimate ſhe ſeems;
Set are her eyes, and motionleſs her limbs:
Her features without fire, her colour gone,
And, like her heart, ſhe hardens into ſtone.
In Salamis the ſtatue ſtill is ſeen,
In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.

Wain'd by this tale, no longer then diſdain,
O Nymph belov'd, to eaſe a lover's pain.
So may the froſts in ſpring your bloſſoms ſpare,
And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear!
The fiery oft' Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
But then aſſum'd his heavenly form again.
Such looks and luſtre the bright youth adorn,
As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
The ſight ſo warms the fair admiring maid,
Like ſnow ſhe melts: ſo ſoon can youth perſuade.
Conſent, on eager winds, ſucceeds deſire;
And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas yielding to the Fates, his ſon
Mild Numitor ſucceeded to the crown.
But falſe Amulius, with a lawleſs power,
At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
Then Ilia's valiant iſſue, with the ſword,
Her parent re-inthron'd, the rightful lord.
Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;
The joyous time of Pales' feaſt arrives;
He gives the word to ſeize the Sabine wives.
The fires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
Bold to revenge their violated bed.
A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name.
This by the falſe Tarpeia was betray'd;
But Death well recompens'd the treacherous maid.

The

The foe on this new-bought ſucceſs relies,
And ſilent march the city to ſurprize.
Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine;
But Venus countermines the vain deſign;
Entreats the nymphs that o'er the ſprings preſide,
Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
To ſend their ſuccours; every urn they drain,
To ſtop the Sabines progreſs, but in vain.
The Naiads now more ſtratagems eſſay;
And kindling ſulphur to each ſource convey.
The floods ferment, hot exhalations riſe,
Till from the ſcalding ford the army flies.
Soon Romulus appears in ſhining arms,
And to the war the Roman legions warms:
The battle rages, and the field is ſpread
With nothing but the dying and the dead.
Both ſides conſent to treat without delay,
And their two chiefs at once the ſceptre ſway.
But, Tatius by Lavinian fury ſlain,
Great Romulus continued long to reign.

THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now Warrior Mars his burniſh'd helm puts on,
And thus addreſſes Heaven's imperial throne:
Since the inferior world is now become
One vaſſal globe, and colony to Rome,
This grace, O Jove, for Romulus I claim;
Admit him to the ſkies, from whence he came.

Long haſt thou promis'd an æthereal ſtate
To Mars's lineage; and thy word is fate.
The Sire, that rules the thunder, with a nod
Declar'd the fiat, and diſmiſs'd the God.
Soon as the power armipotent ſurvey'd
The flaſhing ſkies, the ſignal he obey'd;
And, leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
His fiery courſers laſhing through the air.
Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his ſon
Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne;
The ſcales of heavenly juſtice holding high,
With ſteady hand, and a diſcerning eye.
Then vaults upon his car, and to the ſpheres,
Swift, as a flying ſhaft, Rome's founder bears.
The parts more pure in riſing are refin'd,
The groſs and periſhable lag behind.
His ſhrine in purple veſtments ſtands in view;
He looks a God, and is Quirinus now.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Erelong the Goddeſs of the nuptial bed,
With pity mov'd, ſends Iris in her ſtead
To ſad Herſilia—Thus the Meteor Maid:
Chaſte relict! in bright truth to Heaven ally'd,
The Sabines' glory, and the ſex's pride;
Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
Of ſuch a ſpouſe, as now reſides above;
Some reſpite to thy killing griefs afford;
And, if thou would'ſt once more behold thy lord,

Retire

Retire to yon' ſteep Mount, with groves o'er-ſpread,
Which with an awful gloom his temple ſhade.
With fear the modeſt matron lifts her eyes,
And to the bright Ambaſſadreſs replies:
O Goddeſs, yet to mortal eyes unknown!
But ſure thy various charms confeſs thee one:
O quick to Romulus thy votreſs bear!
With looks of love he 'll ſmile away my care;
In whate'er orb he ſhines, my Heaven is there.
Then haſtes with Iris to the holy grove,
And, up the Mount Quirinal as they move,
A lambent flame glides downward through the air,
And brightens with a blaze Herſilia's hair.
Together on the bounding ray they riſe,
And ſhoot a gleam of light along the ſkies.
With opening arms Quirinus met his bride,
Now Ora nam'd, and preſs'd her to his ſide.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XV.

THE STORY OF CIPPUS.

OR as when Cippus in the current view'd
The ſhooting horn that on his forehead ſtood,
His temples firſt he feels, and with ſurprize
His touch confirms th' aſſurance of his eyes;
Straight to the ſkies his horned front he rears,
And to the Gods directs theſe pious prayers:
If this portent be proſperous, O decree
To Rome th' event; if otherwiſe, to me.
An altar then of turf he haſtes to raiſe,
Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;
The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding fumes pronounce a myſtery.
Soon as the augur ſaw the holy fire,
And victims with preſaging ſigns expire,
To Cippus then he turns his eyes with ſpeed,
And views the horny honours of his head:
Then cry'd, Hail, conqueror! thy call obey,
Thoſe omens I behold preſage thy ſway.

Rome

Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
And owns thy ſovereign power as Fate's decree.
He ſaid—and Cippus, ſtarting at th' event,
Spoke in theſe words his pious diſcontent:
Far hence, ye Gods, this execration ſend,
And the great race of Romulus defend.
Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,
Than e'er the capitol ſhould ſtile me lord.
This ſpoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head;
Then prays, the ſenate next convenes, and ſaid:
If augurs can foreſee, a wretch is come,
Deſign'd by deſtiny the bane of Rome.
Two horns (moſt ſtrange to tell) his temples crown;
If e'er he paſs the walls, and gain the town,
Your laws are forfeit that ill-fated hour,
And liberty muſt yield to lawleſs power.
Your gates he might have enter'd; but this arm
Seiz'd the uſurper, and with-held the harm.
Haſte, find the monſter out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the ſenate can decree;
Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown;
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.
The crowd ſuch murmurs utter as they ſtand,
As ſwelling ſurges breaking on the ſtrand:
Or as when gathering gales ſweep o'er the grove,
And their tall heads the bending cedars move.
Each with confuſion gaz'd, and then began
To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.
Cippus then ſhakes his garland off, and cries,
The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.

The

The anxious throng look'd down, and, ſad in thought,
All wiſh'd they had not found the ſign they ſought:
In haſte with laurel-wreaths his head they bind;
Such honour to ſuch virtue was aſſign'd.
Then thus the ſenate: Hear, O Cippus, hear;
So God-like is thy tutelary care,
That, ſince in Rome thyſelf forbids thy ſtay,
For thy abode thoſe acres we convey
The plough-ſhare can ſurround, the labour of a day.
In deathleſs records thou ſhalt ſtand inroll'd,
And Rome's rich poſts ſhall ſhine with horns of gold.

A SO-

A

SOLILOQUY,

OUT OF ITALIAN.

COULD he whom my diſſembled rigour grieves,
But know what torment to my ſoul it gives;
He 'd find how fondly I return his flame,
And want myſelf the pity he would claim.
Immortal gods! why has your doom decreed
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs ſhould bleed?
Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom deſtiny divides;
Repent, ye powers, the injuries you cauſe,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.
Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each ſigh you utter wounds my tendereſt part,
So much my lips miſrepreſent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops diſtil,
My vital blood in every tear you ſpill:
And all thoſe mournful agonies I hear,
Are but the echoes of my own deſpair.

AN

AN IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

CAN you count the ſilver lights
That deck the ſkies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that ſtrow the vales,
When groves are ſtript by winter-gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with tranſparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miſer's cares,
Or gameſter's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts, or ——n's charms?

TO MR. GAY, ON HIS POEMS.

WHEN Fame did o'er the ſpacious plain
The lays ſhe once had learn'd repeat;
All liſten'd to the tuneful ſtrains,
And wonder'd who could ſing ſo ſweet.
'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the Muſes ſtrung,
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay tranſcrib'd what Phœbus ſung.

TO THE

MERRY POETASTER

AT

SADLERS-HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

UNWIELDY pedant, let thy aukward Muſe
With cenſures praiſe, with flatteries abuſe.
To laſh, and not be felt, in thee 's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'ſt any, but thy ſchool-boys, ſmart.
Then be advis'd, and ſcribble not again;
Thou 'rt faſhion'd for a flail, and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou would'ſt deſcry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble ſatire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN TO DR. GARTH,

UPON THE LOSS OF MISS DINGLE:

In return to the DOCTOR's Conſolatory Verſes to him, upon the loſs of his ROD *.

THOU, who the pangs of my embitter'd rage
Could'ſt, with thy never-dying verſe, aſſuage;
Immortal verſe, ſecure to live as long
As that curs'd proſe that did condemn thy ſong:
Thou, happy bard, whoſe double-gifted pen,
Alike can cure an aking corn, or ſpleen;

* See above, p. 109.

Whoſe

Whoſe lucky hand adminiſters repoſe
As well to breaking heart, as broken noſe;
Accept this tribute: think it all I had,
In recompence of thine, when I was ſad.
What though it comes from an unpractis'd Muſe,
Bad at the beſt, grown worſe by long diſuſe;
In ſilence loſt, ſince once I did complain
Of Wiv—l's cold neglect in humble ſtrain;
When, check'd by ſlaviſh conſcience, ſhe deny'd
To throw aſide the niece, and act the bride:
Yet ſure I may be thought among the throng
If not to ſing, to whiſtle out a ſong:
Then take the kind remembrance of my verſe,
While Dingle's loſs with ſorrow I rehearſe.
Dingle is loſt, the hollow caves reſound
Dingle is loſt, and multiply the ſound;
Till Echo, chaunting it by juſt degree,
Shortens to Ding, then ſoftens it to D.
Dingle is loſt; where 's now the parent's care,
The boaſted force of piety and prayer?
No more ſhall ſhe within thy ſpacious hall
Lead up the dance, and animate the ball;
Deſerted thus, no more ſhalt thou engage
Under the roof to Whartonize the age.
Train'd by thy care, by thy example led,
Early ſhe learnt to ſcorn the nuptial bed;
In vain by thy advice enlarg'd her mind,
And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her kind:
For Dingle thou didſt bleſs the nether ſkies;
In hopes a mingled race might once ariſe,
To ſooth thy hoary age, and cloſe thy dying eyes.

Learn, ye indulging parents, learn from hence:
Think not compliance e'er will influence.
The fifth command alone you did enjoin,
And frankly gave her up the other nine:
Yet ſhe, though that, and that alone, was preſs'd,
Regardleſs of your will, the fifth tranſgreſs'd.
But oh! my friend, conſider, though ſhe 's gone,
She left no coffers empty but her own;
Her mind, that did direct the great machine,
Mov'd, like the univerſe, by ſprings unſeen;
And, though from thy inſtructions ſhe retreats,
Her globe of light grows larger as ſhe ſets:
For nought could brighter make her luſtre ſhine,
Than to withdraw, and ſingle it from thine.
Then think of this; and pardon, when you ſee,
Thoſe virtues you ſo late admir'd in me.

CONTENTS

OF

GARTH'S POEMS.

THE DISPENSARY.

Canto I. Page 19
II. 28
III. 37
IV. 49
V. 63
VI. 77

Claremont. Addreſſed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Clare, afterwards Duke of Newcaſtle. 91

To the Lady Louiſa Lenos, with Ovid's Epiſtles. 104

To Richard Earl of Burlington, with Ovid's Art of Love. 105

To the Dutcheſs of Bolton, on her ſtaying all the winter in the country. 107

To the Duke of Marlborough, on his voluntary baniſhment. 108

To the Earl of Godolphin. 109

On her Majeſty's Statue in St. Paul's Church-yard. 110

On the New Conſpiracy. 1716. 111

On the King of Spain. 112

Verſes

es written for the Toaſting-Glaſſes of the Kit-
t-Club. 1703. 113
ogue deſigned for Tamerlane. 115
ogue to the Muſick-meeting in York-buildings. 116
ogue to the Corniſh Squire, a Comedy. 117
ogue ſpoken at the opening of the Queen's
heatre in the Hay-market. 118
ogue to the tragedy of Cato. 120
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. Book XIV.
Transformation of Scylla. 122
Voyage of Æneas continued. 124
Transformation of Cercopians into Apes. 125
as deſcends to Hell. ibid.
Story of the Sibyl. 126
Adventures of Achæmenides. 128
Adventures of Macareus. 129
Enchantments of Circe. 130
Story of Picus and Canens. 132
as arrives in Hell. 136
Adventures of Diomedes. 137
Transformation of Appulus. 138
Trojan Ships transformed to Sea-nymphs. 139
Deification of Æneas. 141
Line of the Latian Kings. 142
Story of Vertumnus and Pomona. 143
Story of Iphis and Anaxarete. 146
Latian Line continued. 148
Aſſumption of Romulus. 149
Aſſumption of Herſilia. 150

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. Book XV.
The Story of Cippus. 153
A Soliloquy, out of Italian. 155
An Imitation of a French Author. 156
To Mr. Gay, on his Poems. ibid.
To the Merry Poetaster at Sadler's-hall, in Cheapside. 157
The Earl of Godolphin to Dr. Garth, upon the Loss of Miss Dingley, in Return to the Doctor's Consolatory Verses to him upon the Loss of his Rod. ibid.

END OF GARTH'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM KING, LL.D.

STUDENT OF CHRIST-CHURCH,

ADVOCATE OF DOCTOR'S COMMONS, &c. &c.

THE

ART OF COOKERY;

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

WITH SOME

LETTERS TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS,

OCCASIONED PRINCIPALLY BY

The Title of a Book publiſhed by the Doctor, being the Works of APICIUS COELIUS, "concerning the Soups and Sauces "of the Ancients."

With an Extract of the greateſt Curioſities contained in that Book.

Humbly inſcribed to the Honourable

BEEF-STEAK CLUB

Firſt printed in 1708.

OF Dr. Liſter's book only 120 copies were printed in 1705. It was re-printed at Amſterdam, in 1709, by Theod. Janſ. Almeloveen, under the title of "Apicii Cœlii de Opſoniis & Condimentis, ſive Arte "Coquinaria, Libri Decem. Cum Annotationibus "Martini Liſter, è Mediicis Domeſticis Sereniſſimæ "Majeſtatis Reginæ Annæ, & Notis ſelectioribus, "variiſque Lectionibus integris, Humelbergii, Barthii, "Reineſii, A Van Der Linden, & aliorum, ut & va-"riarum Lectionum Libello. Editio Secunda." Dr. Aſkew had a copy of each edition. N.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT is now-a-days the hard fate of ſuch as pretend to be Authors, that they are not permitted to be maſters of their own works; for, if ſuch papers (however imperfect) as may be called a *copy* of them, either by a ſervant or any other means, come to the hands of a Bookſeller, he never conſiders whether it be for the perſon's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his ſentiments, whether to his ſtyle or correctneſs, or whether he has for ſome time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it, ſo he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following Poem to be ſo uſed, and printed with as much imperfection and as many miſtakes as a Bookſeller that has common ſenſe could imagine ſhould paſs upon the town, eſpecially in an age ſo polite and critical as the preſent.

Theſe following Letters and Poem were at the preſs ſome time before the other paper pretending to the ſame title was crept out: and they had elſe, as the Learned ſay, groaned under the preſs till ſuch time as the ſheets had one by one been peruſed and corrected, not only by the Author, but his friends; whoſe judgement, as

he is ſenſible he wants, ſo is he proud to own that they ſometimes condeſcend to afford him.

For many faults, that at firſt ſeem ſmall, yet create unpardonable errors. The number of the verſe turns upon the harſhneſs of a ſyllable; and the laying a ſtreſs upon improper words will make the moſt correct piece ridiculous. Falſe concord, tenſes, and grammar, nonſenſe, impropriety, and confuſion, may go down with ſome perſons; but it ſhould not be in the power of a Bookſeller to lampoon an Author, and tell him, "You "did write all this: I have got it; and you ſhall ſtand "to the ſcandal, and I will have the benefit." Yet this is the preſent caſe, notwithſtanding there are above threeſcore faults of this nature; verſes tranſpoſed, ſome added, others altered, or rather that ſhould have been altered, and near forty omitted. The Author does not value himſelf upon the whole; but, if he ſhews his eſteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke perſons to read ſo uſeful a treatiſe; if he ſhews his averſion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old Britiſh hoſpitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muſkets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrow-bones lay on the floor, and "Chevy Chace" and "The old Courtier of the Queen's" were placed over the carved mantle-piece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor; he deſires little farther, than that the Reader would for the future give all ſuch Bookſellers as are before ſpoken of no manner of encouragement.

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO

DR. LISTER AND OTHERS.

LETTER I.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

THE happineſs of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for, I muſt confeſs, moſt of my other friends are ſo much taken-up with politicks or ſpeculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leiſure to peruſe ſuch parts of Learning as lay remote, and are fit only for the cloſets of the Curious. How bleſt are you at London, where you have new Books of all ſorts! whilſt we at a greater diſtance, being deſtitute of ſuch improvements, muſt content ourſelves with the old ſtore, and thumb the Claſſicks as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only, when you tell me of the Edition of a Book by the ingenious Dr. Liſter, which you ſay is a Treatiſe *De Condimentis & Opſoniis Veterum*,

"Of

"Of the Sauces and Soups of the Ancients," as I take it. Give me leave to uſe an expreſſion, which, though vulgar, yet upon this occaſion is juſt and proper: You have made my mouth water, but have not ſent me wherewithal to ſatisfy my appetite.

I have raiſed a thouſand notions to myſelf, only from the title. Where could ſuch a treaſure lay hid? What Manuſcripts have been collated? Under what Emperor was it written? Might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who, though vicious and in ſome things fantaſtical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of *eating?*

Conſider, dear Sir, in what uncertainties we muſt remain at preſent. You know my neighbour Mr. Greatrix is a learned Antiquary. I ſhewed him your Letter; which threw him into ſuch a dubiouſneſs, and indeed perplexity of mind, that the next day he durſt not put any *catchup* in his *fiſh-ſauce*, nor have his beloved *pepper*, *oil*, and *lemon*, with his *partridge*, left, before he had ſeen Dr. Liſter's Book, he might tranſgreſs in uſing ſomething not common to the Ancients.

Diſpatch it, therefore, to us with all ſpeed; for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you; I hope, in the firſt place, it will, in ſome meaſure, remove the barbarity of our preſent education: for what hopes can there be of any progreſs in Learning, whilſt our Gentlemen ſuffer their ſons, at Weſtminſter, Eaton, and Wincheſter, to eat nothing but *ſalt* with their *mutton*, and *vinegar* with their *roaſt-beef*, upon holidays? what extenſiveneſs can there be in their ſouls; eſpecially when,

when, upon their going thence to the Univerſity, their knowledge in *culinary matters* is ſeldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the ſame; and as to *ſauces*, they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wiſhed, therefore, that every family had a French tutor; for, beſides his being Groom, Gardener, Butler, and Valet, you would ſee that he is endued with a greater accompliſhment; for, according to our ancient Author, *Quot Galli, totidem Coqui*, "As "many Frenchmen as you have, ſo many Cooks you "may depend upon;" which is very uſeful, where there is a numerous iſſue. And I doubt not but, with ſuch tutors, and good houſe-keepers to provide *cake* and *ſweet-meats*, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother, to ſee that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I ſay, but we may have a warlike and frugal Gentry, a temperate and auſtere Clergy; and ſuch Perſons of Quality, in all ſtations, as may beſt undergo the *fatigues* of our *fleet* and *armies*.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break-off abruptly; for I am going to Monſieur D'Avaux, a perſon famous for eaſing the tooth-ach by *avulſion*. He has promiſed to ſhew me how to ſtrike a lancet into the jugular of a *carp*, ſo as the blood may iſſue thence with the greateſt effuſion, and then will inſtantly perform the operation of ſtewing it in its own blood, in the preſence of myſelf and ſeveral more Virtuoſi. But, let him uſe what *claret* he will in the performance, I will ſecure enough to drink your health and the reſt of your friends.

I remain, Sir, &c.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To Mr. ——

SIR,

I SHALL make bold to claim your promiſe, in your laſt obliging letter, to obtain the happineſs of my correſpondence with Dr. Liſter; and to that end have ſent you the incloſed, to be communicated to him, if you think convenient.

LETTER III.

To Dr. LISTER, preſent.

SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never uſe compliments; but I muſt tell you, that I have a great ambition to hold a correſpondence with you, eſpecially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the Ancients concerning *dentiſcalps*, vulgarly called *toothpicks*. I take the uſe of them to have been of great antiquity, and the original to come from the inſtinct of Nature, which is the beſt miſtreſs upon all occaſions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their Philoſophical and Mathematical obſervations: they ſearched into all the ſprings of action; and, though I muſt condemn their ſuperſtition, I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vaſt diſtrict that worſhiped the

always ready, and consequently the opportunity
ing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther
for other instruments to cleanse his teeth, which
ate, or like a saw. To this end, Nature has
d an animal called the *ichneumon*, which per-
his office, and is so maintained by the product of
labour. The Egyptians, seeing such an useful
in the *crocodile*, which they so much reverenced,
gan to imitate it, great examples easily drawing
titude; so that it became their constant custom
their teeth, and wash their mouths, after eating.
ot find in Marsham's "Dynasties," nor in the
nents of Manethon," what year of the moon
old the Egyptian years to have been *lunar*, that
of a month's continuance) so venerable an usage
gan: for it is the fault of great Philologers, to
ch things as are most material. Whether Sesos-
his large conquests, might extend the use of

that "the Chaldees had a great eſteem for the number "TWELVE, becauſe there were ſo many ſigns of the "Zodiack; from them this number came to the Egyp-"tians, and ſo to Greece, where Mars himſelf was "tried for a murder, and was acquitted." Now it does not appear upon record, nor any *ſtone* that I have ſeen, whether the jury clubbed, or whether Mars treated them, at dinner, though it is moſt likely that he did; for he was a quarrelſome ſort of a perſon, and probably, though acquitted, might be as guilty as Count Koningſmark. Now the cuſtom of *juries* dining at an eating-houſe, and having glaſſes of water brought them with *tooth-picks* tinged with vermilion ſwimming at the top, being ſtill continued, why may we not imagine, that the *tooth-picks* were as ancient as the *dinner*, the *dinner* as the *juries*, and the *juries* at leaſt as the *grand-children* of Mitzraim? Homer makes his heroes feed ſo groſsly, that they ſeem to have had more occaſion for *ſkewers* than *gooſe-quills*. He is very tedious in deſcribing a Smith's forge and an anvil: whereas he might have been more polite, in ſetting out the *tooth-pick-caſe* or painted *ſnuff-box* of Achilles, if that age had not been ſo barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot but conſider, that Athens, in the time of Pericles, when it flouriſhed moſt in ſumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of empire from Auguſtus down to Adrian, had nothing that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-head Alley, for curioſities and *toy-ſhops*; neither had their Senate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the univerſe like *raffling* ſometimes

times at Colonel Parſons's. Although the Egyptians often extended their conqueſts into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Cafre Blacks have very fine teeth; yet I cannot find that they made uſe of any ſuch inſtrument; nor does Ludolphus, though very exact as to the Abyſſinian empire, give any account of a matter ſo important; for which he is to blame, as I ſhall ſhew in my Treatiſe of "Forks and Napkins," of which I ſhall ſend you an Eſſay with all expedition. I ſhall in that Treatiſe fully illuſtrate or confute this paſſage of Dr. Heylin, in the Third Book of his "Coſmography," where he ſays of the Chineſe, "That they eat their "meat with two ſticks of ivory, ebony, or the like; "not touching it with their hands at all, and therefore "no great foulers of linen. The uſe of ſilver forks "with us, by ſome of our ſpruce gallants taken-up of "late, came from hence into Italy, and from thence "into England." I cannot agree with this learned Doctor in many of theſe particulars. For, firſt, the uſe of theſe *ſticks* is not ſo much *to ſave linen*, as out of pure neceſſity; which ariſes from the length of their nails, which perſons of great quality in thoſe countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all poſſibility of working, or being ſerviceable to themſelves or others; and therefore, if they would, they could not eaſily feed themſelves with thoſe claws; and I have very good authority, that in the Eaſt, and eſpecially in Japan, the Princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Beſides, theſe ſticks are of no uſe but for *their* ſort of meat, which, being *pilau*, is all boiled to rags,

rags. But what would thoſe ſticks ſignify to carve a *turkey-cock*, or a *chine of beef?* therefore our *forks* are of quite different ſhape: the ſteel ones are bidental, and the ſilver generally reſembling tridents; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune. It is certain that Pedro Della Valle, that famous Italian Traveller, carried his *knife* and *fork* into the Eaſt Indies; and he gives a large account how, at the court of an Indian Prince, he was admired for his neatneſs in that particular, and his care in wiping *that* and his *knife* before he returned them to their reſpective repoſitories. I could wiſh Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his "Modern Learning," would ſhew us how much we are improved ſince Dr. Heylin's time, and tell us the original of *ivory knives*, with which young heirs are ſuffered to mangle their own *pudding*; as likewiſe of *ſilver* and *gold knives*, brought in with the deſſert for carving of *jellies* and *orange-butter*; and the indiſpenſable neceſſity of a *ſilver-knife* at the ſide-board, to mingle *ſallads* with, as is with great learning made out in a Treatiſe called Acetaria, concerning "Dreſſing of Sallads." A noble Work! But I tranſgreſs —

And yet, pardon me, good Doctor, I had almoſt forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is ſo remarkable. I think I may be poſitive, from this verſe of Juvenal, where he ſpeaks of the Egyptians,

"Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morſu;"

that

LETTER IV.

To Mr. ———

SIR,

I AM now very ſeriouſly employed in a Work that, I hope, may be uſeful to the Publick, which is a Poem of the "Art of Cookery," in imitation of Horace's "Art of Poetry," inſcribed to Dr. Liſter, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his Works. But I have not vanity enough to think it will live ſo long. I have in the mean time ſent you an imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to ſupper, which is the Fifth Epiſtle of his Firſt Book. Perhaps you will find ſo many faults in this, that you may ſave me the trouble of my other propoſal; but, however, take it as it is:

If Bellvill can his generous ſoul confine
To a ſmall room, few diſhes, and ſome wine,
I ſhall expect my happineſs at nine.
Two bottles of ſmooth Palm, or Anjou white,
Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight;
Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely aſk;
But the Champaigne is to each man his flaſk.
I tell you with what force I keep the field;
And, if you can exceed it, ſpeak; I 'll yield.
The ſnow-white damaſk enſigns are diſplay'd,
And glittering ſalvers on the ſide-board laid.

Thus

Thus we 'll diſperſe all buſy thoughts and cares,
The General's counſels, and the Stateſman's fears:
Nor ſhall ſleep reign in that precedent night,
Whoſe joyful hours lead on the glorious light,
Sacred to Britiſh worth in Blenheim's fight.
The bleſſings of good-fortune ſeem refus'd,
Unleſs ſometimes with generous freedom us'd.
'Tis madneſs, not frugality, prepares
A vaſt exceſs of wealth for ſquandering heirs.
Muſt I of neither wine nor mirth partake,
Leſt the cenſorious world ſhould call me rake?
Who, unacquainted with the generous wine,
E'er ſpoke bold truths, or fram'd a great deſign?
That makes us fancy every face has charms;
That gives us courage, and then finds us arms;
Sees care diſburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
The poor grown rich, and every wiſh enjoy'd.

This I 'll perform, and promiſe you ſhall ſee
A cleanlineſs from affectation free:
No noiſe, no hurry, when the meat 's ſet on,
Or, when the diſh is chang'd, the ſervants gone:
For all things ready, nothing more to fetch,
Whate'er you want is in the Maſter's reach.
Then for the company, I 'll ſee it choſe;
Their emblematic ſignal is the Roſe.
If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd;
What can you hope for better from a crowd?

But I ſhall not preſcribe. Conſult your eaſe,
Write back your men, and number, as you pleaſe:
Try your back-ſtairs, and let the lobby wait:
A ſtratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER V.

To Mr. ——

I HERE ſend you what I promiſed, "A Diſcourſe of Cookery," after the method which Horace has taken in his "Art of Poetry," which I have all along kept in my view; for Horace certainly is an Author to be imitated in the delivery of *precepts* for any art or *ſcience*. He is indeed ſevere upon OUR ſort of learning in ſome of his *Satires*; but even there he inſtructs, as in the Fourth Satire of the Second Book, ver. 13.

"Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
"Ut ſucci melioris, et ut magis alba rotundis,
"Ponere: namque marem cohibent calloſa vitellum."

"Chooſe eggs oblong; remember they 'll be found
"Of ſweeter taſte, and whiter than the round:
"The firmneſs of that ſhell includes the male."

I am much of his opinion, and could only wiſh that the world was thoroughly informed of two other truths concerning *eggs*. One is, how incomparably better *roaſted eggs* are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter

butter with *eggs* in the *ſhell*. You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much eaſier they will ſit upon your ſtomach. The worthy perſon who recommended it to me made many proſelytes; and I have the vanity to think that I have not been altogether unſucceſsful.

I have in this Poem uſed a plain, eaſy, familiar ſtyle, as moſt fit for precept; neither have I been too exact an Imitator of Horace, as he himſelf directs. I have not conſulted any of his Tranſlators; neither Mr. Oldham, whoſe copiouſneſs runs into Paraphraſe; nor Ben Jonſon, who is admirable for his cloſe following of the original; nor yet the Lord Roſcommon, ſo excellent for the beauty of his language, and his penetration into the very deſign and ſoul of that Author. I conſidered that I went upon a new undertaking; and though I do not value myſelf upon it ſo much as Lucretius did, yet I dare ſay it is more innocent and inoffenſive.

Sometimes, when Horace's rules come too thick and ſtentious, I have ſo far taken liberty as to paſs over ſome of them; for I conſider the nature and temper of Cooks, who are not of the moſt patient diſpoſition, as their under-ſervants too often experience. I wiſh I might prevail with them to moderate their paſſions, which will be the greater conqueſt, ſeeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidſt the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his "Art of Poetry," which is one of the moſt accurate pieces that he or any other Author has written, there is a ſecret connexion in reality, though he doth

not expreſs it too plainly; and therefore this Imitation of it has many breaks in it. If ſuch as ſhall condeſcend to read this Poem would at the ſame time conſult Horace's original Latin, or ſome of the aforementioned Tranſlators, they would find at leaſt this benefit, that they would recollect thoſe excellent inſtructions which he delivers to us in ſuch elegant language.

I could wiſh the Maſter and Wardens of the Cooks' Company would order this Poem to be read with due conſideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, ſeeing it contains many uſeful inſtructions for human life. It is true, that ſome of theſe rules may ſeem more principally to reſpect the Steward, Clerk of the Kitchen, Caterer, or perhaps the Butler. But the Cook being the principal perſon, without whom all the reſt will be little regarded, they are directed to him; and the Work being deſigned for the univerſal good, it will accompliſh ſome part of its intent, if thoſe ſort of people will improve by it.

It may happen, in this as in all works of Art, that there may be ſome terms not obvious to common Readers; but they are not many. The Reader may not have a juſt idea of a *ſiwoled mutton*, which is a ſheep roaſted in its wool, to ſave the labour of fleaing. *Bacon* and *filbert-tarts* are ſomething unuſual; but, ſince *ſprout-tarts* and *piſtachio-tarts* are much the ſame thing, and to be ſeen in Dr. Salmon's "Family Dictionary," thoſe perſons who have a deſire for them may eaſily find the way to make them. As for *grout*, it is an old Daniſh diſh; and it is claimed as an honour to the ancient

cient Family of Leigh, to carry a diſh of it up to the coronation. A *dwarf-pye* was prepared for King James the Firſt, when Jeffery his dwarf roſe out of one armed with a ſword and buckler; and is ſo recorded in hiſtory, that there are few but know it. Though *marinated fiſh*, *hippocraes*, and *ambigues*, are known to all that deal in Cookery; yet *terrenes* are not ſo uſual, being a ſilver veſſel filled with the moſt coſtly dainties after the manner of an *oglio*. A *ſurprize* is likewiſe a diſh not ſo very common; which, promiſing little from its firſt appearance, when open abounds with all ſorts of variety; which I cannot better reſemble than to the Fifth Act of one of our modern Comedies. Leſt *Monteth*, *Vinegar*, *Talieſſin*, and *Boſſu*, ſhould be taken for diſhes of rarities; it may be known, that Monteth was a gentleman with a ſcalloped coat, that Vinegar keeps the ring at Lincoln's-inn-fields, Talieſſin was one of the moſt ancient Bards amongſt the Britons, and Boſſu one of the moſt certain inſtructors in criticiſm that this latter age has produced.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the Wits, that I call my Cooks by the title of ingenious; for I cannot imagine why Cooks may not be as well read as any other perſons. I am ſure their *apprentices*, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement; and men of the firſt pretences to literature have been very liberal, and ſent-in their contributions very largely. They have been very ſerviceable both to *ſpit* and *oven*; and for theſe twelve months paſt, whilſt Dr. Wotton with his "Modern Learning" was defending

pye-crust [illegible], [illegible] Friend Dr. Bentley, with his "*Phalaris*," has been singing of capons. Nor [illegible] was [illegible] any superiority or ridiculousness of their writings, or [illegible]; but it was found out by some worthy patriots, to make the *labours* of [illegible] *true Critics*, as far as possible to become [illegible].

Indeed, *Cookery* has an influence upon men's actions even in the highest stations of human life. The great philosopher Pythagoras, in his "Golden Verses," shews himself to be extremely nice in eating, when he makes one of his chief principles of morality to abstain from *beans*. The noblest foundations of honour, justice, and integrity, were found to lie hid in *turnips*; as appears in that great Dictator, Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army; and, having brought home victory, retired to his cottage: for, when the Samnite ambassadors came thither to him with a large bribe, and found him dressing *turnips* for his repast, they immediately returned with this sentence, "That it was impossible to prevail "upon him that could be contented with such a *supper*." In short, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made use of to Cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemaigne, that the Great Cook of the Palace was one of the prime ministers of state, and conductor of armies: so true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people, "that there was equal skill required to bring an army "into

like profeſſion of Cookery, may they live as
ent inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the
Iſlands, where, they being ſo barbarous as to
e moſt *contemptible* perſon to be their *butcher*,
likewiſe their *meat* ſerved up *raw*, becauſe
no fire to dreſs it; and I take this to be a
n bad enough of all conſcience!

is ſmall eſſay finds acceptance, I ſhall be en-
d to purſue a great deſign I have in hand, of
ng a Bibliotheca Culinaria, or the "Cook's
lete Library," which ſhall begin with a tranſ-
or at leaſt an Epitome, of Athenæus, who treats
ings belonging to a Grecian Feaſt. He ſhall be
d, with all his *comments*, *uſeful gloſſes*, and *in-*
f a vaſt copiouſneſs, with cuts of the *baſting-*
dripping-pans, and *drudging-boxes*, &c. lately
at Rome, out of an old *ſubterranean ſkullery*.
to have all Authors in all languages upon that

heard he was a great lover of that joint; and that a maid of an Inn poiſoned him with one, ſaying, "If he is a "Prophet, he will diſcover it; if he is an impoſtor, no "matter what becomes of him." I ſhall have occaſion for the aſſiſtance of all my friends in this great work. I ſome poſts ago deſired a friend to enquire what Manuſcripts Sol. Harding, a famous Cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He ſays, he finds among his executors ſeveral admirable *bills of fare* for *Ariſtotle* ſuppers, and entertainments of country ſtrangers, with certain prices, according to their ſeveral ſeaſons. He ſays, ſome pages have large black croſſes drawn over them; but for the greater part the Books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to ſearch Cooks' Hall, what Manuſcripts they may have in their Archives. See what in Guildhall: what account of *cuſtard* in the Sword-bearer's office: how many tun He, a Common Cryer, or a Common hunt, may eat in their life-time. But I tranſgreſs the bounds of a Letter, and have ſtrayed from my ſubject, which ſhould have been, to beg you to read the following lines, when you are inclined to be moſt favourable to your friend; for elſe they will never be able to endure your juſt cenſure. I rely upon your good-nature; and I am

Your moſt obliged, &c.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE reflected upon the diſcourſe I had with you the other day, and, upon ſerious conſideration, find that the true underſtanding of the whole "Art of "Cookery" will be uſeful to all perſons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and eſpecially to Poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the Cooks, but it is rather the fault of their maſters, that Poets are not ſo well acquainted with good eating, as otherwiſe they might be, if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D'Urfey's preſence, this I would be bound to ſay, "That a good dinner is brother to a good "poem:" only it is ſomething more ſubſtantial; and, between two and three o'clock, more agreeable.

I have known a ſupper make the moſt diverting part of a Comedy. Mr. Betterton, in "The Libertine *," has ſet very gravely with the leg of a chicken: but I have ſeen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of peaſe and buttered eggs, under the table. The Hoſt, in "The Villain †," who carries tables, ſtools, furniture, and proviſions, all about him, gives great content to the ſpectators, when from the crown of his hat he pro-

* A Tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.
† A Tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.

duces

duces his cold capon: ſo Armarillis (or rather Parthenope, as I take it) in "The Rehearſal," with her wine in her ſpear, and her pye in her helmet; and the Cook that ſlobbers his beard with ſack-poſſet, in "The Man's the Maſter*;" have, in my opinion, made the moſt diverting part of the action. Theſe embelliſhments we have received from our imitation of the ancient Poets. Horace, in his Satires, makes Mæcenas very merry with the recollection of the unuſual entertainments and diſhes given him by Naſidienus; and with his raillery upon garlick in his Third Epode. The Supper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the moſt lively deſcription of Nero's luxury. Juvenal ſpends a whole Satire about the price and dreſſing of a ſingle fiſh, with the judgement of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus, whether ſerious or jocoſe, good eating is made the ſubject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all Poets agree that Epiſodes are to be interwoven in their Poems with the greateſt nicety of art; and ſo it is the ſame thing at a good table: and yet I have ſeen a very good Epiſode (give me leave to call it ſo) made by ſending out the leg of a gooſe, or the gizzard of a turkey, to be broiled: though I know that Criticks with a good ſtomach have been offended that the unity of action ſhould be ſo far broken. And yet, as in our Plays, ſo at our common tables, many Epiſodes are allowed, as ſlicing of cucumbers, dreſſing

* A Comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

of

of ſallads, ſeaſoning the inſide of a ſurloin of beef, breaking lobſters' claws, ſtewing wild ducks, toaſting of cheeſe, legs of larks, and ſeveral others.

A Poet, who, by proper expreſſions and pleaſing images, is to lead us into the knowledge of neceſſary truth, may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarouſly, unleſs he has ſome knowledge of this "Art of Cookery," and the progreſs of it. Would it not ſound ridiculous to hear Alexander the Great command his *cannon* to be mounted, and to throw red-hot bullets out of his *mortar-pieces*? or to have Statira talk of *tapeſtry-hangings*, which, all the Learned know, were many years after her death firſt hung up in the Hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falſtaff complain of having dirtied his *ſilk ſtockings*, or Anne of Boleyn call for her *coach*; would an audience endure it, when all the world knows that Queen Elizabeth was the firſt that had her *coach*, or wore *ſilk ſtockings*? Neither can a Poet put *hops* in an Engliſhman's drink before *hereſy* came in: nor can he ſerve him with a diſh of *carp* before that time: he might as well give King James the Firſt a diſh of *aſparagus* upon his firſt coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tudor preſent Queen Catharine with a *ſugar-loaf*, whereas he might as eaſily have given her a *diamond* as large, ſeeing the *iceing* of *cakes* at Wood-ſtreet Corner, and the *refining* of *ſugar*, was but an invention of two hundred years ſtanding, and before that time our Anceſtors ſweetened and garniſhed all with *honey*, of which there are ſome remains

in *Windſor bowls*, *baron bracks*, and large *ſimnels*, ſent for preſents from Lichfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would ſhew his reading, if the Poet put a *hen-turkey* upon a table in a Tragedy; and therefore I would adviſe it in Hamlet, inſtead of their painted trifles; and I believe it would give more ſatisfaction to the actors. For Diodorus Siculus reports, how the ſiſters of Meleager, or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into *hen-turkeys*; from whence proceeds their ſtatelineſs of gate, reſervedneſs in converſation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice, and all their actions. But this would be the moſt improper meat in the world for a Comedy; for melancholy and diſtreſs require a different ſort of diet, as well as language: and I have heard of a fair lady, that was pleaſed to ſay, "that, if ſhe were upon a ſtrange road, "and driven to great neceſſity, ſhe believed ſhe might "for once be able to ſup upon a *ſack-poſſet* and a *fat* "*capon*."

I am ſure Poets, as well as Cooks, are for having all words nicely choſen and properly adapted; and therefore, I believe, they would ſhew the ſame regret that I do, to hear perſons of ſome rank and quality ſay, "Pray cut up that gooſe. Help me to ſome of that "chicken, hen, or capon, or half that plover;" not conſidering how indiſcreetly they talk, before *men of art*, whoſe proper terms are, "*Break that Gooſe*;"—"*ſruſt that Chicken*;"—"*ſpoil that Hen*;"—*ſauce that* "*Capon*;"—*mince that Plover*."—If they are ſo much out in common things, how much more will they be with

with *bitterns, herons, cranes,* and *peacocks?* But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errors of the world, unleſs we lend our helping-hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greateſt Author of Dramatic Poetry, Mr. Dryden, has made uſe of the myſteries of this Art in the Prologues to two of his Plays, one a Tragedy, the other a Comedy; in which he has ſhewn his greateſt art, and proved moſt ſucceſsful. I had not ſeen [illegible]e Play for ſome years, before I hit upon almoſt the ſ[illegible]e words that he has in the following Prologue to "All for Love:"

"Fops may have lea[illegible] to level all they can,
"As Pigmies would b[illegible]lad to top a man.
"Half-wits are fleas, l[illegible]ittle and ſo light,
"We ſcarce could kn[illegible]they live, but that they bite.
"But, as the rich, wh[illegible]tir'd with daily feaſts,
"For change, become their next poor tenant's gueſts,
"*Drink hearty draughts of Ale from plain brown bowls,*
"*And ſnatch the homely Raſher from the coals;*
"So you, retiring from much better cheer,
"For once may venture to do penance here;
"And, ſince that plenteous Autumn now is paſt,
"Whoſe grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taſte,
"Take in good part from our poor Poet's board
"Such ſhriveled fruit as Winter can afford."

How *fops* and *fleas* ſhould come together, I cannot eaſily account for; but I doubt not but his *ale, raſher, grapes, peaches,* and *ſhriveled apples,* might "Pit,

"Box,

"Box, and Gallery," is well enough. His Prologue to "Sir Martin Mar-all" is ſuch an exquiſite Poem, taken from the ſame Art, that I could wiſh it tranſlated into Latin, to be prefixed to Dr. Lifter's Work. The whole is as follows:

PROLOGUE.

"Fools, which each man meets in his diſh each day,
"Are yet the great regalia of a play;
"In which to poets you but juſt appear,
"To prize that higheſt which coſt them ſo dear.
"Fops in the town more eaſily will paſs,
"One ſtory makes a ſtatutable aſs:
"But ſuch in Plays muſt be much thicker ſown,
"Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
"Obſerving Poets all their walks invade,
"As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade;
"And, when they have enough for Comedy,
"They 'ſtow their ſeveral bodies in a pye.
"The Poet 's but the Cook to faſhion it,
"For, Gallants, you yourſelves have found the wit.
"To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong:
"None welcome thoſe who bring their *cheer* * along."

The image (which is the great perfection of a Poet) is ſo extremely lively, and well painted, that methinks I ſee the whole audience with a diſh of buttered eggs in one hand, and a woodcock-pye in the other. I hope I

* Some Criticks read it *Chair*. KING.

may

may be excuſed, after ſo great an example; for I declare I have no deſign but to encourage Learning, and am very far from any deſigns againſt it. And therefore I hope the worthy gentleman, who ſaid that the "Journey to London" ought to be burnt by the common hangman, as a Book, that, if received, would diſcourage ingenuity, would be pleaſed not to make his bonfire at the upper end of Ludgate-ſtreet, for fear of endangering the Booksellers' ſhops and the Cathedral.

I have abundance more to ſay upon theſe ſubjects; but I am afraid my firſt courſe is ſo tedious, that you will excuſe me both the ſecond courſe and the deſſert, and call for pipes and a candle. But conſider, the Papers come from an old Friend; and ſpare them out of compaſſion to,

SIR, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. ——

SIR,

I AM no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my Letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappineſs in the loſs of you here. The occaſion of this is, to deſire your aſſiſtance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of ſome friends; but, unleſs they help me, it will be impoſſible for me to get out of it. I have had the misfortune

to — write; but, what is worſe, I have never conſidered whether any one would read. Nay, I have been ſo very bad as to deſign to print; but then a wicked thought came acroſs me with "Who will "buy?" For, if I tell you the title, you will be of my mind, that the very name will deſtroy it: "The Art "of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry; "with ſome familiar Letters to Dr. Liſter and others, "occaſioned principally by the title of a Book, pub"liſhed by the Doctor, concerning the Soups and "Sauces of the Ancients." To this a Beau will cry, "Phough! what have I to do with Kitchen-ſtuff?" To which I anſwer, "Buy it, and give it to your "Servants." For I hope to live to ſee the day when every Miſtreſs of a family, and every Steward, ſhall call up their children and ſervants with, "Come Miſs "Betty, how much have you got of your *Art of* "*Cookery?*" "Where did you leave off, Miſs Iſabel?" —"Miſs Kitty, are you no farther than *King Henry* "*and the Miller?*" — "Yes, Madam; I am come to

"— His name ſhall be enroll'd
"In Eſtcourt's Book, whoſe gridiron 's fram'd of gold."

"Pray, Mother, is that our Maſter Eſtcourt?" "Well, "child, if you mind this, you ſhall not be put to your "*Aſſembly Catechiſm* next Saturday." What a glorious ſight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to ſee the Butler out-learning the Steward, and the painful Scullery-maid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping Houſe-keeper! I am told that, if a Book is any thing uſeful, the Printers have a way of pirating on

on one another, and printing other perſons' copies; which is very barbarous. And then ſhall I be forced to come out with, "The True Art of Cookery is only "to be had at Mr. Pindar's, a Patten-maker's, under "St. Dunſtan's Church, with the Author's Seal at the "Title-page, being Three Sauce-pans, in a Bend "Proper, on a Cook's Apron, Argent. Beware of "Counterfeits." And be forced to put out Advertiſements, with "Strops f Razors, and the beſt Spectacles, "are to be had only at he Archimedes, &c."

I deſign propoſals, which I muſt get delivered to the Cooks' Company, for the making an order that every apprentice ſhall have the "Art of Cookery" when he is bound, which he ſhall ſay by heart before he is made free; and then he ſhall have Dr. Liſter's Book of "Soups and Sauces" delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindneſs you may ſhew me, I ſhall always endeavour to make what returns lay in my power. I am yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but recommend to your peruſal a late exquiſite Comedy, called "The Lawyer's Fortune; "or, Love in a hollow tree;" which piece has its peculiar embliſhments, and is a Poem carefully framed

according to the niceſt rules of the "Art of Cookery;" for the Play opens with a ſcene of good Houſewifry, where Favourite the Houſe-keeper makes this complaint to Lady Bonona.

"FAV. The laſt mutton killed was lean, Madam. "Should not ſome fat ſheep be bought in?

"BON. What ſay you, Let-acre, to it?

"LET. This is the worſt time of the year for ſheep. "The freſh graſs makes them fall away, and they "begin to taſte of the wool; they muſt be ſpared "a while, and Favourite muſt caſt to ſpend ſome ſalt-"meat and fiſh. I hope we ſhall have ſome fat calves "ſhortly."

What can be more agreeable than this to the "Art "of Cookery," where our Author ſays,

"But though my edge be not too nicely ſet,
"Yet I another's appetite may whet;
"May teach him when to buy, when ſeaſon paſt,
"What's ſtale, what's choice, what's plentiful,
"what waſte,
"And lead him through the various maze of taſte.

In the Second Act, Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's ſon, the conſummate character of the Play, having in the Firſt Act loſt his Hawk, and conſequently his way, *benighted and loſt, and ſeeing a light in a diſtant houſe, comes to the thrifty widow Furioſa's*, (which is exactly according to the rule, "A Prince, who in a Foreſt rides "aſtray!") *where he finds the old gentle-woman carding, the fair Florida her daughter working on a parchment, whilſt*

whilſt the maid is ſpinning. Peg reaches a chair; ſack is called for; and in the mean time the good old gentlewoman complains ſo of rogues, that ſhe can ſcarce keep a gooſe or a turkey in ſafety, for them. Then Florida enters, with a little white bottle about a pint, and an old-faſhioned glaſs, fills and gives her mother; ſhe drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, ſhe to him again, he to Furioſa, who ſets it down on the table. After a ſmall time, the old Lady cries, "Well, it is my bed-time; "but my daughter will ſhew you the way to yours: "for I know you would willingly be in it." This was extremely kind! Now, upon her retirement (ſee the great judgement of the Poet!), ſhe being an old gentlewoman that went to bed, he ſuits the following regale according to the age of the perſon. Had boys been put to bed, it had been proper to have "laid the *gooſe* to "the fire:" but here it is otherwiſe; for, after ſome intermediate diſcourſe, he is invited to a repaſt; when he modeſtly excuſes himſelf with, "Truly, Madam, I "have no ſtomach to any meat, but to comply with "you. You have, Madam, entertained me with all "that is deſirable already." *The Lady tells him,* "cold "Supper is better than none;" *ſo he ſits at the table, offers to eat, but cannot.* I am ſure, Horace could not have prepared himſelf more exactly; for (according to the rule, "A Widow has cold Pye"), though Valentine, being love-ſick, could not eat, yet it was his fault, and not the Poet's. But, when Valentine is to return the civility, and to invite Madam Furioſa, and Madam Florida, with other good company, to his mother

mother the worſhipfull Lady Bonona's (who, by the bye, had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her Attorney), then affluence and dainties are to appear (according to this Verſe "Mangoes, Potargo, Cham-"pignons, Caveare"); and Mrs. Favourite the houſe-keeper makes theſe moſt important enquiries.

"FAV. Miſtreſs, ſhall I put any Muſhrooms, Man-"goes, or Bamboons, into the Sallad?

"BON. Yes, I pr'ythee, the beſt thou haſt.

"FAV. Shall I uſe Ketchup or Anchovies in the "Gravy?

"BON. What you will."

But, however magnificent the Dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of ſome perſons is, makes her excuſe for it, with, "Well, Gentlemen, can ye "ſpare a little time to take a ſhort dinner? I pro-"miſe you, it ſhall not be long." It is very probable, though the Author does not make any of the gueſts give a relation of it, that Valentine, being a great Sportſman, might furniſh the table with game and wild-fowl. There was at leaſt one Pheaſant in the Houſe, which Valentine told his mother of the morning before. "Madam, I had a good flight of a Pheaſant-"cock, that, after my Hawk ſeized, made head as if "he would have fought; but my Hawk plumed him "preſently." Now it is not reaſonable to ſuppoſe that, Vally lying abroad that night, the old gentle-woman under that concern would have any ſtomach to it for her own ſupper. However, to ſee the fate of things, there is nothing permanent; for one Mrs.

Candia

Candia making (though innocently) a preſent of an Hawk to Valentine, Florida his miſtreſs grows jealous, and reſolves to leave him, and run away with an odd ſort of fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine, to appeaſe her, ſends a meſſage to her by a boy, who tells her, "His maſter, to ſhew the trouble he took by her miſ-"apprehenſion, had ſent her ſome viſible tokens, the "Hawk torn to pieces with his own hands;" *and then pulls out of the baſket the wings and legs of a fowl.* So we ſee the poor bird *demoliſhed*, and all hopes of wild-fowl deſtroyed for the future: and happy were it if misfortunes would ſtop here. But, the cruel Beauty refuſing to be appeaſed, Valentine takes a ſudden reſolution, which he communicates to Let-acre the Steward, to *bruſh off*, and *quit his habitation*. However it was, whether Let-acre did not think his young Maſter real, and Valentine having threatened the Houſe-keeper to kick her immediately before for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in traveling, it ſeems they made but ſlender proviſion for their expedition; for there is but one Scene interpoſed, before we find diſtreſſed Valentine in the moſt miſerable condition that the joint Arts of Poetry and Cookery are able to repreſent him. There is a Scene of the greateſt horror, and moſt moving to compaſſion, of any thing that I have ſeen amongſt the Moderns; "Talks of no pyramids of "Fowl, or biſks of Fiſh," is nothing to it; for here we ſee an innocent perſon, unleſs puniſhed for his Mother's and Houſe-keeper's extravagance, as was ſaid before, in their Muſhrooms, Mangoes, Bamboons,

[illegible] to the extremity of [illegible] and having no other [illegible] he and his boy, with two [illegible] and [illegible] into a [illegible] of [illegible] a bear and leopard [illegible] and yet they venture in; [illegible] with their lines, which [illegible] from any thing that is not marble:

"[illegible] my wallet on that tree
[illegible] thou in this hollow place with me,
[illegible] here repose our wearied limbs till they
[illegible] wearied be!
"Boy. There is nothing left in the wallet but one
[illegible] cheese. What shall we do for bread?
"Val. When we have slept, we will seek out
"some roots that shall supply that doubt.
"Boy. But no drink, Master?
Val. Under that rock a spring I see,
"Which shall refresh my thirst and thee."

So the Act closes; and it is dismal for the Audience to consider how Valentine and the poor boy, who, it seems, had a coming-stomach, should continue there all the time the musick was playing, and longer. But, to ease them of their pain, by an invention which the [illegible] call *catastrophe*, Valentine, though with a *long beard*, and very *weak* with fasting, is reconciled to [illegible]nda, who, embracing him, says, "I doubt I have "offended him too much; but I will attend him home, "cherish him with cordials, make him broths," (poor good

good-natured creature! I wiſh ſhe had Dr. Liſter's Book to help her!) "anoint his limbs, and be a nurſe, "a tender nurſe, to him." Nor do bleſſings come alone; for the good Mother, having *refreſhed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the houſe*, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, "to get the beſt "entertainment ſhe ever yet provided, to conſider what "ſhe has and what ſhe wants, and to get all ready in "few hours." And ſo this moſt regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than the Comedy. Some perſons may admire your meagre Tragedies; but give me a Play where there is a proſpect of good meat or good wine ſtirring in every Act of it.

Though I am confident the Author had written this Play and printed it long before the "Art of Cookery" was thought of, and I had never read it till the other Poem was very nearly perfected; yet it is admirable to ſee how a true rule will be adapted to a good work, or a good work to a true rule. I ſhould be heartily glad, for the ſake of the publick, if our Poets, for the future, would make uſe of ſo good an example. I doubt not but, whenever you or I write Comedy, we ſhall obſerve it.

I have juſt now met with a ſurprizing happineſs; a Friend that has ſeen two of Dr. Liſter's Works, one "De Buccinis Fluviatilibus et Marinis Exercitatio," an Exercitation of Sea and River Shell-fiſh; in which, he ſays, ſome of the chiefeſt rarities are the *pizzle* and *ſpermatic*

ſpermatic veſſels of a Snail, delineated by a microſcope, the *omentum* or *caul* of its throat, its *Fallopian tube*, and its *ſubcrocean teſticle*; which are things Hippocrates, Galen, Celſus, Farnelius, and Harvey, were never maſters of. The other curioſity is the admirable piece of Cœlius Apicius, "De Opſoniis & Condimentis, ſive Arte Coquinaria, Libri decem," being Ten Books of Soups and Sauces, and the Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the Doctor, who in this ſo important affair is not ſufficiently communicative. My Friend ſays, he has a promiſe of leave to read it. What Remarks he makes I ſhall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as well as his

Moſt humble ſervant, &c.

THE

THE ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

TO DR. LISTER.

INGENIOUS LISTER, were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like Brawn;
With wings of Turkey, and with feet of Calf;
Though drawn by Kneller; it would make you laugh!
Such is, good Sir, the figure of a Feaſt,
By ſome rich Farmer's wife and ſiſter dreſt;
Which, were it not for plenty and for ſteam,
Might be reſembled to a ſick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run ſo faſt,
That Syllabubs come firſt, and Soups the laſt.
Not but that Cooks and Poets ſtill were free,
To uſe their power in nice variety;
Hence Mackarel ſeem delightful to the eyes,
Though dreſs'd with incoherent Gooſeberries.
Crabs, Salmon, Lobſters, are with Fennel ſpread,
Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;

Yet

Yet no man lards ſalt Pork with Orange-peel,
Or garniſhes his Lamb with Spitchcock'd Eel.
A Cook perhaps has mighty things profeſs'd,
Then ſent up but two diſhes nicely dreſs'd:
What ſignify Scotcht-collops to a Feaſt?
Or you can make whipp'd Cream; pray what relief
Will that be to a Sailor who wants Beef;
Who, lately ſhip-wreck'd, never can have eaſe,
Till re-eſtabliſh'd in his Pork and Peaſe?
When once begun, let induſtry ne'er ceaſe
Till it has render'd all things of one piece:
At your Deſſert bright Pewter comes too late,
When your firſt courſe was all ſerv'd up in Plate.
Moſt knowing Sir! the greateſt part of Cooks,
Searching for truth, are cozen'd by its looks.
One would have all things little; hence has tried
Turkey-poults freſh'd, from th' Egg in Batter fried:
Others, to ſhew the largeneſs of their ſoul,
Prepare you Muttons ſwol'd, and Oxen whole.
To vary the ſame things, ſome think is art:
By larding of Hogs-feet and Bacon-tart,
The taſte is now to that perfection brought,
That care, when wanting ſkill, creates the fault.
In Covent-Garden did a Taylor dwell,
Who might deſerve a place in his own Hell:
Give him a ſingle coat to make, he 'd do 't;
A veſt, or breeches, ſingly: but the brute
Could ne'er contrive all three to make a ſuit:
Rather than frame a Supper like ſuch cloaths,
I 'd have fine eyes and teeth, without my noſe.

You

You that from pliant Paſte would fabricks raiſe,
Expecting thence to gain immortal praiſe,
Your knuckles try, and let your ſinews know
Their power to knead, and give the form to dough;
Chuſe your materials right, your ſeaſoning fix,
And with your Fruit reſplendent Sugar mix:
From thence of courſe the figure will ariſe,
And elegance adorn the ſurface of your Pies.
Beauty from order ſprings: the judging eye
Will tell you if one ſingle plate 's awry.
The Cook muſt ſtill regard the preſent time;
T' omit what 's juſt in ſeaſon is a crime.
Your infant Peaſe t' Aſparagus prefer,
Which to the Supper you may beſt defer.
Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
Such alterations ſhould at leaſt be rare;
Yet credit to the Artiſt will accrue,
Who in known things ſtill makes th' appearance new.
Freſh dainties are by Britain's traffick known,
And now by conſtant uſe familiar grown.
What Lord of old would bid his Cook prepare,
Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, Caveare?
Or would our thrum-capp'd Anceſtors find fault,
For want of Sugar-tongs, or Spoons for Salt?
New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
Has by one veſſel fav'd his name from death.
The Seaſons change us all. By Autumn's froſt,
The ſhady leaves of trees and fruit are loſt.
But then the Spring breaks forth with freſh ſupplies,
And from the teeming Earth new buds ariſe.

So

So Stubble geese at Michaelmas are seen
Upon the spit; next May produces Green.
The fate of things lies always in the dark:
What Cavalier would know St. James's Park *?
For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring;
And Wild-ducks quack where Grasshoppers did sing;
A Princely Palace on that space does rise,
Where Sedley's noble Muse found Mulberries †.
Since Places alter thus, what constant thought
Of filling various dishes can be taught?
For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
Who'd fix those things where Fashion is a rule.
King Hardicnute, midst Danes and Saxons stout,
Carous'd in nut-brown Ale, and din'd on Grout;
Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
And, when each Prince is crown'd, in splendour reigns.

* In the time of king Henry VIII, the Park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, inclosed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new-inclosed ground and new-raised building the name of St. James. It was much enlarged by Charles II; who added to it several fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal, with a decoy, and other ponds, for water-fowl. The "Lime-trees or *Tilia*," whose blossoms are incomparably fragrant, were probably planted in consequence of a suggestion of Mr. Evelyn, in his "Fumifugium," published in 1661.—The improvements lately made seem in some measure to have brought it into the state it was in before the Restoration; at least, the Wild-ducks have in their turn given way to the Grasshoppers. N.

† A comedy called, "The Mulberry Garden." N.

By

By Northern cuſtom, duty was expreſs'd,
To friends departed, by their Funeral Feaſt.
Though I 've conſulted Holinſhed and Stow,
I find it very difficult to know
Who, to refreſh th' attendants to a grave,
Burnt-claret firſt or Naples-biſcuit gave.

Trotter from Quince and Apples firſt did frame
A Pye, which ſtill retains his proper name:
Though common grown, yet, with white Sugar ſtrow'd,
And butter'd right, its goodneſs is allow'd.

As Wealth flow'd in, and Plenty ſprang from Peace,
Good-humour reign'd, and Pleaſures found increaſe.
'Twas uſual then the banquet to prolong
By Muſick's charm, and ſome delightful ſong;
Where every youth in pleaſing accents ſtrove
To tell the ſtratagems and cares of Love;
How ſome ſucceſsful were, how others croſt;
Then to the ſparkling glaſs would give his toaſt,
Whoſe bloom did moſt in his opinion ſhine,
To reliſh both the Muſick and the Wine.

Why am I ſtyl'd a Cook, if I 'm ſo loth
To marinate my Fiſh, or ſeaſon Broth,
Or ſend up what I roaſt with pleaſing froth;
If I my Maſter's *guſto* won't diſcern,
But, through my baſhful folly, ſcorn to learn?

When among friends good-humour takes its birth,
'Tis not a tedious Feaſt prolongs the mirth;
But 'tis not reaſon therefore you ſhould ſpare,
When, as their future Burgeſs, you prepare
For a fat Corporation and their Mayor.

All things ſhould find their room in proper place;
And what adorns this treat, would that diſgrace.
Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake,
And have exceſſive doings at their wake:
Ev'n Taylors at their yearly Feaſts look great,
And all their Cucumbers are turn'd to Meat.
A Prince, who in a Foreſt rides aſtray,
And, weary, to ſome cottage finds the way,
Talks of no pyramids of Fowl, or biſks of Fiſh,
But, hungry, ſups his Cream ſerv'd up in earthen diſh;
Quenches his thirſt with Ale in nut-brown bowls,
And takes the haſty Raſher from the coals:
Pleas'd as King Henry with the Miller free,
Who thought himſelf as good a man as he.
Unleſs ſome ſweetneſs at the bottom lie,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the Pye?
If you would have me merry with your cheer,
Be ſo yourſelf, or ſo at leaſt appear.
The things we eat by various juice controul
The narrowneſs or largeneſs of our ſoul.
Onions will make ev'n Heirs or Widows weep;
The tender Lettuce brings on ſoftet ſleep;
Eat Beef or Pye-cruſt if you 'd ſerious be;
Your Shell-fiſh raiſes Venus from the Sea;
For Nature, that inclines to ill or good,
Still nouriſhes our paſſions by our food.
Happy the man that has each fortune tried,
To whom ſhe much has given, and much denied:
With abſtinance all delicates he ſees,
And can regale himſelf with Toaſt and Cheeſe:

Your

By roaſting that which your Forefathers boil'd,
And boiling what they roaſted, much is ſpoil'd.
That Cook to Britiſh palates is complete,
Whoſe ſavoury hand gives turns to common meat.
Though Cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
Through niceneſs of their ſubject, few have writ.
In what an aukward ſound that Ballad ran,
Which with this bluſtering paragraph began:
THERE WAS A PRINCE OF LUBBERLAND,
A POTENTATE OF HIGH COMMAND,
TEN THOUSAND BAKERS DID ATTEND HIM,
TEN THOUSAND BREWERS DID BEFRIEND HIM:
THESE BROUGHT HIM KISSING-CRUSTS, AND THOSE
BROUGHT HIM SMALL-BEER, BEFORE HE ROSE.
The Author raiſes mountains ſeeming full,
But all the *cry* produces little *wool*:
So, if you ſue a Beggar for a houſe,
And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? A Louſe!
Homer, more modeſt, if we ſearch his Books,
Will ſhew us that his Heroes all were Cooks;
How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,
To quarter out the Ox, and ſpit the loins.
Oh could that Poet live! could he rehearſe
Thy Journey, LISTER, in immortal verſe!
MUSE, SING THE MAN THAT DID TO PARIS GO,
THAT HE MIGHT TASTE THEIR SOUPS, AND MUSHROOMS KNOW!
Oh, how would Homer praiſe their dancing Dogs,
Their ſtinking Cheeſe, and Friçaſee of Frogs!

He 'd

He 'd raiſe no fables, ſing no flagrant lye,
Of Boys with Cuſtard choak'd at Newberry;
But their whole courſes you 'd entirely ſee,
How all their parts from firſt to laſt agree.
If you all ſorts of perſons would engage,
Suit well your Eatables to every age.
The favourite Child, that juſt begins to prattle,
And throws away his Silver Bells and Rattle,
Is very humourſome, and makes great clutter,
Till he has Windows on his Bread and Butter:
He for repeated Supper-meat will cry,
But won't tell Mammy what he 'd have, or why.
The ſmooth-fac'd Youth, that has new Guardians choſe,
From Play-houſe ſteps to Supper at the Roſe,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating muſt be little, coſtly, nice.
Maturer Age, to this delight grown ſtrange,
Each night frequents his club behind the 'Change,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour riſing from a Sheriff's wealth:
Unleſs he ſome Inſurance-dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
But then old age, by ſtill intruding years,
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Moroſe, perverſe in humour, diffident,
The more he ſtill abounds, the leſs content;
His Larder and his Kitchen too obſerves,
And *now*, leſt he ſhould want hereafter, ſtarves;

[illegible] of all the present age can give.
And none these threescore years knew how to live.
But now the Cook must pass through all degrees,
And by his art discordant tempers please,
And minister to Health and to Disease.
Far from the Parlour have your Kitchen plac'd,
Dainties may in their working be disgrac'd.
In private draw your Poultry, clean your Tripe,
And from your Eels their slimy substance wipe.
Let cruel offices be done by night,
For they who like the thing abhor the sight.
Next, let discretion moderate your cost,
And, when you treat, three courses be the most.
Let never fresh machines your Pastry try,
Unless Grandees or Magistrates are by:
Then you may put a Dwarf into a Pye.
Or, if you 'd fright an Alderman and Mayor,
Within a Pasty lodge a living Hare;
Then midst their gravest Furs shall mirth arise,
And all the Guild pursue with joyful cries.
Crowd not your table: let your number be
Not more than seven, and never less than three.
'Tis the Dessert that graces all the Feast,
For an ill end disparages the rest:
A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.
Make your transparent Sweet-meats truly nice,
With Indian Sugar and Arabian Spice:
And let your various Creams incircled be
With swelling Fruit just ravish'd from the tree.

Let

Let Plates and Dishes be from China brought,
With lively paint and earth transparent wrought.
The Feast now done, discourses are renew'd,
And witty arguments with mirth pursued.
The cheerful Master, midst his jovial friends,
His glass "to their best wishes" recommends.
The Grace-cup follows to his Sovereign's health,
And to his Country, "Plenty, peace, and wealth."
Performing then the piety of *grace*,
Each man that pleases re-assumes his place;
While at his gate, from such abundant store,
He showers his god-like blessings on the poor.
In days of old, our Fathers went to war,
Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their Beef they often in their murrions stew'd,
And in their basket-hilts their Beverage brew'd.
Some Officer perhaps might give consent,
To a large cover'd Pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every Soldier got,
Fowl, Bacon, Cabbage, Mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.
But, when our conquests were extensive grown,
And through the world our British worth was known,
Wealth on Commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their Champaign sparkled equal with their Lace;
Quails, Beccafico's, Ortolans, were sent
To grace the levee of a General's tent;
In their gilt Plate all delicates were seen,
And what was Earth before became a rich Terrene.

When the young Players get to Islington,
They fondly think that all the world's their own:
Prentices, Parish-clerks, and Hectors meet;
He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the Treat.
Their talk is loose; and o'er the bouncing Ale
At Constables and Justices they rail.
Not thinking Custard such a serious thing,
That Common-council-men 'twill thither bring;
Where many a man, at variance with his wife,
With soft'ning Mead and Cheese-cake ends the strife.
Ev'n Squires come there, and with their mean discourse,
Render the Kitchen, which they sit in, worse.
Midwives demure, and Chamber-maids most gay,
Foremen that pick the box and come to play,
Here find their entertainment at the height,
In Cream and Codlings revelling with delight.
What these approve the great men will dislike:
But here's the art, if you the palate strike,
By management of common things so well,
That what was thought the meanest shall excel;
While others strive in vain, all persons own
Such dishes could be dress'd by you alone.

When straiten'd in your time, and servants few,
You'd rightly then compose an *ambigue*:
Where first and second Course, and your Desert,
All in one single table have their part.
From such a vast confusion 'tis delight,
To find the jarring elements unite,
And raise a structure grateful to the sight.

Be not too far by old example led,
With caution now we in their footſteps tread:
The French our reliſh help, and well ſupply
The want of things too groſs by decency.
Our Fathers moſt admir'd their Sauces ſweet,
And often aſk'd for Sugar with their Meat;
They butter'd Currants on fat Veal beſtow'd,
And Rumps of Beef with Virgin-honey ſtrew'd.
Inſipid Taſte, old Friend, to them who Paris know,
Where Rocombole, Shallot, and the rank Garlick, grow.
Tom Bold did firſt begin the ſtrolling mart,
And drove about his Turnips in a cart;
Sometimes his Wife the Citizens would pleaſe,
And from the ſame machine ſell Pecks of Peaſe;
Then Pippins did in Wheel-barrows abound,
And Oranges in Whimſey-boards went round;
Beſs Hoy firſt found it troubleſome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her Cherries on a ſtall;
Her Currants there and Gooſeberries were ſpread,
With the enticing gold of Ginger-bread:
But Flounders, Sprats, and Cucumbers, were cried,
And every ſound and every voice was tried.
At laſt the Law this hideous din ſuppreſs'd,
And order'd that the Sunday ſhould have reſt;
And that no Nymph her noiſy food ſhould ſell,
Except it were new Milk or Mackarel.
There is no diſh but what our Cooks have made,
And merited a charter by their trade.
Not French Kickſhaws, or Oglio's brought from Spain,
Alone have found improvement from their brain;

[illegible]

The fundamental principle of all
Is what ingenious Cooks THE RELISH call;
For, when the markets send in loads of food,
They all are tasteless till *that* makes them good.
Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
To know for whom it is you would prepare:

4 You'd

You 'd please a Friend, or reconcile a Brother,
A testy Father, or a haughty Mother;
Would mollify a Judge, would cram a Squire,
Or else some smiles from Court you may desire;
Or would, perhaps, some hasty Supper give,
To shew the splendid state in which you live.
Pursuant to that interest you propose,
Must all your Wine and all your Meat be chose.
Let men and manners every dish adapt:
Who 'd force his Pepper where his guests are *clapt?*
A cauldron of fat Beef and stoop of Ale
On the huzzaing mob shall more prevail,
Than if you give them with the nicest art
Ragouts of Peacocks-brains, or Filbert-tart.
The French by Soups and *Haut-gouts* glory raise,
And their desires all terminate in praise.
The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch
Is, to save all the money they can touch:
"Hans," cries the Father, "see a Pin lies there;
"A Pin a day will fetch a Great a year.
"To your Five Farthings join Three Farthings more;
"And they, if added, make your Halfpence Four."
Thus may your stock by management increase,
Your wars shall gain you more than Britain's peace.
Where love of wealth and rusty coin prevail,
What hopes of Sugar'd Cakes or Butter'd Ale?
Cooks garnish out some tables, some they fill,
Or in a prudent mixture shew their skill:
Clog not your constant meals: for dishes few
Increase the appetite, when choice and new.

Ev'n

But, when that diſh was in perfection ſeen,
And that alone, would it not move your ſpleen?
'Tis true, in a long work, ſoft ſlumbers creep,
And gently ſink the Artiſt into ſleep.
Ev'n Lamb himſelf, at the moſt ſolemn feaſt,
Might have ſome chargers not exactly dreſt.
Tables ſhould be like pictures to the ſight,
Some diſhes caſt in ſhade, ſome ſpread in light,
Some at a diſtance brighten, ſome near hand,
Where eaſe may all their *delicate* command:
Some ſhould be mov'd when broken; others laſt
Through the whole treat, incentive to the taſte.
Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the Kitchen call'd his eldeſt Son:
"Though wiſe thyſelf," ſays he, "though taught by me,
"Yet fix this ſentence in thy memory:
"There are ſome certain things that don't excel,
"And yet we ſay are *tolerably well*:
"There 's many worthy men a Lawyer prize,
"Whom they diſtinguiſh as of *middle* ſize,
"For pleading well at Bar, or turning Books;
"But this is not, my Son, the fate of Cooks,
"From whoſe myſterious art true pleaſure ſprings
"To *ſtall* of Garter, and to *throne* of Kings.
"A ſimple ſcene, a diſobliging ſong,
"Which no way to the main deſign belong,
"Or were they abſent never would be miſs'd,
"Have made a well-wrought Comedy be hiſs'd:
"So in a Feaſt no intermediate fault
"Will be allow'd; but, if not beſt, 'tis naught."

He that of feeble nerves and joints complains,
From Nine-pins, Coits, and from Trap-ball, abstains;
Cudgels avoids, and shuns the Wrestling-place,
Lest Vinegar resound his loud disgrace.
But every one to Cookery pretends;
Nor Maid nor Mistress e'er consult their friends.
Sir, [illegible] you would roast a Pig, be free:
Why not with Brown, with Locket, or with me?
[illegible] when both eyes out,
[illegible] concluding bout:
[illegible] crackling 's pall'd,
[illegible] recall'd.
[illegible] placing [illegible] their Food,
[illegible] on bars of wood.
[illegible] or they took
[illegible] from the native rock.
[illegible] far to seek,
[illegible] Leek;
[illegible] this Isle.
[illegible] and how to [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] dress,
[illegible] to friends,
[illegible] commends;
[illegible] to appear
[illegible] cheer.
[illegible] taught his Knights
At his Round [illegible]

Cities

Cities eraz'd, encampments forc'd in field,
Monſters ſubdued, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
Inſpir'd that Cambrian ſoul which ne'er can yield.
Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,
To future Heroes due example ſet,
By his capacious cauldron made appear,
From whence the ſpirits riſe, and ſtrength of war.
The preſent age, to Gallantry inclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vaſt improvements of the mind.
He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er Beef-ſteaks;
His name may be to future times enroll'd
In Eſtcourt's Book *, whoſe Gridiron's fram'd of Gold.
Scorn not theſe lines, deſign'd to let you know
Profits that from a well-plac'd Table flow.
'Tis a ſage queſtion, if the Art of Cooks
Is lodg'd by Nature, or attain'd by Books:
That man will never frame a noble treat,
Whoſe whole dependance lies in ſome Receipt:
Then by pure Nature every thing is ſpoil'd,
She knows no more than ſtew'd, bak'd, roaſt, and boil'd.

* That is, "be admitted a member of The Beef-"Steak Club." — Richard Eſtcourt, who was a Player and Dramatic Writer, is celebrated in the Spectator, as poſſeſſed of a ſprightly wit, and an eaſy and natural politeneſs. His company was much coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a boon companion. When the famous Beef-ſteak Club was firſt inſtituted, he had the office of Providore aſſigned him; and, as a mark of diſtinction, uſed to wear a ſmall gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green ſilk ribband. He died in the year 1713. N.

When

When Art and Nature join, th' effect will be
Some nice *Ragout*, or charming *Fricaſee*.
The lad that would his genius ſo advance,
That on the rope he might ſecurely dance,
From tender years enures himſelf to pains,
To Summer's parching heat, and Winter's rains,
And from the fire of Wine and Love abſtains;
No Artiſt can his Hauthoy's ſtops command,
Unleſs ſome ſkilful Maſter form his hand:
But Gentry take their Cooks though never tried;
It ſeems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus ſhew him a fool,
That dreads a parent's check, or rods at ſchool.
Ox-cheek when hot, and Wardens bak'd, ſome cry;
But 'tis with an intention men ſhould buy.
Others abound with ſuch a plenteous ſtore,
That, if you 'll let them treat, they 'll aſk no more:
And 'tis the vaſt ambition of their ſoul,
To ſee their Port admir'd, and Table full.
But then, amidſt that cringing fawning crowd,
Who talk ſo very much, and laugh ſo loud,
Who with ſuch grace his Honour's actions praiſe,
How well he fences, dances, ſings, and plays;
Tell him his Livery 's rich, his Chariot 's fine,
How choice his Meat, and delicate his Wine;
Surrounded thus, how ſhould the Youth deſcry
The happineſs of Friendſhip from a Lye?
Friends act with cautious temper when ſincere;
But flattering Impudence is void of care:

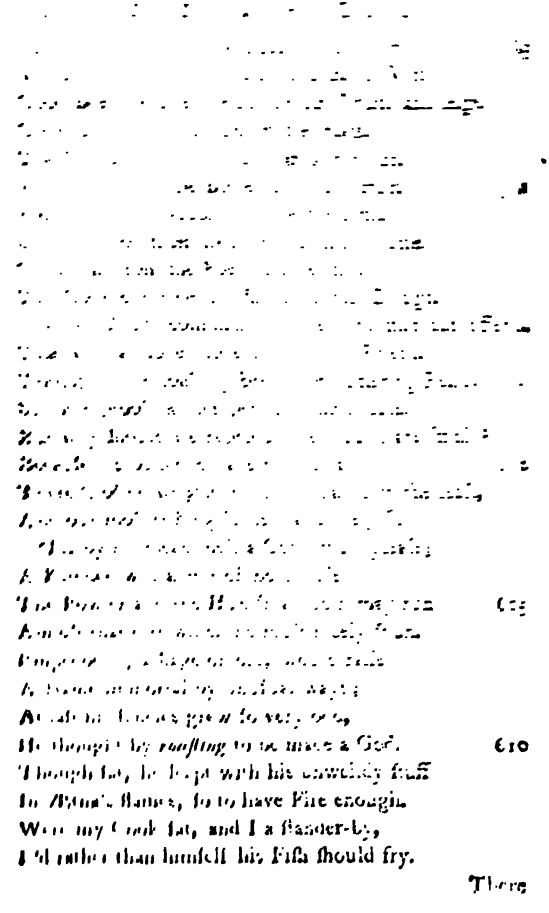
So

So at an Iriſh Funeral appears
A train of Drabs with mercenary tears;
Who, wringing off' their hands, with hideous moan,
Know not his name for whom they ſeem to groan;
While real Grief with ſilent ſteps proceeds,
And Love unfeign'd with inward paſſion bleeds.
Hard fate of Wealth! Were Lords as Butchers wife,
They from their meat would baniſh all the *Flies!*
The Perſian Kings, with Wine and maſſy Bowl,
Search'd to the dark receſſes of the ſoul;
That, ſo laid open, no one might pretend,
Unleſs a man of worth, to be their Friend.
But now the Gueſts their Patrons undermine;
And ſlander them, for giving them their Wine.
Great men have dearly thus companions bought:
Unleſs by theſe inſtructions they 'll be taught,
They ſpread the net, and will themſelves be caught.

Were Horace, that great Maſter, now alive,
A Feaſt with wit and judgement he 'd contrive.
As thus: — Suppoſing that you would rehearſe
A labour'd Work, and every Diſh a Verſe;
He 'd ſay, "Mend this, and t'other Line, and this."
If after trial it were ſtill amiſs,
He 'd bid you give it a new turn of face,
Or ſet ſome Diſh more curious in its place.
If you perſiſt, he would not ſtrive to move
A paſſion ſo delightful as Self-love.

We ſhould ſubmit our Treats to Criticks' view,
And every prudent Cook ſhould read Boſſu.

Judge-



He thought by *roasting* to be made a God.
Though fat, he kept with his cowardly fruit
In Vesta's flames, for to have Fire enough.
Were my Cook fat, and I a Bander-by,
I'd rather than himself his Fish should fry.

There

are ſome perſons ſo exceſſive rude,
your private Table they 'll intrude.
you fly, in vain pretend to faſt;
e a Fox, they 'll catch you at the laſt.
ſt, ſince bars and doors are no defence,
it your houſe as in a peſtilence.
, nay very quick, or he 'll approach,
you 're ſcampering, ſtop you in your Coach.
ink of all your ſins, and you will ſee
ht your guilt and puniſhment agree:
no tender pity could prevail,
would throw ſome debtor into gaol.
rk th' effect of this prevailing curſe,
detain'd by ſomething that is worſe.
it in my election, I ſhould chuſe,
a ravenous Wolf or Bear got looſe.
t and talk, and talking ſtill will eat,
ter from the Paraſite you 'll get;
e a Leech well fix'd, he 'll ſuck what 's good,
er part till ſatisfied with Blood.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

I MUST communicate my happineſs to you, becauſe you are ſo much my Friend as to rejoice at it. I ſome days ago met with an old Acquaintance, a curious perſon, of whom I enquired if he had ſeen the Book concerning Soups and Sauces. He told me he had; but that he had but a very ſlight view of it, the perſon who was maſter of it not being willing to part with ſo valuable a rarity out of his cloſet. I deſired him to give me what account he could of it. He ſays, that it is a very handſome Octavo; for, ever ſince the days of Ogilby, good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a Book become ingenious, and brighten up an Author ſtrangely; that there is a copious Index; and at the end a Catalogue of all the Doctor's Works, concerning Cockles, Engliſh Beetles, Snails, Spiders that get up into the air and throw us down Cobwebs, a Monſter vomited-up by a Baker, and ſuch like; which, if carefully peruſed, would wonderfully improve us. There is, it ſeems, no Manuſcript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; ſo that this impreſſion is from one of Humelbergius, who, as my Friend ſays, he does not believe contrived it himſelf, becauſe the things are ſo very much out of the way, that it is not probable any Learned Man would ſet himſelf ſeri-

ouſly

ously to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the Editor, "That, what-"ever Manuſcripts there might have been, they muſt "have been extremely vicious and corrupt, as being "written out by the Cooks themſelves, or ſome of "their Friends or Servants, who are not always the "moſt accurate." And then, as my Friend obſerved, if the Cook had uſed it much, it might be ſullied; the Cook, perhaps, not always licking his fingers when he had occaſion for it. I ſhould think it no improvident matter for the State to order a ſelect Scrivener to tranſcribe Receipts, leſt ignorant Women and Houſekeepers ſhould impoſe upon future ages by ill-ſpelt and uncorrect Receipts for potting of Lobſters, or pickling of Turkeys. Caelius Apicius, it ſeems, paſſes for the Author of this Treatiſe; whoſe ſcience, learning, and diſcipline, were extremely contemned, and almoſt abhorred, by Seneca and the Stoicks, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and ſo lay neglected till the inferior ages; but then were introduced, as being a help to Phyſick, to which a Learned Author, called Donatus, ſays, that "the "Kitchen is a Handmaid." I remember in our days, though we cannot in every reſpect come up to the Antients, that by a very good Author an old gentleman is introduced as making uſe of three Doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merriman. They are reported to be excellent Phyſicians; and, if kept at a conſtant penſion, their fees will not be very coſtly.

It seems, as my Friend has learnt, there were two persons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the Republick, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny, "to have had a great deal of wit "and judgment in all affairs that related to Eating," and consequently has his name affixed to many sorts of Ammelets and Pancakes. Nor were Emperors less concern'd to do great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whose Imperial names are prefix'd to manifold receipts; the last of which Emperors had the peculiar glory of first making Sauſages of Shrimps, Crabs, Oyſters, Prawns, and Lobſters. And theſe Sauſages being mentioned by the Author which the Editor publiſhes, from that and many other arguments the Learned Doctor irrefragably maintains, that the Book, as now printed, could not be tranſcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the Titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, auſtere, and ſolid virtue. And, it ſeems, under his adminiſtration, a perſon that found out a new Soup might have as great a reward as Drake or Dampier might expect for finding a new Continent. My Friend ſays, the Editor tells us of unheard-of dainties; how "Æſopus had a ſupper of the "tongues of Birds that could ſpeak;" and that "his "Daughter regaled on Pearls," though he does not tell us how ſhe dreſſed them; how "Hortenſius left "ten thouſand Pipes of Wine in his Cellar, for his "Heir's drinking;" how "Vedius Pollio fed his Fiſh-

"ponds

"ponds with Man's Fleſh;" and how "Cæſar bought "ſix thouſand weight of Lampreys for his Triumphal "Supper." He ſays, the Editor proves equally to a demonſtration, by the proportions and quantities ſet down, and the nauſeouſneſs of the ingredients, that the Dinners of the Emperors were ordered by their Phyſicians; and that the *Recipe* was taken by the Cook, as the Collegiate Doctors would do their Bills, to a modern Apothecary; and that this cuſtom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals over-ran the Weſtern Empire; and that they, by uſe, exerciſe, and neceſſity of abſtinence, introduced the eating of Cheeſe and Veniſon without thoſe additional Sauces, which the Phyſicians of old found-out to reſtore the depraved appetites of ſuch great men as had loſt their ſtomachs by an exceſs of luxury. Out of the ruins of Eraſiſtratus's Book of *Endive*, Glaucus Lorrenſis of *Cow-heel*, Mithæcus of *Hot-pots*, Dionyſius of *Sugar-ſops*, Agis of *Pickled Broom-buds*, Epinetus of *Sack-poſſet*, Euthedemus of *Apple-dumplings*, Hegeſippus of *Black-pudding*, Crito of *Sowced Mackarel*, Stephanus of *Lemon-cream*, Archites of *Hog's-harſlet*, Aceſtius of *Quince-marmalade*, Hickeſius of *Potted Pigeons*, Diocles of *Sweet-breads*, and Philiſtion of *Oat-cakes*, and ſeveral other ſuch Authors, the great Humelbergius compoſed his Annotations upon Apicius; whoſe Receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus, have been neglected and loſt, were preſerved in the utmoſt parts of Tranſylvania, for the peculiar palate of the ingenious Editor. Latinus Latinius

finds fault with ſeveral diſhes of Apicius, and is pleaſed to ſay they are nauſeous; but our Editor defends that great perſon, by ſhewing the difference of our cuſtoms; how Plutarch ſays, "the Ancients uſed no Pepper," whereas all or at leaſt five or ſix hundred of Apicius's Delicates were ſeaſoned with it. For we may as well admire that ſome Weſt Indians ſhould abſtain from Salt, as that we ſhould be able to bear the bitterneſs of Hops in our common drink: and therefore we ſhould not be averſe to Rue, Cummin, Parſley-ſeed, Marſh-mallows, or Nettles, with our common Meat; or to have Pepper, Honey, Salt, Vinegar, Raiſins, Muſtard and Oil, Rue, Maſtick, and Cardamums, ſtrown promiſcuouſly over our Dinner when it comes to table. My Friend tells me of ſome ſhort obſervations he made out of the Annotations, which he owes to his memory; and therefore begs pardon if in ſome things he may miſtake, becauſe it is not wilfully, as that Papirius Petrus was the great patron of Cuſtard: that the "*Tetraphar-*" *macon*, a diſh much admired by the Emperors Adrian "and Alexander Severus, was made of Pheaſant, Pea-"cock, a wild Sow's Hock and Udder, with a Bread "Pudding over it; and that the name and reaſon of "ſo odd a diſh are to be ſought for amongſt the "Phyſicians."

The Work is divided into Ten Books; of which the Firſt treats of Soups and Pickles, and amongſt other things ſhews that Sauce-pans were tinned before the time of Pliny; that Gordian uſed a glaſs of Bitter in a Morning; that the Ancients ſcalded their Wine; and

that

that burnt Claret, as now practiſed, with Spice and Sugar, is pernicious; that the Adulteration of Wine was as ancient as Cato; that *Brawn* was a Roman Diſh, which Apicius commends as *wonderful*; its Sauce then was Muſtard and Honey, before the frequent uſe of Sugar: nor were Sowced Hogs-feet, Cheeks, and Ears, unknown to thoſe ages. It is very probable, they were not ſo ſuperſtitious as to have ſo great a delicate only at Chriſtmas. It were worth a Diſſertation between two learned perſons, ſo it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether Cæſar introduced it into Britain: and it is ſtrange he ſhould take no notice of it; whereas he has recorded that they did not eat Hare's fleſh; that the Ancients uſed to *marinate* their Fiſh, by frying them in Oil, and, the moment they were taken out, pouring boiling Vinegar upon them. The Learned Annotator obſerves, that the beſt way of keeping the Liquor in Oyſters is, by laying the deep ſhell downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed Oyſters to Tiberius when in Parthia; a noble invention, ſince made uſe of at Colcheſter with moſt admirable ſucceſs! What eſtates might Brawn or Locket have got in thoſe days, when Apicius, only for boiling Sprouts after a new faſhion, deſervedly came into the good graces of Druſus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The Firſt Book having treated of Sauces or ſtanding Pickles for Reliſh, which are uſed in moſt of the ſucceeding Receipts; the Second has a glorious ſubject, of Sauſages, both with ſkins and without, which contains

matters no less remarkable than the former. The Ancients that were delicate in their Eating prepared their own Mushrooms with an Amber, or at least a Silver Knife; where the Annotator shews elegantly, against Hardouinus, that the whole Knife, and not only the Handle, was of Amber or Silver, lest the rustiness of an ordinary Knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are out-done by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The Third Book is of such Edibles as are produced in Gardens. The Romans used *Nitre*, to make their Herbs look green: the Annotator shews our Salt-petre at present to differ from the ancient *Nitre*. Apicius had a way of mincing them first with Oil and Salt, and so boiling them; which Pliny commends. But the present Receipt is, To let the Water boil well; throw in Salt and a bit of Butter; and so not only Sprouts but Spinage will be green. There is a most extraordinary observation of the Editor's, to which I cannot but agree; that it is a vulgar error, that Walnut-trees, like Russian Wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and stones are used by boys and others to get the fruit down, the Walnut-tree being so very high they could not otherwise reach it, rather out of kindness to themselves, than any regard to the Tree that bears it. As for Asparagus, there is an excellent remark, that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient Gardeners, and that at Ravenna three

three weighed a Pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a Hundred of them weighed thirty: that Cucumbers are apt to riſe in the Stomach, unleſs pared, or boiled with Oil, Vinegar, and Honey; that the Egyptians would drink hard without any diſturbance, becauſe it was a rule for them to have always boiled Cabbage for their firſt diſh at Supper: that the beſt way to roaſt Onions is in Colewort Leaves, for fear of burning them: that Beets are good for Smiths, becauſe they, working at the fire, are generally coſtive: that Petronius has recorded a little old Woman, who ſold the *Agreſte Olus* of the Ancients; which honour I take to be as much due to thoſe who in our days cry Nettle-tops, Elder-buds, and Cliver, in ſpring-time very wholeſome.

The Fourth Book contains the univerſal Art of Cookery. As Matthæus Sylvaticus compoſed the Pandects of Phyſic, and Juſtinian thoſe of Law; ſo Apicius has done the Pandects of his Art, in this Book which bears that inſcription. The Firſt Chapter contains the admirable Receipt of a *Salacacaby* of Apicius. Bruiſe in a Mortar Parſley-ſeed, dried Peneryal, dried Mint, Ginger, green Coriander, Raiſins ſtoned, Honey, Vinegar, Oil, and Wine; put them into a *Cacabulum*; three Cruſts of Pycentine Bread, the Fleſh of a Pullet, Goat Stones, Veſtine Cheeſe, Pine Kernels, Cucumbers, dried Onions minced ſmall; pour a Soup over it, garniſh it with Snow, and ſend it up in the *Cacabulum*. This *Cacabulum* being an unuſual veſſel, my Friend went to his Dictionary, where, finding an odd interpretation

preration of it. he was eaſily perſuaded. from the whimſicalneſs of the compoſition, and the fantaſticalneſs of Snow for its garniture, that the propereſt veſſel for a Phyſician to preſcribe, to ſend to table upon that occaſion, might be a Bed-pan. There are ſome admirable Remarks in the Annotations to the Second Chapter, concerning the Dialogue of Arellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between Muſhrooms, *Chats*, or *Beccaſico's*, Oyſters, and Redwings; a Work that ought to be publiſhed: for the ſame Annotator obſerves, that this Iſland is not deſtitute of Redwings, though coming to us only in the hardeſt weather, and therefore ſeldom brought fat to our tables; that the *Chats* come to us in April and breed, and about Autumn return to Africk; that experience ſhews us they may be kept in cages, fed with Beef or Wether Mutton, Figs, Grapes, and minced Filberds, being dainties not unworthy the care of ſuch as would preſerve our Britiſh diſhes; the firſt delighting in Hodge-podge, Gallimaufreys, Forced Meats, Juſſels, and Salmagundies; the latter in Spear-ribs, Surloins, Chines and Barons; and thence our terms of Art, both as to Dreſſing and Carving, become very different; for they, lying upon a ſort of Couch, could not have carved thoſe diſhes which our Anceſtors when they ſat upon Forms uſed to do. But, ſince the uſe of Cuſhions and Elbow-chairs, and the Editions of good Books and Authors, it may be hoped in time we may come up to them. For indeed hitherto we have been ſomething to blame; and I believe few of us have ſeen a diſh of Capon-ſtones

ſtones at table (Lamb-ſtones is acknowledged by the learned Annotator that we have): for the art of making Capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman Antiquary, tells us how to do it by burning of their ſpurs; which, occaſioning their ſterility, makes them Capons in effect, though thoſe parts thereby became more large and tender.

The Fifth Book is of Peaſe-porridge; under which are included, Frumetary, Watergruel, Milk-porridge, Rice-milk, Flumary, Stir-about, and the like. The Latin or rather Greek name is *Auſprios*; but my Friend was pleaſed to entitle it *Pantagruel*, a Name uſed by Rabelais, an eminent Phyſician. There are ſome very remarkable things in it; as, The Emperor Julianus had ſeldom any thing but Spoon-meat at Supper: that the Herb Fenugreek, with Pickles, Oil, and Wine, was a Roman Dainty; upon which the Annotator obſerves, that it is not uſed in our Kitchens, for a certain ungrateful bitterneſs that it has; and that it is plainly a Phyſical Diet, that will give a ſtool; and that, mixed with Oats, it is the beſt Purge for Horſes: an excellent invention for frugality, that nothing might be loſt; for what the Lord did not eat, he might ſend to his Stable!

The Sixth Book treats of Wild-fowl; how to dreſs Oſtridges (the biggeſt, groſſeſt, and moſt difficult of digeſtion, of any Bird), Phœnicoptrices, Parrots, &c.

The Seventh Book treats of things *ſumptuous* and *coſtly*, and therefore chiefly concerning *Hog-meat*; in which the Romans came to that exceſs, that the Laws forbad the uſage of Hogs-harſlet, Sweet-breads, Cheeks, &c.

&c. [illegible] Sowce [illegible] Capon, [illegible] Cenfor, [illegible] Brawn, by [illegible] then [illegible] Art of Cookery [illegible] place in the [illegible] part in their [illegible] ignorancy of [illegible] besides the [illegible] Virgin Sow, espe[illegible] and how [illegible] Brains, and [illegible] dishes which, [illegible] that luscious Creatures. [illegible] of its excellences: "Then follow [illegible] Bacon for two or three days "[illegible] stronger "than [illegible] eat the best Roast Beef or Bag Pud-"ding in the Parish."

The Eighth Book treats of such Dainties as *fore-fested* [illegible] the *Wild Boar*, which they [illegible] 2. The *Deer*, dressed with [illegible] Pepper, Wine, Honey, Oil, and sweet Lambish, &c. 3. The Wild *Sheep*, of which there are "innumerable in the Mountains of "Yorkshire and Westmorland, that will let nobody "handle them;" but, if they are caught, they are to be sent up with an "elegant Sauce, prescribed after a "physical manner, in form of an Electuary, made of "Pepper, Rue, Parsley-seed, Juniper, Thyme dried, "Mint, Peneryal, Honey, &c." with which any Apothecary in that country can furnish you. 4. *Beef*, with Onion

Onion Sauce, and commended by Celſus, [illegible]t much approved by Hippocrates, becauſe the C[illegible]rce knew how to *make Oxen*, and *Powdering* [illegible]: in very few Families: for Phyſicians have b[illegible]y peculiar in their Diet in all ages; otherwiſe [illegible] would ſcarce have found-out that young Foxes w[illegible]n ſeaſon in Autumn. 5. The *Sucking Pig* boil[illegible] in Paper. 6. The *Hare*, the chief of the Roman [illegible] *ties*; its Blood being the ſweeteſt of any [illegible], no natural fear contributing to that excellence. [illegible]ugh the Emperors and Nobility had Parks to [illegible] in; yet in the time of Didianus Julianus- [illegible]nd ſent him one, or a Pig, he would ma[illegible]nt him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which muſt have bee[illegible] a great expence, and is very remarkable. But the m[illegible]ſt exquiſite Animal was reſerved for the laſt Chapter; and that was the *Dormouſe*, a harmleſs creature, whoſe innocence might at leaſt have defended it both from Cooks and Phyſicians. But Apicius found out an odd ſort of fate for thoſe poor creatures; ſome to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into *Hogs-guts*, and ſo boiled for Sauſages. In ancient times, people made it their buſineſs to fatten them: Ariſtotle rightly obſerves, that ſleep fattened them; and Martial from thence too poetically tells us that ſleep was their only nouriſhment. But the Annotator has cleared that point; he, good man, has tenderly obſerved one of them for many years, and finds that it does not ſleep all the Winter, as falſely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repaſt then rolls

[illegible] up [illegible] to sleep. This Dormouse, according to the Author, did not drink in three years time; but whether other Dormice do so, I cannot tell, because Bamouutelburgius's Treatise "of Fattening "Dormice" [illegible] out. Though very costly, they became a common dish at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd Receipt for dressing them, and serving them up with Poppies and Honey: which must be a very soporiferous dainty, and as good as Owl-pye to such as want a nap after dinner. The fondness of the Romans came to be so excessive towards them, that, as Pliny says, "the Censorian Laws, and Marcus Scaurus "in his Consulship, got them prohibited from public "entertainments." But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus, would not deny the liberty, and indeed property, of their subjects in so reasonable an enjoyment: and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewise, that "Scales were brought to table in [illegible] "ages, to weigh curious Fishes, Birds, and Dormice," to see whether they were at the standard of excellence and perfection, and sometimes, I suppose, to [illegible] other pretenders to magnificence. The [illegible] takes hold of this occasion, to shew "of how great use Scales "would be at the tables of our Nobility," especially upon the bringing up of a dish of Wild-fowl: "For, "if twelve Larks (says he) should weigh below twelve "ounces, they would be very lean, and scarce tolerable: [illegible] twelve and [illegible] they would be [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

"perfection." We ſee upon how nice and exact a balance the happineſs of Eating depends!

I could ſcarce forbear ſmiling, not to ſay worſe, at ſuch exactneſs and ſuch dainties; and told my Friend, that thoſe ſcales would be of extraordinary uſe at Dunſtable; and that, if the Annotator had not preſcribed his Dormouſe, I ſhould upon the firſt occaſion be glad to viſit it, if I knew its viſiting-days and hours, ſo as not to diſturb it.

My Friend ſaid, there remained but Two Books more, one of Sea and the other of River Fiſh, in the account of which he would not be long, ſeeing his memory began to fail him almoſt as much as my patience.

"'Tis true, in a long work, ſoft ſlumbers creep,
"And gently ſink the Artiſt into ſleep*;"

eſpecially when treating of Dormice.

The Ninth Book is concerning Sea Fiſh, where, amongſt other learned Annotations, is recorded that famous Voyage of Apicius, who, having ſpent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were Lobſters of a vaſt and unuſual bigneſs in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on ſhipboard the ſame day; and, having ſuffered much at ſea, came at laſt to the coaſt. But the fame of ſo great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the Fiſhermen ſailed out to meet him, and preſented him with their faireſt Lobſters. He aſked, if they had no larger.

* Art of Cookery, ver. 449.

They

[illegible] thing more [illegible] This honeſt [illegible] diſappointment, ſo diſ- [illegible] the Maſter re- [illegible], it ſeems, Africa [illegible] more than it had before. [illegible] Boots to dreſs Camp- [illegible] that touch [illegible]

[illegible]

meat, which, put into a frame, ſo reſembled a Herring, that it was extremely ſatisfactory both to this Prince's eyes and *guſto*. My Friend told me, that, to the honour of the City of London, he had ſeen a thing of this nature there; that is, a Herring, or rather a Salmogundy, with the head and tail ſo neatly laid, that it ſurprized him. He ſays, many of the *ſpecies* may be found at the Sugar Loaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent reliſh to Burton Ale, and not coſting above ſix-pence, an inconſiderable price for ſo imperial a dainty!

The Tenth Book, as my Friend tells me, is concerning *Fiſh Sauces*, which conſiſt of variety of ingredients, amongſt which is generally a kind of Frumetary. But it is not to be forgotten by any perſon who would boil Fiſh exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at preſent is ſaid to be a Dutch Receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It ſeems, Seneca the Philoſopher (a man from whoſe moroſe temper little good in the Art of Cookery could be expected), in his Third Book of Natural Queſtions, correcting the luxury of the times, ſays, the Romans were come to that daintineſs, that they would not eat a Fiſh unleſs upon the ſame day it was taken, "that it might taſte of the Sea," as they expreſſed it; and therefore had them brought by perſons who rode poſt, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an uſual expreſſion for a Roman to ſay, "In other matters I may confide in you; but in "a thing of this weight, it is not conſiſtent with my

"gravity and prudence. I will truſt nothing but my "own eyes. Bring the Fiſh hither, let me ſee him "breathe his laſt." And, when the poor Fiſh was brought to table ſwimming and gaſping, would cry out, "Nothing is more beautiful than a dying Mullet!" My Friend ſays, the Annotator looks upon theſe "as "jeſts made by the Stoicks, and ſpoken abſurdly and "beyond nature;" though the Annotator at the ſame time tells us, that it was a law at Athens, that the Fiſhermen ſhould not waſh their Fiſh, but bring them as they came out of the ſea. Happy were the Athenians in good Laws, and the Romans in great Examples! But I believe our Britons need wiſh their Friends no longer life, than till they ſee London ſerved with live Herrings and gaſping Mackarel. It is true, we are not quite ſo barbarous but that we throw our Crabs alive into ſcalding water, and tie our Lobſters to the ſpit to hear them ſqueak when they are roaſted; our Eels uſe the ſame periſtaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their ſkin is off and their guts are out, as they did before; and our Gudgeons, taking opportunity of jumping after they are flowered, give occaſion to the admirable remark of ſome perſons' folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My Friend ſaid, that the mention of Eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the Annotator, "That they who amongſt the Sybarites would fiſh for "Eels, or ſell them, ſhould be free from all taxes." I was glad to hear of the word *conclude*; and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the men-

tion of the Sybarites, of whom I ſhortly intend a Hiſtory, ſhewing how they deſervedly baniſhed Cocks for waking them in a morning, and Smiths for being uſeful; how one cried out becauſe one of the Roſe-leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their Horſes to dance; and ſo their enemies, coming againſt them with *guitars* and *harpſichords*, ſet them ſo upon their *Round O's* and *Minuets*, that the form of their battle was broken, and three hundred thouſand of them ſlain, as Gouldman, Littleton, and ſeveral other good Authors, affirm. I told my Friend, I had much over-ſtayed my hour; but if, at any time, he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caſpar Barthius, and another Friend, with himſelf, I would invite him to dinner of a few but choice Diſhes to cover the Table at once, which, except they would think of any thing better, ſhould be a Salacacaby, a Diſh of Fenugreek, a Wild-Sheep's head and appurtenance with a ſuitable Electuary, a *ragout* of Capon's Stones, and ſome Dormouſe Sauſages.

If, as Friends do with one another at a Veniſon-paſty, you ſhould ſend for a plate, you know you may command it; for what is mine is yours, as being entirely your, &c.

THE

ART OF LOVE;

IN IMITATION OF

OVID DE ARTE AMANDI.

The virtuous diſpoſition of our Author is no where more remarkably diſtinguiſhed than in this piece; wherein both the ſubject and the example ſo naturally lead into ſome leſs chaſte images, ſome looſer love which ſtands in need of a remedy.

BIOG. BRIT.

TO THE

LORD HERBERT*,

Eldeſt Son of his Excellency the Earl of PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY; Baron HERBERT of Caerdiff, Ross of Kendal, PARR, FITZ-HUGH MARMION, ST. QUINTIN, and HERBERT of Shutland; Knight of the Garter, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE following lines are written on a ſubject that will naturally be protected by the goodneſs and temper of your Lordſhip: for, as the advantages of your mind and perſon muſt kindle the flames of Love in the coldeſt breaſt; ſo you are of an age moſt ſuſceptible of them in your own. You have acquired all thoſe accompliſhments at home, which others are forced to ſeek abroad; and have given the world aſſurance, by ſuch beginnings, that you will ſoon be qualified to fill the higheſt Offices of the Crown with the ſame univerſal applauſe that has conſtantly attended your illuſtrious Father in the diſcharge of them. For the good of your Poſterity, may you ever be happy in the choice of what you love! And though theſe rules will be of ſmall uſe

* Henry lord Herbert ſucceeded to his father's titles in 1732, and died in 1749. N.

[illegible] that can frame much better; yet let me beg leave that, by dedicating them to your service, I may have the honour of telling the world, that I am obliged to your Lordship; and that I am most entirely

Your Lordship's

Most faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

IT is endeavoured, in the following Poems, to give the Readers of both ſexes ſome ideas of the Art of Love; ſuch a Love as is innocent and virtuous, and whoſe deſires terminate in preſent happineſs and that of poſterity. It would be in vain to think of doing it without help from the Ancients, amongſt whom none has touched that paſſion more tenderly and juſtly than Ovid. He knew that he bore the maſterſhip in that Art; and therefore, in the Fourth Book De Triſtibus, when he would give ſome account of himſelf to future ages, he calls himſelf "Tenerorum Luſor Amorum," as if he gloried principally in the deſcriptions he had made of that paſſion.

The preſent imitation of him is at leaſt ſuch a one as Mr. Dryden mentions, "to be an endeavour of a "later Poet to write like one who has written before "him on the ſame ſubject; that is, not to tranſlate his "words, or be confined to his ſenſe, but only to ſet "him as a pattern, and to write as he ſuppoſes that "Author would have done, had he lived in our age "and in our country. But he dares not ſay that Sir "John Denham *, or Mr. Cowley, have carried this

* Mr. Dryden alludes to "The Deſtruction of "Troy, &c." N.

"Libertine way, as the latter calls it, ſo far as this "definition reaches." But, alas! the preſent Imitator has come up to it, if not perhaps exceeded it. Sir John Denham had Virgil, and Mr. Cowley had Pindar, to deal with, who both wrote upon laſting foundations: but, the preſent ſubject being Love, it would be unreaſonable to think of too great a confinement to be laid on it. And though the paſſion and grounds of it will continue the ſame through all ages; yet there will be many little modes, faſhions, and graces, ways of complaiſance and addreſs, entertainments and diverſions, which time will vary. Since the world will expect new things, and perſons will write, and the Ancients have ſo great a fund of Learning; whom can the Moderns take better to copy than ſuch originals? It is moſt likely they may not come up to them; but it is a thouſand to one but their imitation is better than any clumſy invention of their own. Whoever undertakes this way of writing, has as much reaſon to underſtand the true ſcope, genius, and force of the expreſſions of his Author, as a literal Tranſlator: and, after all, he lies under this misfortune, that the faults are all his own; and, if there is any thing that may ſeem pardonable, the Latin* at the bottom ſhews to whom he is engaged for it. An Imitator and his Author ſtand

* In the firſt editions of the "Art of Cookery," and of the "Art of Love," Dr. King printed the original under the reſpective pages of his tranſlations. N.

much

much upon the ſame terms as Ben does with his Father in the Comedy *:

" What thof he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice
" to 'en."

There were many reaſons why the Imitator tranſpoſed ſeveral Verſes of Ovid, and has divided the whole into Fourteen Parts, rather than keep it in Three Books. Theſe may be too tedious to be recited; but, among the reſt, ſome were, that matters of the ſame ſubject might lie more compact; that too large a heap of precepts together might appear too burthenſome; and therefore (if ſmall matters may allude to greater) as Virgil in his " Georgicks," ſo here moſt of the parts end with ſome remarkable Fable, which carries with it ſome Moral: yet, if any perſons pleaſe to take the Six firſt Parts as the Firſt Book, and divide the Eight laſt, they may make Three Books of them again. There have by chance ſome twenty lines crept into the Poem out of the " Remedy of Love," which (as inanimate things are generally the moſt wayward and provoking) ſince they would ſtay, have been ſuffered to ſtand there. But as for the Love here mentioned, it being all prudent, honourable, and virtuous, there is no need of any remedy to be preſcribed for it, but the ſpeedy obtaining of what it deſires. Should the Imitator's ſtyle ſeem not to be ſufficiently reſtrained, ſhould he not have afforded pains for review or correction, let it be

* Congreve's Love for Love. N.

conſi-

conſidered, that perhaps even in that he deſired to imitate his Author, and would not peruſe them; leſt, as ſome of Ovid's Works were, ſo theſe might be committed to the flames. But he leaves that for the Reader to do, if he pleaſes, when he has bought them.

THE

THE ART OF LOVE.

PART I.

WHOEVER knows not what it is TO LOVE,
Let him but read theſe verſes, and improve.
Swift ſhips are rul'd by art, and oars, and ſails:
Skill guides our chariots; Wit o'er Love prevails.
Automedon with reins let looſe could fly;
Tiphys with Argo's ſhip cut waves and ſky.
In Love-affairs I 'm charioteer of Truth,
And ſureſt pilot to incautious youth.
Love 's hot, unruly, eager to enjoy;
But then conſider he is but a boy.
Chiron with pleaſing harp Achilles tam'd,
And his rough manners with ſoft muſick fram'd:
Though he 'd in council ſtorm, in battle rage,
He bore a ſecret reverence for age.
Chiron's command with ſtrict obedience ties
The ſinewy arm by which brave Hector dies:
That was *his* taſk, but fiercer Love is mine:
They both are boys, and ſprung from race divine.
The ſtiff-neck'd bull does to the yoke ſubmit,
And the moſt fiery courſer champs the bit.

So

So Love ſhall yield. I own, I 've been his ſlave;
But conquer'd where my enemy was brave:
And now he darts his flames without a wound,
And all his whiſtling arrows die in ſound.
Nor will I raiſe my fame by hidden art;
In what I teach, ſound reaſon ſhall have part:
For Nature's paſſion cannot be deſtroy'd,
But moves in Virtue's path when well employ'd.
Yet ſtill 'twill be convenient to remove
The tyranny and plagues of vulgar love.
May infant Chaſtity, grave matron's pride,
A parent's wiſh, and bluſhes of a bride,
Protect this Work; ſo guard it, that no rhyme
In ſyllable or thought may vent a crime!
The Soldier, that Love's armour would defy,
Will find his greateſt courage is to fly:
When Beauty's amorous glances parley beat,
The only conqueſt then is to retreat:
But, if the treacherous Fair pretend to yield,
'Tis preſent death unleſs you quit the field.
Whilſt youth and vanity would make you range,
Think on ſome beauty may prevent your change:
But ſuch by falling ſkies are never caught;
No happineſs is found but what is ſought.
The huntſman learns where does trip o'er the lawn,
And where the foaming boar ſecures his brawn.
The fowler's low-bell robs the lark of ſleep;
And they who hope for fiſh muſt ſearch the deep:
And he, that fuel ſeeks for chaſte deſire,
Muſt ſearch where Virtue may that flame inſpire.

To

To foreign parts there is no need to roam:
The bleſſing may be met with nearer home.
From India ſome, others from neighbouring France,
Bring tawny ſkins, and puppets that can dance.
The Seat of Britiſh Empire does contain
Beauties that o'er the conquer'd globe will reign.
As fruitful fields with plenty bleſs the ſight,
And as the milky way adorns the night;
So *that* does with thoſe graceful nymphs abound,
Whoſe dove-like ſoftneſs is with roſes crown'd.
There tendereſt blooms inviting ſoftneſs ſpread,
Whilſt by their ſmalleſt twine the captive 's led.
There youth advanc'd in majeſty does ſhine,
Fit to be mother to a race divine.
No age in matrons, no decay appears;
By prudence only there you gueſs at years.
Sometimes you 'll ſee theſe Beauties ſeek the ſhade
By lofty trees in royal gardens made;
Or at St. James's, where a noble care
Makes all things pleaſing like himſelf appear;
Or Kenſington, ſweet air and bleſt retreat
Of him, that owns a Sovereign, though moſt great *.

* George Prince of Denmark, conſort to the Queen, greatly admired theſe fine gardens. — They were purchaſed by King William from Lord Chancellor Finch; were enlarged by Queen Mary; and improved by Queen Anne, who was ſo pleaſed with the place, that ſhe frequently ſupped during the ſummer in the Green-houſe. Queen Caroline extended the gardens to their preſent ſize, three miles and a half in compaſs. N.

Some-

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] he endures,
[illegible]
[illegible] may enjoy
[illegible] a mother's eye.
[illegible] dances move.
[illegible] commanding love.
[illegible] when that solemn night returns,
When grateful incense on the altar burns,
For closing the most glorious day e'er seen,
That first gave light to happy Britain's Queen;
Then is the time for noble youths to try
To make their choice with a judicious eye.
Not truth of foreign realms, nor fables told
Of Nymphs ador'd, and Goddesses of old,
Equal those beauties who that circle frame;
A subject fit for never-dying fame:
Whose gold, pearl, diamonds, all around them thrown,
Yet still can add no lustre to their own.
But when their Queen does to the Senate go,
And they make up the grandeur of the show;
Then guard your hearts, ye makers of our laws,
For fear the judge be forc'd to plead his cause;

Lest

Leſt the ſubmiſſive part ſhould fall to you,
And they who ſuppliants help be forc'd to ſue.
Then may their yielding hearts compaſſion take,
And grant your wiſhes, for your country's ſake:
Eaſe to their beauties' wounds may goodneſs give;
And, ſince you make all happy, let you live.
Sometimes theſe Beauties on New-market plains,
Ruling their gentle pads with ſilken reins,
Behold the conflicts of the generous ſteeds,
Sprung from true blood, and well-atteſted breeds.
There youth may juſtly with diſcerning eye
Through riding Amazonian habit ſpy
That which his ſwifteſt courſer cannot fly.
It is no treacherous or baſe piece of art,
T'approve the ſide with which the Fair takes part:
For equal paſſion equal minds will ſtrike,
Either in commendation or diſlike.
For, when two fencers ready ſtand to fight,
And we 're ſpectators of the bloody fight,
Our nimble paſſion Love has ſoon deſign'd
The man to whom we muſt and will be kind.
We think the other is not fit to win:
This is our conqueror ere fight begin.
If danger dares approach him, how we ſtart!
Our frighted blood runs trembling to our heart:
He takes the wounds, but we endure the ſmart.
And Nature by ſuch inſtances does prove,
That we fear moſt for that which moſt we love.
Therefore, if chance ſhould make her ſaddle ſlide,
Or any thing ſhould ſlip, or be untied,

[illegible]
With [illegible] and help the Fair.
[illegible] the powers above
[illegible] their love.
[illegible]
[illegible] Heaven [illegible] again [illegible]
Where [illegible]
[illegible]
Was [illegible]
[illegible]
Young [illegible]
And [illegible]
The [illegible]

Ma[illegible] give
M[illegible] may [illegible]
To whom kind H[illegible]
To let her arms [illegible]
No tyrant [illegible] throughout the triumph [illegible]
Nor a [illegible]
But all declare the British [illegible]
And that their war is for their neighbours' peace.
Then, whilst the pomp of Majesty [illegible]
With [illegible] steps, and [illegible] well-chosen deeds.
From every palace Beauties may be seen,
That will acknowledge none but Her for Queen.
Then, [illegible] chance a lovely Maid has thrown
Next to a Youth with graces like her own,

* Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have been indebted to this little mark of gallantry for his rise at

Much ſhe would learn, and many queſtions aſk;
The anſwers are the Lover's pleaſing taſk.
" Is that the *man* who made the French to fly?
" What place is Blenheim? is the Danube nigh?
" Where was 't that he with ſword victorious ſtood,
" And made their trembling ſquadrons chuſe the flood?
" What is the *gold* adorns this royal ſtate?
" Is it not hammer'd all from Vigo's plate?
" Don't it require a moſt prodigious care
" To manage treaſures in the height of war?
" Muſt he not be of calmeſt truth poſſeſt,
" Preſides o'er councils of the Royal breaſt?
" Sea-fights are ſurely diſmal ſcenes of war!
" Pray, Sir, were ever you at Gibraltar?
" Has not the Emperor got ſome Envoy here?
" Won't Daniſh, Swediſh, Pruſſian Lords appear?
" Who repreſents the Line of Hanover?
" Don't The States General affiſt them all?
" Should we not be in danger, if they fall?
" If Savoy's Duke and Prince Eugene could meet
" In this ſolemnity, 'twould be complete.
" Think you that Barcelona could have ſtood
" Without the hazard of our nobleſt blood!
" At Ramilies what enſigns did you get?
" Did many towns in Flanders then ſubmit?
" Was it the Conqueror's buſineſs to deſtroy,
" Or was he met by all of them with joy?
" Oh, could my wiſh but fame eternal give,
" The laurel on thoſe brows ſhould ever live!"

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] upon the world;

[illegible]

[illegible] fathers' eyes.

As [illegible] from hive, from mole-hill ants;

So swarm the females and gallants,

All crowding to the Comedy,

[illegible] to be seen, and not to see.

But, though these females are to blame,

Yet still they have some native shame:

They all are ſilent till they 're aſk'd;
And ev'n their impudence is maſk'd:
For Nature would be modeſt ſtill,
And there 's reluctancy in will.
Sporting and Plays had harmleſs been,
And might by any one be ſeen,
Till Romulus began to ſpoil them,
Who kept a Palace, call'd ASYLUM;
Where Baſtards, Pimps, and Thieves, and Pandars,
Were liſted all to be commanders.
But then the raſcals were ſo poor,
They could not change a Rogue for Whore;
And neighbouring Jades reſolv'd to tarry,
Rather than with ſuch Scrubs they 'd marry.
But, for to cheat them, and be wiv'd,
They knaviſhly a farce contriv'd.
No gilded pillars there were ſeen,
Nor was the cloth they trod on green.
No Ghoſts came from the cellar crying,
Nor Angels from the garret flying.
The Houſe was made of ſticks and buſhes,
And all the Floor was ſtrew'd with ruſhes:
The Seats were rais'd with turf and ſods,
Whence Heroes might be view'd, and Gods.
Paris and Helen was the Play,
And how both of them ran away.
Romulus bade his varlets go
Invite the Sabines to his ſhow.
Unto this Opera no rate is;
They all were free to come in *gratis*:

PART

PART III.

NOW learn thoſe arts which teach you to obtain
Thoſe beauties which you ſee divinely reign.
Though they by Nature are tranſcendent bright,
And would be ſeen ev'n through the gloom of night;
Yet they their greateſt luſtre ſtill diſplay
In the meridian pitch of calmeſt day.
'Tis then we purple view, and coſtly gem,
And with more admiration gaze on them.
Faults ſeek the dark; they who by moon-light woo,
May find their Fair-one as inconſtant too.
When Modeſty ſupported is by Truth,
There is a boldneſs that becomes your youth.
In gentle ſounds diſcloſe a Lover's care,
'Tis better than your ſighing and deſpair.
Birds may abhor their groves, the flocks the plain,
The Hare grown bold may face the Dogs again,
When Beauty don't in Virtue's arms rejoice,
Since Harmony in Love is Nature's voice.
But harden'd Impudence ſometimes will try
At things which Juſtice cannot but deny.
Then, what that ſays is Inſolence and Pride,
Is Prudence, with firm Honour for its guide.
The Lady's counſels often are betray'd
By truſting ſecrets to a ſervile Maid,
The whole intrigues of whoſe inſidious brain
Are baſe, and only terminate in gain.

Let them take care of too diffusive tongues;
Suſpicions thence, and thence attempts, take birth.
Had Ilium been with gravity employ'd,
By Sinon's craft it had not been deſtroy'd.
A vulgar air, mean ſongs, and free diſcourſe,
With ſly inſinuations, may prove worſe
To tender Females than the Trojan Horſe.
Take care how you from Virtue ſtray;
For Scandal follows the ſame way,
And more than Truth it will deviſe.
Old Poets did delight in lies,
Which modern ones now call *ſurprize*.
Some ſay that Myrrha lov'd her Father,
That Byblis lik'd her Brother rather.
And in ſuch tales old Greece did glory:
Amongſt the which, pray take this Story.
Crete was an Iſle, whoſe fruitful nations
Swarm'd with an hundred corporations,
And there upon Mount Ida ſtood
A venerable ſpacious wood,
Within whoſe centre was a grove
Immortaliz'd by birth of Jove:
In vales below a Bull was fed,
Whom all the Kine obey'd as head;
Betwixt his horns a tuft of black did grow,
But all the reſt of him was driven ſnow.
(Our tale to truth does not confine us.)
At the ſame time one Juſtice Minos,
That liv'd hard-by, was married lately;
And, that his bride might ſhew more ſtately,

When

When through her pedigree he run,
Found ſhe was daughter to the Sun.
Her name Paſiphaë was hight,
And, as her Father, ſhe was bright.
This Lady took up an odd fancy,
That with this Bull ſhe fain would dance ye.
She 'd mow him graſs, and cut down boughs,
On which his ſtatelineſs might browſe.
Whilſt thus ſhe hedges breaks and climbs,
Sure Minos muſt have happy times!
She never car'd for going fine,
She 'd rather trudge among the Kine.
Then at her Toilet ſhe would ſay,
" Methinks I look *bizarre* to-day.
" Sure my glaſs lies, I 'm not ſo fair:
" Oh, were this face o'er-grown with hair!
" I never was for top-knots born;
" My favourites ſhould each be horn.
" But now I 'm liker to a Sow
" Than, what I wiſh to be, a Cow —
" What would I give that I could lough!
" My Bull-y cares for none of thoſe
" That are afraid to ſpoil their cloaths:
" Did he but love me, he 'd not fail
" To take me with my draggle-tail."
Then tears would fall, and then ſhe 'd run,
As would the Devil upon Dun.
When ſhe ſome handſome Cow did ſpy,
She 'd ſcan her form with jealous eye;

Say,

Say, "How she trots it o'er the plain,
"Runs on, and then turns back again!
"She seems a Bear resolv'd to prance,
"Or a She-Goat that uses to dance.
"In vain she thinks herself so fine:
"She can't please Bull—s, for he 's mine.
"But 'tis revenge alone assuages
"My envy when the passion rages.
"Here, Rascal, quickly yoke that Cow,
"And see the shrivel'd carcass plough.
"But second counsel 's best in dies:
"I 'll make immediate sacrifice,
"And with the victim feast my eyes.
"'Tis thus my Rivals I 'll remove,
"Who interpose 'twixt me and what I love.
"Io in Egypt 's worshipp'd now,
"Since Jove transform'd her to a Cow.
"'Twas on a Bull Europa came
"To that blest land which bears her name.
"Who knows what Fate 's ordain'd for me
"The languishing Pasiphaë,
"Had I a Bull as kind as she!"
When madness rages with unusual fire,
'Tis not in Nature's power to quench desire;
Then Vice transforms man's reason into beast,
And so the monster 's made the Poet's jest.

PART

PART IV.

LET Youth avoid the noxious heat of Wine:
Bacchus to Cupid bears an ill deſign.
The grape, when ſcatter'd on the wings of Love,
So clogs the down, the feathers cannot move.
The boy, who otherwiſe would fleeting ſtray,
Reels, tumbles, lies, and is enforc'd to ſtay.
Then courage riſes, when the ſpirit 's fir'd,
And rages to poſſeſs the thing deſir'd:
Care vaniſhes through the exalted blood,
And ſorrow paſſes in the purple flood;
Laughter proceeds; nor can he want a ſoul,
Whoſe thoughts in fancied heaps of plenty roll.
Uncommon freedom lets the lips impart
Plain ſimple truth from a diſſembling heart.
Then to ſome wanton paſſion he muſt run,
Which his diſcreeter hours would gladly ſhun;
Where he the time in thoughtleſs eaſe may paſs,
And write his *billet-doux* upon the glaſs;
Whilſt ſinking eyes with languiſhment profeſs
Follies his tongue refuſes to confeſs.
Then his good-nature will take t'other ſup,
If ſhe 'll firſt kiſs, that he may kiſs the cup.
Then ſomething nice and coſtly he could eat,
Suppoſing ſtill that ſhe will carve the meat.
But, if a Brother or a Huſband 's by,
Whom the ill-natur'd world may call a ſpy,

He

He thinks it not below him to pretend
The open-heartedness of a true friend;
Gives him respect surpassing his degree:
The person that is meant by all is *she*.
'Tis thought the safest way to hide a passion,
And therefore call'd the friendship now in fashion.
By secret signs and enigmatic stealth,
She is the toast belongs to every health:
And all the Lover's business is to keep
His thoughts from anger, and his eyes from sleep:
He 'll laugh ye, dance ye, sing ye, vault, look gay,
And ruffle all the Ladies in his play.
But still the Gentleman 's extremely fine;
There 's nothing spoils in him but the wine.
Many a mortal has been hit
By marrying in the drunken fit.
To lay the matter plain before ye,
Pray hearken whilst I tell my story.
It happen'd about break of day
Gnossis a girl had lost her way,
And wander'd up and down the Strand,
Whereabouts *now* York Buildings stand:
And half-awake she roar'd as bad
As if she really had been mad;
Unlac'd her boddice, and her gown
And petticoats hung dangling down:
Her shoes were slipt, her ankles bare,
And all around her flew her yellow hair.
Oh, cruel Theseus! can you go,
And leave your little Gnossis so?

You

You in your ſcull' did promiſe carriage,
And gave me proofs of future marriage;
But then laſt night away did creep,
And baſely left me faſt aſleep.
Then ſhe is falling in a fit;
But don't grow uglier one bit.
The flood of tears rather ſupplies
The native rheum about her eyes.
The bubbies then are beat again:
Women in paſſion feel no pain.
What will become of me? oh, what
Will come of me? oh, tell me that!
Bacco was Drawer at the Sun,
And had his belly like his tun:
For blubber-lips and cheeks all bloated,
And frizzled pate, the youth was noted.
He, as his cuſtom was, got drunk,
And then went ſtroling for a punk.
Six links and lanterns, 'cauſe 'twas dark yet,
He preſs'd from Covent-Garden Market:
Then his next captives were the Waits,
Who play'd left he ſhould break their pates.
But, as along in ſtate he paſſes,
He met a fellow driving aſſes:
For there are ſeveral folks, whoſe trade is
To milk them for conſumptive ladies.
Nothing would ſerve but get aſtride,
And the old Bell-man too muſt ride.
What with their houting ſhouting yell,
The ſcene had ſomething in 't of hell.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 470

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 475

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 480

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 485

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

In short, they marry, and both make ye, 490
He a fine Lord-man, she a fine Lady-ly.

The Spartan Lords their Villains would invite
To an excess of drink in children's sight.
The parent thus their innocence would save,
And to the loss of Wine condemn the Slave. 495

PART V.

THE ſeaſon muſt be mark'd for nice addreſs:
A grant ill-tim'd will make the favour leſs.
Not the wiſe Gardener more diſcretion needs
To manage tender plants and hopeful ſeeds,
To know when rain, when warmth, muſt guard his flowers,
Than Lovers do to watch their moſt auſpicious hours.
As the judicious pilot views from far
The influences of each riſing ſtar,
Where ſigns of future calms or ſtorms appear,
When fitting to be bold, and when to fear;
So Love's attendant by long art deſcries
The riſe of growing paſſion from the eyes.
Love has its Feſtival as well as Faſt,
Nor does its Carnival for ever laſt.
What was a viſit, now is to intrude;
What 's civil now, to-morrow will be rude.
Small ſigns denote great things: the happy man
That can retrieve a Glove, or falling Fan,
With grateful joy the benefit receives,
Whilſt with deſponding care his Rival grieves.
Whene'er it may ſeem proper you ſhould write,
Let Ovid the prevailing words indite:
By Scrope *, by Duke, by Mulgrave, then be taught,
And Dryden's equal numbers tune your thought.

Sub-

* Sir Car Scrope, one of thoſe writers in the reign of King Charles the Second, that Mr. Pope calls "The Mob of Gentlemen who write with eaſe."

He

[illegible] to [illegible] agree
[illegible] fortune who must suppliants be.
[illegible] like this great Priam won
[illegible] and so obtain'd his son.
[illegible] Goddess in your case,
[illegible] your speed in Cupid's race.
[illegible] omises it fail sometimes,
[illegible] solution still it climes.
[illegible] lost at play; [illegible] Hope at last
[illegible] meets with some successful craft.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] must
[illegible] might [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Youth [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Virgil [illegible]
[illegible]

Dreſs thoughts as if Love's ſilence firſt were broke,
And wounded heart with trembling paſſion ſpoke.
  Suppoſe that your firſt Letter is ſent back;
Yet ſhe may yield upon the next attack.
If not; by art a Diamond rough in hue
Shall brighten up all-glorious to the view.
Soft water-drops the marble will deſtroy,
And ten years' ſiege prove conqueror of Troy.
  Suppoſe ſh' has read, but then no anſwer gave:
It is ſufficient ſhe admits her ſlave.
Write on; for time the freedom may obtain
Of having mutual love ſent back again.
  Perhaps ſhe writes, but 'tis to bid you ceaſe,
And that your lines but diſcompoſe her peace.
This is a ſtratagem of Cupid's war:
She 'd, like a Parthian, wound you from afar,
And by this art your conſtancy would try:
She 's neareſt much when ſeeming thus to fly.
Purſue the fair diſdain through every place
That with her preſence ſhe vouchſafes to grace.
If to the Play ſhe goes, be there, and ſee
How Love rewarded makes the Comedy.
Fly to the Park, if thither ſhe 'd retire;
Perhaps ſome gentle breeze may fan the fire.
But if to Court, then follow, where you 'll find
Majeſtic Truth with ſacred Hymen join'd.
  It is in vain ſome ſtudy to profeſs
Their inclination by too nice a dreſs,
As not content with manly cleanlineſs.

Mien, ſhape, or manner, no addition needs:
There 's ſomething careleſs that all art exceeds.
Adonis from his lonely ſolitudes,
Rough Theſeus landing from the briny floods,
Hippolytus freſh hunting from the woods,
O'er Heroines of race divine prevail'd,
Where powder'd wig and ſnuff-box might have fail'd.
No youth that 's wiſe will to his figure truſt,
As if ſo fine to be accoſted firſt.
Diſtreſs muſt aſk, and gratefully receive:
'Tis Heaven and Beauty's honour, they can give.
There 's ſome have thought that looking pale and wan,
With a ſubmiſſion that is leſs than man,
Might gain their end; but ſunk in the attempt,
And found, that which they merited, contempt.
Gain but admittance, half your ſtory 's told:
There 's nothing then remains but to be bold.
Venus and Fortune will aſſiſt your claim;
And Cupid dart the breaſt at which you aim.
No need of ſtudied ſpeech, or ſkilful rules:
Love has an eloquence beyond the ſchools;
Where ſofteſt words and accents will be found
All flowing in, to form the charming ſound.
Of her you love bright images you 'll raiſe:
When juſt, they are not flattery, but praiſe.
What can be ſaid too much of what is good,
Since an immortal fame is Virtue's food?
For nine years' ſpace Egypt had fruitleſs ſtood,
Without the aid of Nile's prolific flood;

When

When Thrasius said, "That blessing to regain,
"The Gods require a stranger should be slain."
"Be thou the man," (the fierce Busiris cries:)
"I'll make th' adviser his own sacrifice;
"Nor can he blame the voice by which he dies."
Perillus, first and last of's trade,
For Phalaris a Bull had made:
With fire beneath, and water hot,
He put the brasier in the pot,
And gave him, like an honest fellow,
Precedence in his Bull to bellow.
The Tyrants both did right: No law more just
Than, "He that thinks of ill, should feel it first."
Curst be their arts, unstudied be their trade,
Who female truth by falsehood would invade:
That can betray a friend or kinsman's names,
And by that covert hide unlawful flames:
Whose eager passion finds its sure relief,
When terminating in another's grief!
Careless hereafter what they promise now,
To the Æolian winds commit their vow;
Then cite th' example of the faithless Jove,
Who laughs, they say, at perjury in Love.
They think they have a thousand ways to please,
Ten thousand more to rob the mind of ease.
For, as the earth in various birth abounds,
Their humour dances in fantastic rounds;
Like Proteus, can be Lion, River, Bear,
A Tree, or any thing that 's fram'd of air.

Thus they lay ſnares, thus they ſet off their bait
With all the fine allurements of deceit.
But they, who through this courſe of miſchief run,
Will find that fraud is various, Virtue ONE.

Achilles, a gigantic boy,
Was wanted at the ſiege of Troy:
His country's danger did require him,
And all the generals did deſire him:
For Diſcord, you muſt know, had thrown
An Apple where 'twas two to one
But, if a ſtir was made about it,
Two of the three muſt go without it.
And ſo it was; for Paris gave it
To Venus, who reſolv'd to have it.
(The ſtory here would be too long:
But you may find it in the Song.)
Venus, although not over-virtuous,
Yet ſtill deſigning to be courteous,
Reſolved to procure the varlet
A flaming and triumphant harlot;
Firſt ſtol'n by one ſhe would not ſtay with,
Then married to be run away with.
Her Paris carried to his mother;
And thence in Greece aroſe that pother,
Of which old Homer, Virgil, Dante,
And Chaucer, make us ſuch a cant.
It was a juſt and noble cauſe,
The breach of hoſpitable laws:
Though done to one, yet common grief
Made all unite to ſeek relief.

But,

But, when they fought the country round,
There 's no Achilles could be found.
His mother was afraid t' have loſt him,
And therefore thus ſhe did accoſt him :
" My pretty dear, let me perſuade ye
" This once for to become a lady.
" This petticoat and mantua take,
" And wear this nightrail for my ſake.
" I 've made your knots all of the ſmalleſt,
" Becauſe you 're ſomething of the talleſt.
" I 'd have you never go unlac'd,
" For fear of ſpoiling of your waiſt.
" Now languiſh on me—ſcorn me now—
" Smile—frown—run—laugh—I ſee 'twill do.
" You'd perfect all you now begin,
" Only for poking out your chin."
Him thus inſtructed ſoon ſhe ſends
To Lycomede, and there pretends
It was a daughter of a Friend's,
Who, grown full large by country feeding,
Was ſent to her, to mend her breeding.
Herſelf had now no child, nor no man
To truſt but him, poor lonely woman!
That might reward him well hereafter,
If he would uſe her as his daughter.
In choice of names, as Iris, Chloe,
Pſyche and Phillis, ſhe took Zoe.
Th' old man receiv'd her, and expreſt
Much kindneſs for his topping gueſt:
Shew'd her his girls; ſaid, " Whilſt ſhe 'd ſtay,
" His Zoe ſhould be us'd as they."

At firſt there much reſerv'dneſs paſt:
But, when acquaintance grew at laſt,
They 'd jeſt, and every one would ſhew
Her works, which ſhe could never do.
One ſaid, her fingers were moſt fitting
For the moſt fiddling work of knitting.
Then one her wedding-bed would make,
And all muſt help her for love's ſake.
Zoe, undreſt in night-gown tawdry,
With clumſy fiſt muſt work embroidery;
Whilſt others try her greaſy clunches
With ſtoning currants in whole bunches.
But there was one, call'd Dedamy,
Miſtruſted ſomething by the by,
And, ſighing, thus one night ſhe ſaid,
"Why, Zoe, may n't we go to bed?"
"Soon as you pleaſe, good Miſtreſs Ded."
The fleeting months ſoon roll about;
Time came when murder all muſt out.
Zoe, for fear of the old man,
Into the army quickly ran;
And ſav'd the ſlitting of his noſe,
By timely changing of her cloaths.
Thus, whilſt we Glory's dictates ſhun,
Into the ſnares of Vice we run;
And he that ſhould his country ſerve,
And beauty by his worth deſerve,
In female ſoftneſs wanton ſtays,
And what he ſhould adore betrays.

PART VI.

BUT now, O happy Youth, thy prize is found,
And all thy wiſhes with ſucceſs are crown'd.
Not Io Pæans, when Apollo 's prais'd;
Not trophies to victorious Grecians rais'd;
Not acclamations of exalted Rome,
To welcome Peace with her Auguſtus home;
Can more delight a brave and generous mind,
Than it muſt you to ſee a Beauty kind:
The bays to me with gratitude you 'll give,
Like Heſiod and like Homer make me live.
Thus Pelops on triumphant chariot brought
Hippodamy, with his life's danger bought.
Thus proſperous Jaſon, rich with golden fleece,
On Argos' vocal timber ſail'd to Greece.
But ſtay, fond Youth; the danger is not paſt:
You 're not arriv'd in port, nor anchor caſt.
From you my heart may ſtill more bays deſerve,
If what by me you gain'd, by me you ſhall preſerve.
Nor than the conqueſt is the glory leſs,
To fix the throne on that which you poſſeſs.
Now, Erato, divineſt, ſofteſt Muſe,
Whoſe name and office both do Love infuſe,
Aſſiſt my great deſign: If Venus' Son,
That vagabond, would from his mother run,
And then, with ſoaring wings and body light,
Through the vaſt world's extent would take his flight;

[illegible]
[illegible] universal power owns.
[illegible]
[illegible] thought [illegible] Love.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
" [illegible] heard of Dædalus.
" [illegible] would have made him stay.
" [illegible] found his way.
" [illegible]
" [illegible]
" [illegible] where we act Plays.
" He made a [illegible] winding maze,
" [illegible]
" [illegible] Whores and Bastards [illegible]
" [illegible] your work : and now [illegible],
" [illegible] Sir, that you will do me justice.
" [illegible] for [illegible];
" [illegible] go no further :
" [illegible] punishment [illegible] have.
" [illegible] which my country gave :
" [illegible] afford me now a grave.
" [illegible] at least, if rather
" You'd keep the boy, dismiss his Father.
" This he might say, and more, or so ;
" But Minos would not let him go.
" At this he was enrag'd, and cried,
" It is in danger wit is tried :

" Minos

" Minos poſſeſſes Earth and Sea;
" The ſky and fire are left for me.
" Pardon my fond attempt, great Jove,
" If I approach your ſeats above.
" It is neceſſity that draws
" A new-invented rule for Nature's laws.
" Thus he began: Full many a feather
" With twine of thread he ſtitch'd together:
" (Abundance more than are enough
" To make your wife and mine a muff.)
" Thus he frames wings, and nothing lacks
" To fix the whole, but melted wax:
" That was the work of the young boy,
" Pleas'd at the fancy of the toy;
" Not gueſſing, ere he was much older,
" He ſhould have one upon each ſhoulder.
" To whom his Father: Here's the Ship
" By which we muſt from Minos ſlip.
" Child, follow me, juſt as I fly on,
" And keep your eye fix'd on Orion:
" I'll be your guide; and never fear,
" Conducted by a Father's care.
" The Virgin and Bootes ſhun.
" Take heed leſt you approach the Sun;
" His flaming influence will be felt,
" And the diffuſive wax will melt.
" The ſea by riſing fogs diſcover;
" O'er that, be ſure, you never hover:
" It would be difficult to drag
" Your wetted pinions, ſhould they flag.

" Between

" Between them both the ſky is fair,
" No winds or hurricanes are there,
" But you may fan the fleeting air.
" Thus ſpeaking, he with whipcord-ſtrings
" Faſtens, and then extends, the wings:
" And, when the youth's completely dreſt,
" Juſt as the Eagle from her neſt
" By gentle flights her Eaglet tries
" To dare the ſun, and mount the ſkies;
" The Father ſo his Boy prepares,
" Not without kiſs and falling tears.
" In a large plain, a riſing height
" Gives ſome aſſiſtance to their flight.
" With a quick ſpring and fluttering noiſe,
" They in the ſky their bodies poiſe.
" Back on his Son the Father looks,
" Praiſing his ſwift and even ſtrokes.
" Now dreadleſs, with bold art ſupplied,
" He does on airy billows ride,
" And ſoar with an ambitious pride.
" Mortals, who by the limpid flood
" With patient angle long have ſtood,
" On the ſmooth water's ſhining face
" See the amazing creatures paſs,
" Look up aſtoniſh'd, whilſt the reed
" Drops from the hand whoſe ſenſe is dead.
" Roll'd by the wind's impetuous haſte
" They Samos now and Naxos paſt,
" Paros, and Delos bleſt abode
" And parent of the Clarian God:

" Lebinthus

" Lebinthus on their right hand lies,
" And ſweet Calydne's Groves ariſe,
" And fam'd Aſtypalæa's Fens
" Breed ſhoals of fiſh in owzy dens:
" When the unwary Boy, whoſe growing years
" Ne'er knew the worth of cautious fears,
" Mounts an æthereal hill, whence he might ſpy
" The lofty regions of a brighter ſky;
" Far from his Father's call and aid
" His wings in glittering fire diſplay'd,
" Whoſe ambient heat their plume involves,
" And all their liquid bands diſſolves.
" He ſees his looſen'd pinions drop;
" On naked arms lies all his hope.
" From the vaſt concave precipice he finds
" A ſwift deſtruction, ſinking with the winds.
" Beneath him lies a gaping deep,
" Whoſe womb is equally as ſteep.
" Then, " Father! Father!" he 'd have cried:
" Tempeſts the trembling ſounds divide,
" Whilſt diſmal fear contracts his breath,
" And the rough wave completes his death.
" My Son! my Son!" long might the Father cry:
" There is no track to ſeek him in the ſky.
" By floating wings his body found
" Is cover'd with the neighbouring ground.
" His art, though not ſucceſsful, has its fame,
" And the Icarian ſeas preſerve his name."
If men from Minos could eſcape,
And into Birds transform their ſhape,

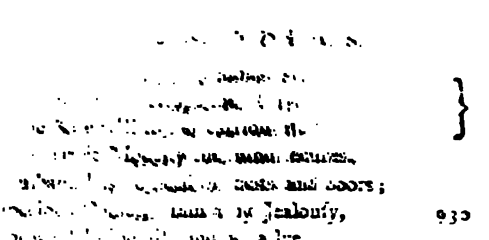
And

And there was nothing that could hold them,
Provided feathers might be ſold them;
The thought from madneſs ſurely ſprings
To fix a God that 's born with wings.
Quoth t' other man, "Sir, if you 'll tarry,
"I 'll tell you a tale of my Boy Harry,
"Would make a man afraid to marry.
"This Boy does oft' from paper white
"In miniature produce a Kite.
"With tender hands the wood he bends,
"On which the body he extends:
"Paſte made of flour with water mix'd
"Is the cement by which 'tis fix'd:
"Then ſciſſars from the maid he 'll borrow,
"With promiſe of return to-morrow.
"With thoſe he paper nicely cuts,
"Which on the ſides for wings he puts.
"The tail, that 's an eſſential part,
"He manages with equal art;
"With paper ſhreds at diſtance tied,
"As not too near, nor yet too wide,
"Which he to fitting length extends,
"Till with a tuft the fabrick ends.
"Next packthread of the eveneſt twine,
"Or ſometimes ſilk, he 'll to it join,
"Which, by the guidance of his hand,
"Its riſe or downfall may command;
"Or carry meſſengers to ſee
"If all above in order be.

"Then

" Then wanton Zephyrs fan it till it riſe,
" And through æthereal rills ploughs up the azure ſkies.
" Sometimes in ſilent ſhade of night
" He 'll make it ſhine with wondrous light
" By lantern with tranſparent folds,
" Which flaming wax in ſafety holds.
" This glittering with myſterious rays
" Does all the neighbourhood amaze.
" Then comes the Conjurer o' th' place,
" With legs aſquint and crooked face,
" Who with his ſpying-pole from far
" Pronounces it a Blazing-ſtar:
" That wheat ſhall fall, and oats be dear,
" And barley ſhall not ſpring that year:
" That murrain ſhall infect all kine,
" And meaſles will deſtroy the ſwine:
" That fair maids' ſweethearts ſhall fall dead
" Before they loſe their maidenhead;
" And widows ſhall be forc'd to tarry
" A month at leaſt before they marry.
" But, whilſt the fool his thought enjoys,
" The whole contrivance was my Boy's.
" Now," mark me, 'twas from ſuch-like things
" The Poets fram'd out Cupid's wings.
" If a Child's nature thus can ſoar,
" And all this lies within his power,
" His Mother ſurely can do more.
" Pray tell me what is to be done,
" If ſhe 'll with Cuckold-makers run.

" No



PART VII.

NOT all the Herbs by ſage Medea found,
Not Marſan drugs, though mixt with magic ſound,
Not philtres ſtudied by Theſſalian art,
Can fix the mind, and conſtancy impart.
Could theſe prevail, Jaſon had felt their charms;
Ulyſſes ſtill had died in Circe's arms.
Continue lovely, if you 'll be belov'd:
Virtue from Virtue's bands is ne'er remov'd.
Like Nireus beautiful, like Hylas gay;
By Time the blooming outſide will decay.
See Hyacinth again of form bereft,
And only thorns upon the roſe-tree left.
Then lay up ſtores of learning and of wit,
Whoſe fame ſhall ſcorn the Acherontic pit,
And, whilſt thoſe fleeting ſhadows vainly fly,
Adorn the better part which cannot die.

Ulyſſes had no magick in his face;
But then his eloquence had charming grace,
Such as could force itſelf to be believ'd,
And all the watery Goddeſſes deceiv'd:
To whom Calypſo from her widow'd ſhore
Sends him theſe ſighs, which furious tempeſts bore.
" Your paſſage often I by art delay'd
" Oblig'd you more, the more to be betray'd.
" Here you have often on this rolling ſand
" Deſcrib'd your ſcene of war with ſlender wand.
" Here 's Troy, and this circumference its walls:
" Here Simois gently in the ocean falls:
" Here lies my camp: theſe are the ſpacious fields
" Where to this ſword the crafty Dolon yields.
" This of Sithonian Rheſus is the tent.—
" On with the pleaſing tale your language went,
" When a tenth wave did with one flaſh deſtroy
" The platform of imaginary Troy.
" By fear like this I would enforce your ſtay,
" To ſee what names the waters toſs'd away.
" I took you caſt up helpleſs by the ſea:
" Thouſands of happy hours you paſs'd with me;
" No mention made of old Penelope.
" On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
" But write our benefits upon the wave.
" Why then be gone, the ſeas uncertain truſt;
" As I found *you*, ſo may you find them juſt.
" Dying Calypſo muſt be left behind,
" And all your vows be wafted with the wind."

Fond

Fond are the hopes he ſhould be conſtant now,
Who to his tendereſt part had broke his vow.
By artful charms the Miſtreſs ſtrives in vain
The looſe inconſtant wanderer to gain.
Shame is her entrance, and her end is pain.

PART VIII.

INDULGENCE ſoon takes with a noble mind:
Who can be harſh, that ſees another kind?
Moſt times the greateſt art is to comply
In granting that which juſtice might deny.
We form our tender plants by ſoft degrees,
And from a warping ſtem raiſe ſtately trees.
To cut th' oppoſing waves, we ſtrive in vain;
But, if we riſe with them, and fall again,
The wiſh'd-for land with eaſe we may attain.
Such complaiſance will a rough humour bend;
And yielding to one failure ſave a friend.
Mildneſs and temper have a force divine,
To make ev'n paſſion with their nature join.
The Hawk we hate, as living ſtill in arms,
And Wolves aſſiduous in the Shepherd's harms.
The ſociable Swallow has no fears:
Upon our towers the Dove her neſt prepares,
And both of them live free from human ſnares.
Far from loud rage and echoing noiſe of fights
The ſofteſt Love in gentle ſound delights.

Smooth

Smooth mirth, bright ſmiles, calm peace, and flowing joy,
Are the companions of the Paphian boy:
Such as when Hymen firſt his mantle ſpread
All o'er the ſacred down which made the bridal bed.
Theſe blandiſhments keep Love upon the wing,
His preſence freſh, and always in the ſpring:
This makes a proſpect endleſs to the view,
With light that riſes ſtill, and ſtill is new;
At your approach, find every thing ſerene,
Like Paphos honour'd by the Cyprian Queen,
Who brings along her daughter Harmony,
With Muſes ſprung from Jove, and Graces Three.
Birds ſhot by you, Fiſh by your angle caught,
The Golden Apples from Heſperia brought,
The bluſhing Peach, the fragrant Nectareens,
Laid in freſh beds of flowers and ſcented greens,
Fair Lilies ſtrew'd with bloody Mulberries,
Or Grapes whoſe juice made Bacchus reach the ſkies,
May oftentimes a grateful preſent make,
Not for the value, but the giver's ſake.

Perhaps ſhe may at vacant hours peruſe
The happy product of your eaſy Muſe.
Far from intrigue and ſcandal be your verſe;
But praiſe of virgin-modeſty rehearſe;
Mauſolus by his conſort deified;
How for Admetus bleſt Alceſtis died.
Since Overbury's "Wife *," no Poets ſeem
T' have choſe a wiſer or a nobler theme.

You'd

* This poem, ſuppoſed to have been written for the earl of Somerſet, is the character of a good woman,

You'd help a neighbour, would a friend preſer;
Pardon a ſervant, let all come from her.
Thus what you grant if ſhe muſt recommend,
'Twill make a mutual gift and double friend.
So, when pale Want is craving at the door,
We ſend our favourite ſon to help the poor;
Pleas'd with their grateful prayers that he may live,
And find what heavenly pleaſure 'tis to give.
Praiſe all her actions, think her dreſs is fine;
Embroideries with gold, pearl, diamonds, join:
Your wealth does beſt, when plac'd on beauty, ſhine.
If ſhe in tabby waves encircled be,
Think Amphytrite riſes from the ſea.
If by her the purpureal velvet's worn,
Think that ſhe riſes like the bluſh of morn.
And, when her ſilks afar from Indus come,
Wrought in Chineſe or in the Perſian loom,
Think that ſhe then like Pallas is array'd,
By whoſe myſterious art the wheel was made.
Each day admire her different graceful air,
In which ſhe winds her bright and flowing hair.
With her when dancing, let your genius fly:
When in her ſong the note expires, then die.
If in the Autumn, when the waſting year
Its plenty ſhews, that ſoon muſt diſappear;

juſt the reverſe of the lady that his friend married. It is printed with his Characters, &c. and had gone through ſixteen editions in 1638. N.

When

When ſwelling Grape and Peach with lovely hue,
And Pear and Apple, freſh with fragrant dew,
By tempting look and taſte perhaps invite
That which we ſeldom rule, our appetite;
When noxious heat and ſudden cold divides
The time o'er which bale influence preſides;
Her feveriſh blood ſhould pulſe unuſual find,
Or vaporous damps of ſpleen ſhould ſink her mind;
Then is the time to ſhew a Lover's cares:
Sometimes enlarge her hopes, contract her fears;
Give the ſalubrious draughts with your own hand;
Perſuaſion has the force of a command.
Watch, and attend; then your reward will prove,
When ſhe recovers, full increaſe of Love.
Far from this Love is haughty pride,
Which antient Fables beſt deride;
Women imperious, void of ſhame,
And careleſs of their Lovers' fame,
Who of tyrannic follies boaſt,
Tormenting him that loves them moſt.
When Hercules, by labours done,
Had prov'd himſelf to be Jove's ſon,
By peace which he to Earth had given,
Deſerv'd to have his reſt in Heaven;
Envy, that ſtrives to be unjuſt,
Reſolv'd to mortify him firſt;
And, that he ſhould enamour'd be
Of a proud jilt call'd Omphalé,
Who ſhould his Heroſhip expoſe
By ſpinning hemp in women's cloaths,

1095 remember;

1100 Mine I place ye.

1105 make the bed.
hair.

1110

1115 with, all be }

" Look

" Look up whene'er I laugh; look down
" With trembling horror, if I frown.
" Say as I ſay: ſervants can't lie.
" Your truth is my propriety.
" Nay, you ſhould be to torture brought,
" Were I but jealous you tranſgreſt in thought;
" Or if from Jove your ſingle wiſh ſhould crave
" The fate of not continuing ſtill my ſlave.
" There is no Lover that is wiſe
" Pretends to win at cards or dice.
" 'Tis for his Miſtreſs all is thrown:
" Th' ill-fortune his, the good her own.
" Melanion, whilom lovely youth,
" Fam'd for his valour and his truth,
" Whom every beauty did adorn
" Freſh as Aurora's bluſhing morn,
" Into the horrid woods is run,
" Where he ne'er ſees the ray of ſun,
" Nor to his palace dares return,
" Where he for Pſyche's love did burn,
" And found correction at her hands
" For diſobeying juſt commands;
" But muſt his ſilent penance do
" For once not buckling of her ſhoe:
" A good example, child, for you.
" Which ſhews you, when we have our fool,
" We 've policy enough to rule:
" I might have made you ſuch a fellow,
" As ſhould have carried my umbrella,

" No matter if you do engage
" My Porter, Woman, favourite Page,
" My Dog, my Parrot, Monkey, Black,
" Or any thing that does partake
" Of that admittance which you lack.
" But after all you may n't prevail,
" And your moſt glittering hopes may fail:
" For Ceres does not always yield
" The crop entruſted to the field.
" Fair gales may bring you to a coaſt
" Where you 'll by hidden rocks be loſt.
" Love is tenacious of its joys,
" Gives ſmall reward for great employs;
" **But has as many griefs in ſtore**
" **As Shells by Neptune caſt on ſhore;**
" **As Aches Hares, as Hybla Bees,**
" **Olives on the Palladian trees.**
" **And, when his angry arrows fall,**
" **They 're not found ting'd with common gall.**
" You 're told I 'm not at home, 'tis true:
" I may be there, but not for you;
" And I may let you ſee it too.
" Perhaps I bid you come at night:
" If the door 's ſhut, ſtay till 'tis light.
" Perhaps my Maid ſhall bid you go:
" A thing ſhe knows you care not do.
" Your rival ſhall admiſſion gain,
" And laugh to ſee his foe in pain.
" All this and more you muſt endure,
" If you from me expect a cure.

" 'Tis fitting I ſhould ſearch the wound,
" Leſt all your danger be not found."
When eaſy fondneſs meets with woman's pride,
Nothing which *that* can aſk muſt be denied.
He that enjoy'd the names of great and brave
Is pleas'd to ſeem a female and a ſlave:
The Hero, number'd with the gods before,
Is ſo debas'd as to be man no more.

PART IX.

NOT by the ſail with which you put to ſea
Can you where Thetis ſwells conducted be;
To the ſame port you 'll different paſſage find
And fill your ſheets ev'n with contrarious wind.
You nurs'd the Fawn, now grown Stag wondrous big,
And ſleep beneath the ſhade you knew a twig.
The bubbling ſpring, increas'd by floods and rain,
Rolls with impetuous ſtream, and foams the main:
So Love augments in juſt degrees; at length
By nutrimental fires it gains its ſtrength.
Daily till midnight let kind looks or ſong,
Or tales of love, the pleaſing hours prolong.
No wearineſs upon their bliſs attends
Whom marriage-vows have render'd more than friends.
So Philomels, of equal mates poſſeſt,
With a congenial heat, and downy reſt,
And care inceſſant, hover o'er their neſt:

Hence

Hence from their eggs (ſmall worlds whence all things ſpring)
Produce a race by nature taught to ſing;
Who ne'er to this harmonious air had come,
Had their parental love ſtray'd far from home.
By a ſhort abſence mutual joys increaſe:
'Tis from the toils of war we value peace.
When Jove a while the fruitful ſhower reſtrains,
The field on his return a brighter verdure gains.
So let not grief too much diſturb thoſe hearts,
Which for a while the war or buſineſs parts.
'Twas hard to let Proteſilaus go,
Who did his death by oracles foreknow.
Ulyſſes made indeed a tedious ſtay,
His twenty winters' abſence was delay;
But happineſs revives with his return,
And Hymen's altars with freſh incenſe burn:
Tales of his ſhip, her web, they both recount;
Pleas'd that their wedlock faith all dangers could ſurmount.

Make thou ſpeed back; haſte to her longing arms:
She may have real or impending harms.
There are no minutes in a Lover's fears:
They meaſure all their time by months and years.
Poets are always Virtue's friends,
'Tis what their Muſe ſtill recommends:
But then the fatal track it ſhows
Where devious vice through trouble goes.
They tell us, how a huſband's care
Neglected leaves a wife too fair

In

In hands of a young ſpark, call'd Paris;
And how the beauteous truſt miſcarries.
With kindneſs he receives the youth,
Whoſe modeſt looks might promiſe truth:
Then gives him opportunity
To throw the ſpecious vizard by.
The man had things to be adjuſted,
With which the wife ſhould not be truſted;
And, whilſt he gave himſelf the looſe,
Left her at home to keep the houſe.
When Helen ſaw his back was turn'd,
The devil a bit the gipſy mourn'd.
Says ſhe, "'Tis his fault to be gone;
"It ſha'n't be mine to lie alone.
"A vacant pillow 's ſuch a jeſt,
"That with it I could never reſt.
"He ne'er conſider'd his own danger,
"To leave me with a handſome ſtranger.
"Wolves would give good account of Sheep,
"Left to their vigilance to keep.
"Pray who, except 'twere Geeſe or Widgeons,
"Would hire a Hawk to guard their Pidgeons?
"Suppoſing then it might be ſaid
"That Menelaus now were dead:
"A pretty figure I ſhould make
"To go in mourning for his ſake.
"She that in widow's garb appears,
"Eſpecially when at my years,
"May ſeem to be at her laſt prayers.

"But

" But I 'll ſtill have my heart divided
" 'Twixt one to loſe, and one provided.
" He that is gone, is gone: leſs fear
" Of wanting him that I have here."
The ſequel was the Fire of Troy
Brought to deſtruction by this Boy.
They tell us, how a Wife provok'd,
And to a brutiſh Huſband yok'd,
Who, by diſtracting paſſion led,
Scorns all her charms, and flies her bed,
When on her Rival ſhe has ſeiz'd,
Seems with a ſecret horror pleas'd.
They then deſcribe her like ſome Boar
Plunging his tuſk in Maſtiff's gore;
Or Lioneſs, whoſe raviſh'd whelp
Roars for his Mother's furious help;
Or Baſiliſk when rouz'd, whoſe breath,
Teeth, ſting, and eye-balls, all are death;
Like franticks ſtruck by magic rod
Of ſome deſpis'd avenging God:
Make her through blood for vengeance run,
Like Progne ſacrifice her ſon;
And like Medea dart thoſe fires
By which Creüſa's ghoſt expires.
Then let her with exalted rage
Her grief with the ſame crimes aſſuage.
To heighten and improve the curſe,
Becauſe he 's bad, they make her worſe.
So Tyndaris diſſolves in tears,
When firſt ſhe of Chryſeïs hears;

But

But, when Lyrneſſis captive 's led,
And raviſh'd to defile her bed,
Her patience leſſens by degrees;
But, when at laſt ſhe Priameïs ſees,
Revenge does to Ægyſtus fly for eaſe;
In his adulterous arms does plots diſcloſe,
Which fill Mycenæ with ſtupendous woes,
And parricide and hell around her throws.
Ye Heavenly Powers! the female truth preſerve,
And let it not from native goodneſs ſwerve;
And let no wanton toys become the cauſe
Why men ſhould break Hymen's eternal laws;
But let ſuch fables and ſuch crimes remain
Only as fictions of the Poet's brain;
Yet marks ſet up to ſhun thoſe dangerous ſhelves,
On which deprav'd mankind might wreck themſelves!

PART X.

AT firſt, the ſtars, the air, the earth, and deep,
Lay all confus'd in one unorder'd heap;
Till Love Eternal did each being ſtrike
With voice Divine, to march, and ſeek its Like.
Then ſeeds of Heavens, then Air of vapourous ſound,
Then fertile Earth circled with Waters round,
On which the Bird, the Beaſt, the Fiſh, might move,
All center'd in that univerſal Love.

Then

Then Man was fram'd with ſoul of godlike ray,
And had a nobler ſhare of Love than they:
To him was Woman, crown'd with virtue, given,
The moſt immediate work and care of Heaven.
Whilſt thus my darling thoughts in raptures ſung,
Apollo to my ſight in viſion ſprung.
His lyre with golden ſtrings his touch commands,
And wreaths of laurel flouriſh in his hands.
Says he, "You Bard that of Love's precepts treat,
"Your art at Delphi you will beſt complete.
"There 's a ſhort maxim, prais'd when underſtood,
"Uſeful in practice, and divinely good,
"LET EACH MAN KNOW HIMSELF: ſtrive to excel:
"The pleaſure of the bleſt is doing well.
"'Tis wiſdom to diſplay the ruling grace.
"Some men are happy in a charming face:
"Know it, but be not vain. Some manly ſhow
"By the exploded gun and nervous bow.
"There let them prove their ſkill; perhaps ſome heart
"May find that every ſhot is Cupid's dart.
"The prudent Lover, if his talent lies
"In eloquence, e'nt talkative, but wiſe;
"So mixes words delicious to the ear,
"That all muſt be perſuaded who can hear.
"He that can ſing, let him with pleaſing ſound,
"Though 'tis an air that is not mortal, wound.
"Let not a Poet my own art refuſe:
"I 'll come, and bring aſſiſtance to his Muſe."
But never by ill means your fortune puſh,
Nor raiſe your credit by another's bluſh.

The secret rites of Ceres none profane,
Nor tell what Gods in Samo-thracia reign.
'Tis virtue by grave silence to conceal
What talk without discretion would reveal.
For fault like this now Tantalus does lie
In midst of fruits and water, starv'd and dry.
But Cytherea's modesty requires
Most care to cover all her lambent fires.
Love has a pleasing turn, makes that seem best,
Of which our lawful wishes are possest.
Andromeda, of Libyc hue and blood,
Was chain'd a prey to monsters of the flood:
Wing'd Perseus saw her beauty through that cloud.
Andromache had large majestic charms;
Therefore was fittest grace to godlike Hector's arms.
Beauties in smaller airs bear like commands,
And wondrous Magick acts by slendrest wands.
Like Cybele some bear a mother's sway,
Whilst infant Gods and Heroines obey.
Some rule like stars by guidance of their eyes,
And others please when like Minerva wise.
Love will from Heaven, Art, Nature, Fancy, raise
Something that may exalt its Comfort's praise.
There will be little jealousies,
By which Love's art its subjects tries.
They think it languishes with rest,
But rises, like the palm, oppress.
And as too much prosperity
Often makes way for luxury,

Till

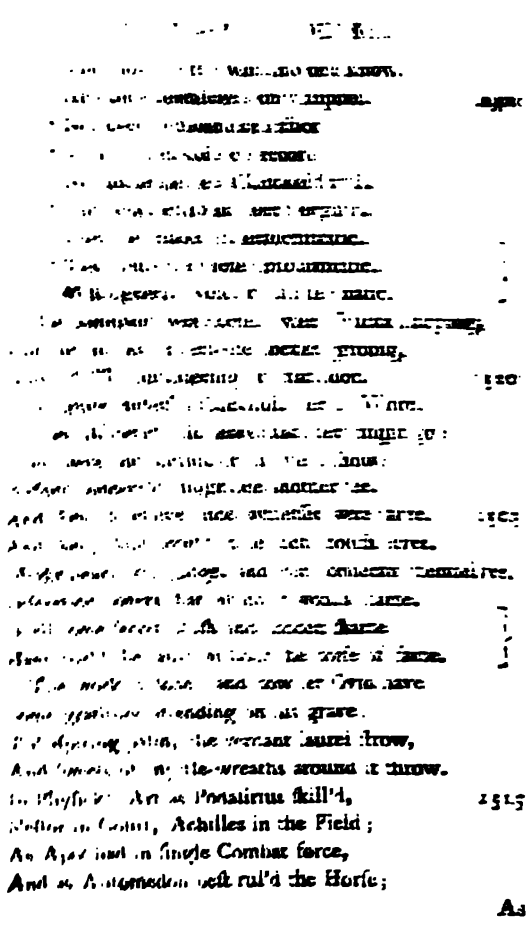
Till we, by turn of fortune taught,
Have wiſdom by experience bought:
So, when the hoary aſhes grow
Around Love's coals, 'tis time to blow:
And then its craftineſs is ſhown,
To raiſe your cares, to hide its own;
And have you by a rival croſt,
Only in hopes you may n't be loſt.
Sometimes they ſay that you are faulty,
And that they know where you were naughty;
And then perhaps your eyes they 'd tear,
Or elſe dilacerate your hair,
Not ſo much for revenge as fear.
But ſhe perhaps too far may run,
And do what ſhe would have you ſhun,
Of which there 's a poetic ſtory
That, if you pleaſe, I 'll lay before you.
Old Juno made her Jove comply
For fear, not aſking when or why,
Unto a certain ſort of matter,
Marrying her ſon unto his daughter:
And ſo to bed the couple went,
Not with their own, but friends' conſent.
This Vulcan was a Smith, they tell us,
That firſt invented tongs and bellows;
For breath and fingers did their works
(We 'd fingers long before we 'd forks);
Which made his hands both hard and brawny,
When waſh'd, of colour orange-tawny.

His

His whole complexion was a sallow,
Where black had not besmear'd the yellow.
One foot was stumpt, which was the stronger,
T'other lame, though much longer
In such a the common same
Of the forefinger and the thumb.
In short, the whole of him was nasty,
Ill-natur'd, rude, impetuous, hasty.
Deformity alike took place
Both in his manners and his face.
Venus had perfect shape and size;
But then she was not over-wise;
For sometimes she her knees is trimming,
To imitate the old man in limping.
Sometimes his dirty paws she scorns,
While her fair fingers shew his horns.
For Mars, the Bully of the place, is
The chiefest spark in her good graces.
At first they're shy, at last grow bolder,
And conjugal affection colder.
They car'd not what was said or done,
Their impudence defied the Sun.
Vulcan was told of this; quoth he,
"Is there fuch roguery? I'll fee!"
He then an iron net prepar'd,
Which he to the bed's tefter rear'd;
Which, when a pully gave a fnap,
Would fall, and make a cuckold's trap.
All thefe he plac'd in the beft room,
Then feign'd that he muft go from home;

For

For he at Lemnos forges had,
And none but he to mind the trade.
Love was too eager to beware
Of falling into any ſnare.
They went to bed, and ſo were caught;
And then they of repentance thought.
The ſhow being ready to begin,
Vulcan would call his neighbours in.
Jove ſhould be there, that does make bold
With Juno, that notorious ſcold;
Neptune, firſt Bargeman on the water;
Thetis, the Oyſter-woman's daughter;
Pluto, that Chimney-ſweeping ſloven;
With Proſerpine hot from her oven;
And Mercury, that 's ſharp and cunning
In ſtealing cuſtoms and in running;
And Dy the Midwife, though a Virgin;
And Æſculapius, the Surgeon;
Apollo, who might be Phyſician,
Or ſerve them elſe for a Muſician;
The Piper Pan, to play her up;
And Bacchus, with his chirping cup;
And Hercules ſhould bring his club in,
To give the Rogue a luſty drubbing;
And all the Cupids ſhould be by,
To ſee their Mother's infamy.
One Momus cried, "You 're hugely pleas'd;
"I hope your mind will ſoon be eas'd:
"For, when ſo publickly you find it,
"People, you know, will little mind it.



As

As Chalcas vers'd in Prophecies from Jove;
So Ovid has the Maſterſhip of Love.
The Poet's honour will be much the leſs
Than that which by his means you may poſſeſs
In choice of Beauty's laſting happineſs.
But, when the Amazonian quits the field,
Let this be wrote on the triumphant ſhield,
That ſhe by Ovid's Art was brought to yield.
When Ovid's thoughts in Britiſh ſtyle you ſee,
Which mayn't ſo ſounding as the Roman be;
Yet then admittance grant: 'tis fame to me.

PART XI.

I WHO the art of war to Danaans gave,
Will make Penthefilea's force as brave;
That both, becoming glorious to the fight,
With equal arms may hold a dubious fight.
What though 'twas Vulcan fram'd Achilles' ſhield,
My Amazonian darts ſhall make him yield.
A myrtle-crown with victory attends
Thoſe who are Cupid's and Dione's friends.
When Beauty has ſo many arms in ſtore,
(Some men will ſay) why ſhould you give it more?
Tell me who, when Penelope appears
With conſtancy maintain'd for twenty years,
Who can the fair Laodamia ſee
In her Lord's arms expire as well as he;

Bright Cytherea's ſacred voice did reach
My tingling ears, and thus ſhe bade me teach:
"What had the harmleſs maid deſerv'd from thee?
"Thou haſt given weapons to her enemy;
"Whilſt in the field ſhe muſt defenceleſs ſtand,
"With want of ſkill, and more unable hand.
"Steſichorus, who would no ſubject find
"But harm to maids, was by the Gods ſtruck blind:
"But, when his ſong did with their glories riſe,
"He had his own reſtor'd, to praiſe their eyes.
"Be rul'd by me, and arms defenſive give;
"'Tis by the Ladies' favours you muſt live."
She then one myſtic leaf with berries four
(Pluckt from her myrtle-crown) bade me with ſpeed devour.
I find the power inſpir'd; through purer ſky
My breath diſſolves in verſe, to make young Lovers die.
Here Modeſty and Innocence ſhall learn
How they may truth from flattering ſpeech diſcern.
But come with ſpeed; loſe not the flying day.
See how the crowding waves roll down away,
And neither, though at Love's command, will ſtay.
Theſe waves and time we never can recall;
But, as the minutes paſs, muſt loſe them all.
Nor like what's paſt are days ſucceeding good,
But ſlide with warmth decay'd and thicker blood.
Flora, although a Goddeſs, yet does fear
The change that grows with the declining year;
Whilſt gliſtering ſnakes, by caſting off their ſkin,
Freſh courage gain, and life renew'd begin.

P O E M S.

[illegible] to forward Love. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 1610

[illegible]

I 've

" I 've heard ſome cry, Well, I profeſs
" There 's nothing to be gain'd by dreſs!
" They might as well ſay that a field,
" Uncultivated, yet would yield
" As good a crop as that which ſkill
" With utmoſt diligence ſhould till;
" Our vintage would be very fine,
" If nobody ſhould prune their vine!
" Good ſhape and air, it is confeſt,
" Is given to ſuch as Heaven has bleſt;
" But all folks have not the ſame graces:
" There is diſtinction in our faces.
" There was a time I 'd not repine
" For any thing amiſs in mine,
" Which, though I ſay it, ſtill ſeems fair;
" Thanks to my art as well as care!
" Our grandmothers, they tell us, wore
" Their Fardingale and their Bandore,
" Their Pinners, Forehead-cloth, and Ruff,
" Content with their own cloth and ſtuff;
" With Hats upon their pates like Hives;
" Things might become ſuch Soldiers wives;
" Thought their own faces ſtill would laſt them
" In the ſame mould which Nature caſt them.
" Dark Paper Buildings then ſtood thick;
" No Palaces of Stone or Brick:
" And then, alas! were no Exchanges:
" But ſee how time and faſhion changes!
" I hate old things and age. I ſee,
" Thank Heaven, times good enough for me.

" [illegible] now are mighty neat.
" I love the air of Lombard-street.
" Whatever a ship from India brings,
" Pearls, Diamonds, Silks, are pretty things.
" The [illegible], the Screen, the Fan,
" Please me extremely, of Japan:
" [illegible] what affects me still the more,
" [illegible] one of them heretofore.
" When you're unmarried, never load ye
" With Jewels; they may incommode ye.
[illegible] dare approach; but mostly
" [illegible] I fear when married you'll be costly.
" [illegible] Rings and Lockets [illegible] are tried,
" When given to you as a Bride.
" In the mean time you shew your sense
By going fine at small expence.
" [illegible] your Hair you upwards furl,
" [illegible] down in favourite curl:
[illegible] passs.
" [illegible] you out your glass:
" [illegible] dishevell'd lie
" [illegible]:
" [illegible] of pearl they're fix'd,
" [illegible] beauty mix'd;
" [illegible] their grace unfold,
" [illegible] a bar of gold.
" H[illegible] fashions change each day;
" [illegible], flowers in May,
" [illegible] number'd be than they.

" There

" There is a ſort of negligence,
" Which ſome eſteem as excellence,
" Your art with ſo much art to hide,
" That nothing of it be deſcried;
" To make your careleſs treſſes flow
" With ſo much air, that none ſhould know
" Whether they had been comb'd or no.
" But, in this ſo neglected Hair,
" Many a Heart has found its ſnare.
" Nature indeed has kindly ſent
" Us many things; more we invent:
" Little enough, as I may ſay,
" To keep our Beauty from decay.
" As leaves that with fierce winds engage,
" Our curling treſſes fall with age.
" But then by German herbs we find
" Colour, for locks to grey inclin'd.
" Sometimes we purchaſe Hair; and why?
" Is not all *that* our own we buy?
" You buy it publickly, ſay they:
" Why tell us that, when we don't pay.
" Of French *pomades* the town is full:
" Praiſe Heaven, no want of Spaniſh Wool!
" Let them look flufht, let them look dead,
" That can't afford the White and Red.
" In Covent Garden you buy poſies,
" There we our Lilies and our Roſes.
" Who would a charming Eyebrow lack,
" Who can get any thing that 's black?

" Let

" Let not these boxes open lie:
" Some folks are too much given to pry.
" Art not dissembled would disgrace
" The purchas'd beauties of our face:
" This if such persons should discover.
" 'Twould rather lose than gain a Lover.
" Who is there now but understands
" Searcloths to flea the face or hands?
" Though the idea's not so taking,
" And the skin seems but odd in making,
" Yet, when 'twill with fresh lustre shine,
" Her spark will tell you 'tis divine.
" That Picture there your eye does strike;
" It is the work of great Van Dyck,
" Which by a Roman would be sainted:
" What was 't but canvass till 'twas painted?
" There 's several things should not be known:
" O'er these there is a curtain drawn,
" Till 'tis their season to be shown.
" Your door on fit occasions keep
" Fast shut: who knows but you 're asleep?
" When our teeth, colour, hair, and eyes,
" And what else at the toilet lies,
" Are all put on, we 're said to rise.
" There was a Lady whom I knew,
" That must be nameless 'cause 'tis true,
" Who had the dismalest mischance
" I 've heard of since I was in France:
" I do protest, the thoughts of it
" Have almost put me in a fit.

" Old

" Old Lady Meanwell's chamber-door,
" Juſt on the ſtairs of the firſt floor,
" Stood open: and pray who ſhould come,
" But Knowall flouncing in the room?
" No ſingle hair upon her head:
" I thought ſhe would have fell down dead.
" At laſt ſhe found a cap of hair,
" Which ſhe put on with ſuch an air,
" That every lock was out of place,
" And all hung dangling down her face.
" I would not mortify one ſo,
" Except ſome twenty that I know.
" Her careleſſneſs and her defect
" Were laid to Miſtreſs Prue's neglect;
" And much ill-nature was betray'd,
" By noiſe and ſcolding with the maid.
" The young look on ſuch things as ſtuff,
" Thinking their bloom has art enough.
" When ſmooth, we matter it not at all;
" 'Tis when the Thames is rough, we ſquall.
" But, whate'er 'tis may be pretended,
" No face or ſhape but may be mended.
" All have our faults, and muſt abide them,
" We therefore ſhould take care to hide them.
" You 're ſhort; ſit ſtill, you 'll taller ſeem:
" You 're only ſhorter from the ſtem.
" By looſer garb your leanneſs is conceal'd;
" By want of ſtays the groſſer ſhape 's reveal'd.
" The more the blemiſhes upon the feet,
" The greater care the lace and ſhoes be neat.

" Some

[illegible]

" [illegible] and [illegible] fellows
" [illegible] are well matched with pillows.
" [illegible] should command
" [illegible] stretching out the hand.
" [illegible] earth should never see.
" [illegible] unless [illegible]
" [illegible] on earth you know to simper.
" [illegible] proper you should whimper.
" [illegible] that your grace and wit is now
" [illegible] your laughing is a thing, but how.
" [illegible] seem for something more than breath.
" [illegible] the [illegible] of milk-white teeth.
" [illegible] that tone is found
" [illegible] smooth affected sound:
" [illegible] a shrieking crying tone.
" [illegible] I never lik'd, when all is done:
" And there are some, who laugh like men,
" [illegible] shut their mouths again;
" [illegible] and mal-propos,
" They seem like [illegible] to a show.
" [illegible] for the reverse is [illegible]
" [illegible] your tears flow when you will.
" [illegible] when people die;
" [illegible] to have the spleen, and cry,
" [illegible] you have no reason why.
" [illegible] your talk — Come, let me see:
" Here lose your H, here drop your T;
" [illegible] your speech is better
" Much for destroying of one letter.

" Now

" Now liſp, and have a ſort of pride
" To ſeem as if your tongue were tied:
" This is ſuch a becoming fault,
" Rather than want, it ſhould be taught.
" And now that you have learnt to talk,
" Pray let me ſee if you can walk.
" There 's many dancing-maſters treat
" Of management of ladies' feet.
" There 's ſome their mincing gait have choſe,
" Treading without their heel or toes.
" She that reads Taſſo, or Malherbe *,
" Chuſes a ſtep that is *ſuperbe*.
" Some giddy creatures, as if ſhunning
" Something diſlik'd, are always running.
" Some prance like Frenchwomen, who ride
" As our Life-guard-men, all aſtride.
" But each of theſe have decoration
" According to their affectation.
" That dance is graceful, and will pleaſe,
" Where all the motions glide with eaſe.
" We to the ſkilful theatre
" This ſeeming want of art prefer.
" 'Tis no ſmall art to give direction
" How to ſuit knots to each complexion,

* By the manner in which Taſſo and Malherbe are mentioned by Dr. King, they ſeem not to have been the moſt faſhionable authors of that age. Our Author has tranſlated what he calls " an admirable Ode of " Malherbe." N.

" How

" How to adorn the breaſt and head,
" With blue, white, cherry, pink, or red.
" In the morn riſes, ſo that day
" Wear purple, ſky-colour, or grey:
" Your black at Lent, your green in May;
" Your flannel when leaves decay.
" All colours in the ſummer ſhine:
" The nymphs ſhould be like gardens fine.
" It is the faſhion now-a-days,
" That almoſt every Lady plays.
" Baſſet and Piquet grow to be
" The ſubject of our Comedy:
" But whether we diverſion ſeek
" In theſe, in Comet, or in Gleek,
" Or Ombre, where true judgement can
" Diſcloſe the ſentiments of man;
" Let 's have a care how we diſcover,
" Eſpecially before a Lover,
" Some paſſions which we ſhould conceal,
" But heats of play too oft' reveal;
" For, be the matter ſmall or great,
" There 's like abhorrence for a cheat.
" There 's nothing ſpoils a Woman's graces
" Like peeviſhneſs and making faces:
" Then angry words and rude diſcourſe,
" You may be ſure, become them worſe.
" With hopes of gain when we 're beſet,
" We do too commonly forget
" Such guards as ſcreen us from thoſe eyes
" Which may obſerve us, and deſpiſe.

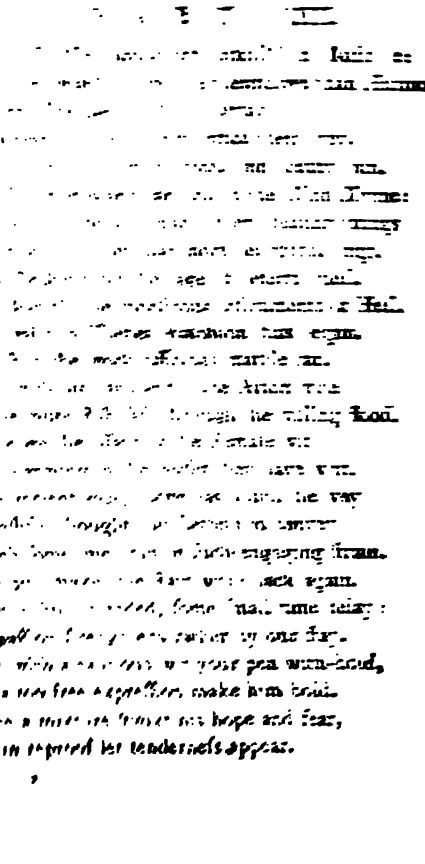
" I 'd

" I 'd burn the cards, rather than know
" Of any of my friends did ſo:
" I 've heard of ſome ſuch things; but I,
" Thanks to my ſtars, was never by.
" Thus we may paſs our time: the men
" A thouſand ways divert their ſpleen,
" Whilſt we ſit peeviſhly within;
" Hunting, cocking, racing, joking,
" Fuddling, ſwimming, fencing, ſmoaking;
" And little thinking how poor we
" Muſt vent our ſcandal o'er our tea.
" I ſee no reaſon but we may
" Be briſk, and equally as gay.
" Whene'er our Gentlemen would range,
" We 'll take our chariot for the 'Change:
" If they 're diſpoſing for the Play,
" We 'll haſten to the Opera:
" Or when they 'll luſtily carouſe,
" We 'll ſurely to the Indian Houſe:
" And at ſuch coſt whilſt thus we roam,
" For cheapneſs ſake they 'll ſtay at home.
" Few wiſe men's thoughts e'er yet purſued
" That which their eyes had never view'd:
" And ſo our never being ſeen
" Is the ſame thing as not t' have been.
" Grandeur itſelf and Poverty
" Were equal if no witneſs by:
" And they who always ſing alone
" Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one.

' [illegible] fill.
' [illegible] Adam against her will.
' [illegible] have grown prodigious [illegible].
' [illegible]
' [illegible] Adam [illegible]
' [illegible] the amorous [illegible]
' [illegible] the Wolf [illegible]
' [illegible]
' [illegible] Partridge [illegible]
' [illegible] the [illegible]
' [illegible]
" [illegible]
" [illegible] diligence [illegible].
' [illegible]
' The Fisher [illegible] night.
" [illegible]
" [illegible]
" [illegible]
" [illegible]
" [illegible]
" [illegible]
" [illegible]
" [illegible]
" With powder, paint, false locks, and hair,
" They give themselves a female air;
" Who, having all their tale by rote,
" And harping still on the same note,
" Will tell us that, and nothing more
" Than what a thousand heard before.

" Though

" Though they all marks of Love pretend,
" There's nothing which they leſs intend:
" And, 'midſt a thouſand hideous oaths,
" With jewels falſe and borrow'd cloaths,
" Our eaſineſs may give belief
" To one that is an errant thief."
The ſpark was coming; ſhe, undreſt,
Scuttles away as if poſſeſt.
The Governeſs cries, " Where d'ye run?"
" Why, Madam, I've but juſt begun."
She bawls; the other nothing hears,
But leaves her prattling to the chairs.
Virtue, without theſe little arts,
At firſt ſubdues, then keeps, our hearts:
And though more gracefully it ſhows
When it from lovely perſons flows;
Yet often Goodneſs moſt prevails
When Beauty in perfection fails.
Though every feature mayn't be well,
Yet all together may excel.
There's nothing but will eaſy prove,
When all the reſt's made up by Love.



As

As he deſerves it, give him hopes of life:
A cruel Miſtreſs makes a froward Wife.
Affect not foreign words: Love will impart
A gentle ſtyle more excellent than art.
Aſtrea's * lines flow on with ſo much eaſe,
That ſhe who writes like them muſt ſurely pleaſe.
Orinda's † works, with courtly graces ſtor'd,
True ſenſe in nice expreſſions will afford:
Whilſt Chudleigh's ‡ words ſeraphic thoughts expreſs
In lofty grandeur, but without exceſs.

Oh,

* A name aſſumed by Mrs. Aphra Behn, a lady well known in the gay and poetical world in the licentious reign of King Charles II. She was Authoreſs of ſeventeen Plays, two volumes of Novels, ſeveral Tranſlations, and many Poems. N.

† The poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips. She was the daughter of John Fowler, merchant, and born in London 1631; was married to James Philips, of the Priory of Cardigan, eſq. about the year 1647; and died in Fleet-ſtreet, in the month of June, 1664. Her poems have been ſeveral times printed. She was alſo the writer of a volume of Letters, publiſhed many years after her death, to Sir Charles Cotterel, intituled, "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus;" which have been admired.—Mrs. Philips was as much famed for her friendſhip, as for her poetry; and had the good fortune to be equally eſteemed by the beſt poet and the beſt divine of her age. Dr. Jeremy Taylor addreſſed his diſcourſe "on the nature and effects of friendſhip" to this lady; and Mr. Cowley has celebrated her memory, in an elegant Ode preſerved amongſt his Works. N.

‡ This lady was daughter to Richard Lee, of Winſlade, in the county of Devon, eſq. She was born in the

Oh, had not Beauty parts enough to wound,
But it muſt pierce us with Poetic ſound;
Whilſt Phœbus ſuffers female powers to tear
Wreaths from his Daphne, which they juſtly wear!
If greater things to leſſer we compare,
The ſkill of Love is like the art of War.
The General ſays, "Let him the Horſe command:
"You by that Enſign, you that Cannon ſtand:
"Where danger calls, let t' other bring ſupplies."
With pleaſure all obey, in hopes to riſe.
So, if you have a ſervant ſkill'd in Laws,
Send him with moving ſpeech to plead your cauſe.
He that has native unaffected voice,
In ſinging what you bid him, will rejoice.
And wealth, as beauty orders it beſtow'd,
Would make ev'n Miſers in expences proud.
But they, o'er whom Apollo rules, have hearts
The moſt ſuſceptible of Lovers' ſmarts,
And, like their God, ſo they feel Cupid's darts:
The Gods and Kings are by their labours prais'd;
And they again by them to honour rais'd:
For none to Heaven or Majeſty expreſt
Their duty well, but in return were bleſt.
Nor did the mighty Scipio think it ſcorn,
That Ennius, in Calabrian mountains born,

year 1656; became the wife of Sir George Chudleigh, of Aſhton, in the ſame county, bart.; and died Dec. 1c, 1710. Her Poems were twice printed in her lifetime in one volume, 8vo. the ſecond edition in 1709. She alſo publiſhed a volume of Eſſays upon ſeveral ſubjects in Proſe and Verſe, 1710" N.

His

His wars, retirements, councils, ſhould attend,
In all diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Friend.
He that, for want of worlds to conquer, wept,
Without conſulting Homer never ſlept.
The Poet's cares all terminate in fame;
As they obtain, they give, a laſting name.
Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia riſe,
And Berenice's hair adorns the ſkies.
The ſacred Bard no treacherous craft diſplays,
But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays.
Far from Ambition and Wealth's ſordid care,
In him good-nature and content appear:
And far from Courts, from ſtudious parties free,
He ſighs forth Laura's charms beneath ſome tree;
Deſpairing of the valued prize he loves,
Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing groves.
Poets have quick deſire and paſſion ſtrong;
Where once it lights, there it continues long.
They know that Truth is the perpetual band,
By which the world and heaven of Love muſt ſtand.
The Poet's art ſoftens their tempers ſo,
That manners eaſy as their verſes flow.
Oh could they but juſt retribution find,
And as themſelves what they adore be kind!
In vain they boaſt of their celeſtial fire,
Whilſt there remains a Heaven to which they can't aſpire!
Apelles firſt brought Venus to our view,
With blooming charms and graces ever new,

[illegible] mortals might remain,
[illegible] her native main:
[illegible] now the Poets join
[illegible] Mother and her Boy divine.
[illegible] and from their musick learn
[illegible] minds inspir'd could best discern.
[illegible] how Sidney, then how Cowley mov'd,
[illegible] what art it was that Waller lov'd.
[illegible] Dorset, in whose generous mind
[illegible] ease, wit, honour, every grace, combin'd;
[illegible] for me you one kind wish would spare,
As [illegible] a Poet to his friendly prayer.
Take Stepney's verse, with candour ever blest;
For Love will there still with his ashes rest.
There let warm spice and fragrant odours burn,
And everlasting sweets perfume his urn.
Not that the living Muse is to be scorn'd:
Britain with equal worth is still adorn'd.
See Halifax, where [illegible] and honour mixt
Upon the merits [illegible] reward have fixt:
And read the [illegible] who, writing in his praise,
To their own [illegible] immortal laurels raise.
Learn [illegible] for they can teach you more
Than sacred Ben, or Spenser, did before:
And [illegible] well that uncouth Physick's art
Can [illegible] of Wit impart.
See [illegible] o'er [illegible] grave,
See Tamerlane make Bajazet his slave;
And Phaedra with her ancient vigour rave.

Through

Through Rapin's nurſeries and gardens walk,
And find how Nymphs transform'd by amorous colours talk.
Pomona ſee with Milton's grandeur riſe;
The moſt delicious fruit of Paradiſe,
With Apples might the firſt-born man deceive,
And more perſuaſive voice than tempting Eve,
Not to confine you here; for many more
Britain's luxuriant wealth has ſtill in ſtore,
Whom would I number up, I muſt outrun
The longeſt courſe of the laborious ſun.

PART XIV.

OUR manners like our countenance ſhould be;
They always candid, and the other free:
But, when our mind by anger is poſſeſt,
Our noble manhood is transform'd to beaſt.
No feature then its wonted grace retains,
When the blood blackens in the ſwelling veins:
The eye-balls ſhoot out fiery darts, would kill
Th' oppoſer, if the Gorgon had its will.
When Pallas in a river ſaw the flute
Deform'd her cheeks, ſhe let the reed be mute.
Anger no more will mortify the face,
Which in that paſſion once conſults her glaſs.

Let Beauty ne'er be with this torment ſeiz'd,
But ever reſt ſerene, and ever pleas'd.
A dark and ſullen brow ſeems to reprove
The firſt advances that are made to Love,
To which there 's nothing more averſe than pride.
Men without ſpeaking often are denied:
And a diſdainful look too oft' reveals
Thoſe ſeeds of hatred which the tongue conceals.
When eyes meet eyes, and ſmiles to ſmiles return,
'Tis then both hearts with equal ardour burn,
And by their mutual paſſion ſoon will know
That all are darts, and ſhot from Cupid's bow.
But, when ſome lovely form does ſtrike your eyes,
Be cautious ſtill how you admit ſurprize.
What you would love, with quick diſcretion view:
The object may deceive by being new.
You may ſubmit to a too haſty fate,
And would ſhake off the yoke when 'tis too late:
We often into our deſtruction ſink,
By not allowing time enough to think.
Reſiſt at firſt: for help in vain we pray,
When ills have gain'd full ſtrength by long delay.
Be ſpeedy; leſt perhaps the growing hour
Put what is now within, beyond our power.
Love, as a fire in cities finds increaſe,
Proceeds, and till the whole 's deſtroy'd won't ceaſe.
It with allurements does, like rivers, riſe
From little ſprings, enlarg'd by vaſt ſupplies.
Had Mirtha kept this guard, ſhe had not ſtood
A monumental crime in weeping wood.

Becauſe that Love is pleaſing in its pain,
We not without reluctance health obtain.
Phyſick may tarry till to-morrow's ſun,
Whilſt the curs'd poiſons through the vitals run.
The tree not to be ſhook has pierc'd the ground;
And death muſt follow the neglected wound.
O'er different ages Love bears different ſway,
Takes various turns to make all ſorts obey.
The Colt unback'd we ſooth with gentle trace;
We feed the Runner deſtin'd for the race;
And 'tis with time and maſters we prepare
The manag'd Courſers ruſhing to the war.
Ambitious Youth will have ſome ſparks of pride,
And not without impatience be denied.
If to his Love a Rival you afford,
You then preſent a trial for his ſword:
His eager warmth diſdains to be perplext,
And rambles to the beauty that is next.
Maturer years proceed with care and ſenſe,
And, as they ſeldom give, ſo ſeldom take offence:
For he that knows reſiſtance is in vain,
Knows likewiſe ſtruggling will increaſe his pain.
Like wood that 's lately cut in Paphian Grove,
Time makes him a fit ſacrifice for Love.
By ſlow degrees he fans the gentle fire,
Till perſeverance makes the flame aſpire.
This Love 's more ſure, the other is more gay;
But then he roves, whilſt this is forc'd to ſtay.
There are ſome tempers which you muſt oblige,
Not by a quick ſurrender, but a ſiege;

That

That moſt are pleas'd, when driven to deſpair
By what they 're pleas'd to call a cruel fair.
They think, unleſs their uſage has been hard,
Their conqueſt loſes part of its reward.
Thus ſome raiſe ſpleen from their abounding wealth,
And, clog'd with ſweets, from acids ſeek their health.
And many a boat does its deſtruction find
By having ſcanty ſails, too full of wind.
Is it not treachery to declare
The feeble parts we have in war?
Is it not folly to afford
Our enemy a naked ſword?
Yet 'tis my weakneſs to confeſs
What puts men often in diſtreſs:
But then it is ſuch Beaux * as be
Poſſeſt with ſo much vanity,
To think that whereſoe'er they turn,
Whoever looks on them muſt burn.

* It is obvious that this word conveys at preſent a very different idea from its original ſignification; which was plainly that of *an accompliſhed gentleman*.—How different are the manly Beaux of Farquhar from the preſent Macaronies! and how many intermediate gradations have ariſen between them! The genuine Beau appears to have been corrupted by a ſervile imitation of that ludicrous character the *petit-maitre* of our neighbour nation; a title affected by ſuch of that vain people as had no other, in humble emulation of their *grand-maitre*, Louis the Fourteenth. From theſe came the Lord Foppingtons and Sir Harry Wildairs; and from them degenerated by degrees the Fribble and the Macaroni! N.

What

What they desire they think is true,
With small encouragement from you.
They will a single look improve,
And take civilities for love.
" We all expected you at play:
" Was 't not a Mistress made you stay?"
The Beau is fir'd, cries, " Now I find
" I out of pity must be kind:
" She sigh'd, impatient till I came."
Thus, soaring to the lively flame,
We see the vain ambitious Fly
Scorch its gay wings, then unregarded die.
Both sexes have their jealousy,
And ways to gain their ends thereby,
But oftentimes too quick belief
Has given a sudden vent to grief,
Occasion'd by some persons lying,
To set an easy wife a-crying:
And Procris long ago, alas!
Experienc'd this unhappy case.
There is a Mount, Hymettus styl'd,
Where Pinks and Rosemary are wild,
Where Strawberries and Myrtles grow,
And Violets make a purple show;
Where the sweet Bays and Laurel shine,
All shaded by the lofty Pine;
Where Zephyrs, with their wanton motion,
Have all the leaves at their devotion.
Here Cephalus, who Hunting lov'd,
When dogs and men were both remov'd,

And all his duſty labour done,
In the meridian of the ſun,
Into ſome ſecret hedge would creep,
And ſing, and hum himſelf aſleep.
But commonly being hot and dry,
He thus would for ſome cooler cry:
" O now, if ſome
" Cooler would come!
" Deareſt, rareſt,
" Lovelieſt, faireſt,
" Cooler, come!
" Oh, AIR,
" Freſh and rare;
" Deareſt, rareſt,
" Lovelieſt, faireſt,
" Cooler, come; Cooler, come; Cooler, come!"
A Woman, that had heard him ſing,
Soon had her malice on the wing:
For Females uſually don't want
A Fellow-goſſip that will cant;
Who ſtill is pleas'd with others ails,
And therefore carries ſpiteful tales.
She thought that ſhe might raiſe ſome ſtrife
By telling ſomething to his Wife:
That once upon a time ſhe ſtood
In ſuch a place, in ſuch a wood,
On ſuch a day, and ſuch a year,
There did, at leaſt there did appear
('Cauſe for the world ſhe would not lye,
As ſhe muſt tell her by the bye)

Her

Her Huſband; firſt more loudly bauling,
And afterwards more ſoftly calling
A perſon not of the beſt fame,
And Miſtreſs Cooler was her name.
"Now, Goſſip, why ſhould ſhe come thither?
"But that they might be naught together?"
When Cris heard all, her colour turn'd,
And though her heart within her burn'd,
And eyeballs ſent forth ſudden flaſhes,
Her cheeks and lips were pale as aſhes.
Then, "Woe the day that ſhe was born!"
The nightrail innocent was torn:
Many a thump was given the breaſt,
"And ſhe, oh, ſhe ſhould never reſt!
"She ſtrait would heigh her to the wood,
"And he'd repent it—that he ſhould."
With eager haſte away ſhe moves,
Never regarding ſcarf or gloves:
Into the grotto ſoon ſhe creeps,
And into every thicket peeps,
And to her eyes there did appear
Two prints of bodies—that was clear:
"And now (ſhe cries) I plainly ſee
"How time and place, and all agree:
"But here's a covert, where I'll lie,
"And I ſhall have them by and by."
'Twas noon; and Cephalus, as laſt time,
Heated and ruffled with his paſtime,
Came to the very ſelf-ſame place
Where he was us'd to waſh his face;

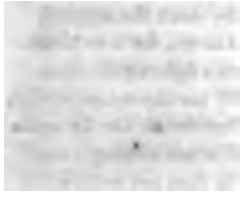
And

And then he ſung, and then he hum'd,
And on his knee with fingers thrum'd.
When Criſſy found all matters fair,
And that he only wanted Air,
Saw what device was took to fool her,
And no ſuch one as Miſtreſs Cooler;
Miſtruſting then no future harms,
She would have ruſh'd into his arms;
But, as the leaves began to ruſtle,
He thought ſome beaſt had made the buſtle.
He ſhot, then cried, "I 've kill'd my Deer."—
"Ay, ſo you have," (ſays Cris) "I fear."—
"Why, Criſſy, pray what made you here?"
"By Goſſip Trot, I underſtood
"You kept a ſmall Girl in this wood."
Quoth Ceph, "'Tis pity thou ſhould'ſt die
"For this thy fooliſh jealouſy:
"For 'tis a paſſion that does move
"Too often from exceſs of love."
But, when they ſought for wound full ſore,
The petticoat was only tore,
And ſhe had got a luſty thump,
Which in ſome meaſure bruis'd her rump.
Then home moſt lovingly they went:
Neither had reaſon to repent.
Their following years paſs'd in content;
And Criſſy made him the beſt wife
For the remainder of his life.

The Muſe has done, nor will more laws obtrude,
Leſt ſhe, by being tedious, ſhould be rude.

Unbrace

Unbrace Love's ſwans, let them unharneſs'd ſtray,
And eat Ambroſia through the milky way.
Give liberty to every Paphian Dove,
And let them freely with the Cupids rove.
But, when the Amazonian trophies riſe
With monuments of their paſt victories;
With what diſcretion and what art they fought;
Let them record, "They were by OVID taught."



An incomparable Ode of Malherbe's *, written by him when the Marriage was on foot between the King of France † and Anne of Austria.

Tranſlated by a great Admirer of the Eaſineſs of French Poetry.

Cette Anne ſi belle,	This Anna ſo fair,
Qu'on vante ſi fort,	So talk'd of by fame,
Pourquoy ne vient elle?	Why don't ſhe appear?
Vrayment, elle a tort!	Indeed, ſhe 's to blame!
Son Loüis ſoûpire	Lewis ſighs for the ſake
Apres ſes appas:	Of her charms, as they ſay;
Que veut elle dire,	What excuſe can ſhe make
Que elle ne vient pas?	For not coming away?
Si il ne la poſſéde,	If he does not poſſeſs,
Il s'en va mourir;	He dies with deſpair;
Donnons y reméde,	Let 's give him redreſs,
Allons la querir.	And go find out the Fair.

* The Tranſlator propoſed to turn this Ode with all imaginable exactneſs; and he hopes he has been pretty juſt to Malherbe: only in the ſixth line he has made a ſmall addition of theſe three words, "as they ſay;" which he thinks is excuſable, if we conſider the French Poet there talks a little too familiarly of the king's paſſion, as if the king himſelf had owned it to him. The Tranſlator thinks it more mannerly and reſpectful in Malherbe to pretend to have the account of it only by hearſay. KING.

† Lewis the Fourteenth.

THE

THE FURMETARY;

A VERY INNOCENT AND HARMLESS POEM*,

IN THREE CANTO'S.

First printed in 1699.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Poem may be thought to write for fame, and the applauſe of the town: but he wholly diſowns it; for he writes only for the public good, the benefit of his country, and the manufacture of England. It is well known, that *grave Senators* have often, at the Palace-yard, refreſhed themſelves with Barley-broth in a morning, which has had a very ſolid influence on their counſels; it is therefore hoped that other perſons may uſe it with the like ſucceſs. No man can be ignorant, how of late years Coffee and Tea in a morning has prevailed; nay, Cold

* Written to pleaſe a Gentleman, who thought nothing ſmooth or lofty could be written upon a mean ſubject; but had no intent of making any reflection upon "The Diſpenſary," which has deſervedly gained a laſting reputation. KING.

Waters have obtained their commendation; and Wells are ſprung up from Acton to Iſlington, and croſs the water to Lambeth. Theſe liquors have ſeveral eminent champions of all profeſſions. But there have not been wanting perſons, in all ages, that have ſhewn a true love for their country, and the proper diet of it, as Water-gruel, Milk-porridge, Rice-milk, and eſpecially Furmetry both with Plums and without. To this end, ſeveral worthy perſons have encouraged the eating ſuch wholeſome diet in a morning; and, that the poor may be provided, they have deſired ſeveral Matrons to ſtand at Smithfield-bars, Leaden-hall-market, Stocks-market, and divers other noted places in the City, eſpecially at Fleet-ditch; there to *diſpenſe* Furmetry to labouring people, and the poor, at reaſonable rates, at three-halfpence and two-pence a diſh, which is not dear, the Plums being conſidered.

The places are generally ſtiled Furmetaries, becauſe that food has got the general eſteem; but that at Fleet-ditch I take to be one of the moſt remarkable, and therefore I have ſtyled it, "The Furmetary;" and could eaſily have had a certificate of the uſefulneſs of this Furmetary, ſigned by ſeveral eminent Carmen, Gardeners, Journeymen-taylors, and Baſket-women, who have promiſed to contribute to the maintenance of the ſame, in caſe the Coffee-houſes ſhould proceed to oppoſe it.

I have thought this a very proper ſubject for an Heroic Poem; and endeavoured to be as ſmooth in my verſe, and as inoffenſive in my characters, as was poſ-

 ſible.

ſible. It is my caſe with Lucretius, that I write upon a ſubject not treated of by the Ancients. But, "the "greater labour, the greater glory."

Virgil had a Homer to imitate; but I ſtand upon my own legs, without any ſupport from abroad. I therefore ſhall have more occaſion for the Reader's favour, who, from the kind acceptance of this, may expect the deſcription of other Furmetaries about this City, from his moſt humble ſervant,

AND PER SE AND.

CANTO I.

NO ſooner did the grey-ey'd Morning peep,
And yawning mortals ſtretch themſelves from ſleep;
Finders of gold were now but newly paſt,
And baſket-women did to Market haſte;
The Watchmen were but juſt returning home,
To give the Thieves more liberty to roam;
When from a hill, by growing beams of light,
A ſtately pile was offer'd to the ſight;
Three ſpacious doors let paſſengers go through,
And diſtant ſtones did terminate their view:
Juſt here, as ancient Poets ſing, there ſtood
The noble palace of the valiant Lud;
His image now appears in Portland ſtone,
Each ſide ſupported by a god-like ſon*:

But,

* As Dr. King's deſcription of Ludgate, though familiar to the preſent age, will be leſs intelligible to the

But, underneath, all the three heroes ſhine,
In living colours, drawn upon a ſign,
Which ſhews the way to Ale, but not to Wine.
Near is a place enclos'd with iron-bars,
Where many mortals curſe their cruel ſtars,
When brought by Uſurers into diſtreſs,
For having little, ſtill muſt live on leſs:
Stern Avarice there keeps the relentleſs door,
And bids each wretch eternally be poor.
Hence Hunger riſes, diſmally he ſtalks,
And takes each ſingle priſoner in his walks:
This duty done, the meagre monſter ſtares,
Holds up his bones, and thus begins his prayers:
" Thou, Goddeſs Famine, that canſt ſend us blights,
" With parching heat by day, and ſtorm by nights,

riſing generation, it may not be improper to obſerve, that its name, which Geoffry of Monmouth has aſcribed to King Lud, was with greater propriety derived from its ſituation near the rivulet Flud, or Fleet, which ran near it.—So early as 1373, Ludgate was conſtituted a priſon for poor debtors who were free of the city; and was greatly enlarged in 1454, by Sir Stephen Forſter, who, after having been himſelf confined there, became lord mayor of London, and eſtabliſhed ſeveral benevolent regulations for its government.—The old gate becoming ruinous, an elegant building, as above deſcribed by Dr. King, was erected in 1586, with the ſtatue of Queen Elizabeth on the Weſt front, and thoſe of the pretended King Lud and his two ſons on the Eaſt. This was pulled down in 1760, and the ſtatue of Elizabeth placed againſt the church of St. Dunſtan in the Weſt. Since that time, the city debtors have been confined in a part of the London workhouſe in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet. N.

" Aſſiſt

" Affiſt me now: ſo may all lands be thine,
" And ſhoals of orphans at thy altars pine!
" Long may thy reign continue on each ſhore,
" Where-ever Peace and Plenty reign'd before!
" I muſt confeſs, that to thy gracious hand
" I widows owe, that are at my command;
" I joy to hear their numerous children's cries;
" And bleſs thy power, to find they 've no ſupplies.
" I thank thee for thoſe Martyrs, who would flee
" From ſuperſtitious rites and tyranny,
" And find their fullneſs of reward in me.
" But 'tis with much humility I own,
" That generous favour you have lately ſhown,
" When men, that bravely have their country ſerv'd,
" Receiv'd the juſt reward that they deſerv'd,
" And are preferr'd to me, and ſhall be ſtarv'd.
" I can, but with regret, I can deſpiſe
" Innumerable of the London cries,
" When Peaſe, and Mackarel, with their harſher ſound,
" The tender organs of my ears confound;
" But that which makes my projects all miſcarry,
" Is this inhuman, fatal FURMETARY.
" Not far from hence, juſt by the Bridge of Fleet,
" With Spoons and Porringers, and Napkin neat,
" A faithleſs Syren does entice the ſenſe,
" By fumes of viands, which ſhe does diſpenſe
" To mortal ſtomachs, for rewarding pence;
" Whilſt each man's earlieſt thoughts would baniſh me,
" Who have no other oracle but thee."

CANTO II.

WHILST ſuch-like prayers keen Hunger would advance,
Fainting and weakneſs threw him in a trance:
Famine took pity on her careful ſlave,
And kindly to him this aſſiſtance gave.
She took the figure of a thin parch'd Maid,
Who many years had for a Huſband ſtaid;
And, coming near to Hunger, thus ſhe ſaid:
"My darling ſon, whilſt Peace and Plenty ſmile,
"And Happineſs would over-run this iſle,
"I joy to ſee, by this thy preſent care,
"I 've ſtill ſome friends remaining ſince the war:
"In ſpite of us, A does on Veniſon feed,
"And Bread and Butter is for B decreed;
"C D combines with E F's generous ſoul,
"To paſs their minutes with the ſparkling bowl;
"If I's good-nature, from his endleſs ſtore,
"Is ſtill conferring bleſſings on the poor,
"For none, except 'tis K, regards them more.
"L, M, N, O, P, Q, is vainly great,
"And ſquanders half his ſubſtance in a treat.
"Nice eating by R, S, is underſtood;
"T's ſupper, though but little, yet is good;
"U's converſation 's equal to his wine,
"You ſup with W, whene'er you dine:

"X,

" X, Y, and Z, hating to be confin'd,
" Ramble to the next Eating-houſe they find;
" Pleaſant, good-humour'd, beautiful, and gay,
" Sometimes with muſick, and ſometimes with play,
" Prolong their pleaſures till th' approaching day.
" AND PER SE AND alone, as Poets uſe,
" The ſtarving dictates of my rules purſues;
" No ſwinging coachman does afore him ſhine,
" Nor has he any conſtant place to dine,
" But all his notions of a meal are mine.
" Haſte, haſte, to him, a bleſſing give from me,
" And bid him write ſharp things on FURMETRY.
" But I would have thee to Coffedro go,
" And let Tobacco too thy buſineſs know;
" With famous Teedrums in this caſe adviſe,
" Rely on Sagoe, who is always wiſe.
Amidſt ſuch counſel, baniſh all deſpair;
" Truſt me, you ſhall ſucceed in this affair:
" That project which they FURMETARY call,
" Before next Breakfaſt-time ſhall ſurely fall!"
This ſaid, ſhe quickly vaniſh'd in a wind
Had long within her body been confin'd.
Thus Hercules, when he his miſtreſs found,
Soon knew her by her ſcent, and by her ſound.

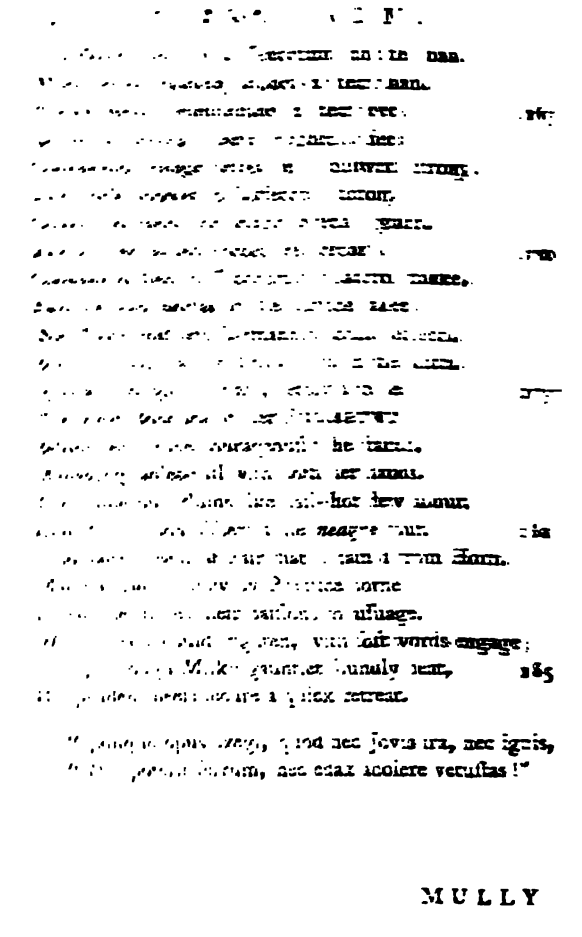
CANTO III.

HUNGER rejoic'd to hear the bleſt command;
That FURMETARY ſhould no longer ſtand;
With ſpeed he to Coffedro's manſion flies,
And bids the pale-fac'd mortal quickly riſe.
"Ariſe, my friend; for upon thee do wait
"Diſmal events and prodigies of Fate!
"'Tis break of day, thy ſooty broth prepare,
"And all thy other liquors for a war:
"Rouſe up Tobacco, whoſe delicious ſight,
"Illuminated round with beams of light,
"To my impatient mind will cauſe delight.
"How will he conquer noſtrils that preſume
"To ſtand th' attack of his impetuous fume!
"Let handſome Teeth-ums too be call'd to arms,
"For he has courage in the midſt of charms:
"Sage with counſel fills his wakeful brains,
"But then his wiſdom countervails his pains;
"'Tis he ſhall be your guide, he ſhall effect
"That glorious conqueſt which we all expect:
"The brave Hucherus ſhall command this force;
"He 'll meet Tobacco's Foes, or, which is worſe,
"Oppoſe the fury of Carmannic's Horſe.
"For his reward, this he ſhall have each day,
"*Drink Coffee, ſmoak Tobacco, and never pay.*"
It was not long ere the Grandees were met,
And round *neat-paper* in full order ſet.

Their

Then Sagoe, riſing, ſaid, " I hope you hear
" Hunger's advice with an obedient ear;
" Our great deſign admits of no delay,
" Famine commands, and we muſt all obey:
" That Syren which does FURMETARY keep
" Long ſince is riſen from the bands of ſleep;
" Her Spoons and Porringers, with art diſplay'd,
" Many of Hunger's ſubjects have betray'd."
" To arms," Hectorvus cried: " Coffedro ſtout,
" Iſſue forth liquor from thy ſcalding ſpout!"
Great One-and-all-i gives the firſt alarms;
Then each man ſnatches up offenſive arms.
To Ditch of Fleet courageouſly they run,
Quicker than thought; the battle is begun:
Hectorvus firſt Tubcarrio does attack,
And by ſurprize ſoon lays him on his back;
Thirſto and Drowtho then, approaching near,
Soon overthrow two magazines of Beer.
The innocent Syrena little thought
That all theſe arms againſt herſelf were brought;
Nor that in her defence the drink was ſpilt:
How could ſhe fear, that never yet knew guilt?
Her fragrant Juice, and her delicious Plums,
She does *diſpenſe* (with gold upon her thumbs):
Virgins and Youths around her ſtood; ſhe ſate,
Environ'd with a Wooden-chair of ſtate.
In the mean time, Tobacco ſtrives to vex
A numerous ſquadron of the tender ſex;
What with ſtrong ſmoak, and with his ſtronger breath,
He ſunks Baſketia and her ſon to death.

Coffedro



MULLY

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN*.

First printed by the Author in 1704.

I.

MOUNTOWN†! thou ſweet retreat from Dublin cares,
Be famous for thy Apples and thy Pears;
For Turnips, Carrots, Lettuce, Beans, and Peaſe;
For Peggy's Butter, and for Peggy's Cheeſe.
May clouds of Pigeons round about thee fly!
But condeſcend ſometimes to make a Pye.
May fat Geeſe gaggle with melodious voice,
And ne'er want Gooſeberries or Apple-ſauce!
Ducks in thy Ponds, and Chicken in thy Pens,
And be thy Turkeys numerous as thy Hens!
May thy black Pigs lie warm in little ſtye,
And have no thought to grieve them till they die!
Mountown! the Muſes' moſt delicious theme;
Oh! may thy Codlins ever ſwim in Cream!
Thy Raſp- and Straw-berries in Bourdeaux drown,
To add a redder tincture to their own!

* It was taken for a State Poem, and to have many myſteries in it; though it was only made, as well as "Orpheus and Eurydice," for country diverſion. KING.

† A pleaſant villa to the South of Dublin, near the ſea.

Thy

Thy White-wine, Sugar, Milk, together club,
To make that gentle viand Syllabub *.
Thy Tarts to Tarts; Cheeſe-cakes to Cheeſe-cakes join,
To ſpoil the reliſh of the flowing Wine.
But to the fading palate bring relief;
By thy Weſtphalian Ham, or Belgic Beef;
And, to complete thy bleſſings, in a word,
May ſtill thy ſoil be generous as its Lord †!

II.

Oh! Peggy, Peggy, when thou goeſt to brew,
Conſider well what you 're about to do;
Be very wiſe, very ſedately think
That what you 're going now to make is *drink*;
Conſider who muſt drink that drink; and then,
What 'tis to have the praiſe of *honeſt* men:

* "Peace to thy gentle ſhade, ſweet-ſmiling Henni-"ver!" — would have been our Author's ejaculation, if he had lived in 1775; when the admirers of this "gentle viand" lamented the irreparable loſs of the foundreſs of the Lactarium.

"Lac mihi non æſtate novum, non frigore deſit;"

"My milk in ſummer's drought, nor winter fails;"

was the Matron's invitation to the publick; whilſt her happy cottage preſented the livelieſt reflection of its benignant owner:

"Quam dives pecoris nivei, quam lactis abundans!"

"What luſcious milk, what rural ſtores are mine!" N.

† Judge Upton.

For

For ſurely, Peggy, while that drink does laſt,
'Tis Peggy will be *toaſted* or *diſgrac'd*.
Then, if thy Ale in *glaſs* thou would'ſt confine,
To make its ſparkling rays in beauty ſhine,
Let thy clean Bottle be entirely dry,
Leſt a white ſubſtance to the ſurface fly,
And, floating there, diſturb the curious eye.
But this great maxim muſt be underſtood,
" Be ſure, nay very ſure, thy *cork* be good!"
Then future ages ſhall of Peggy tell,
That Nymph that *brew'd* and *bottled* Ale ſo well.

III.

How fleet is air! how many things have breath,
Which in a moment they reſign to death;
Depriv'd of light, and all their happieſt ſtate,
Not by their fault, but ſome o'er-ruling Fate!
Although fair flowers, that juſtly might invite,
Are cropt, nay torn away, for man's delight;
Yet ſtill thoſe flowers, alas! can make no moan,
Nor has Narciſſus now a power to groan!
But all thoſe things which breathe in different frame,
By tie of common breath, man's pity claim.
A gentle Lamb has rhetorick to plead,
And, when ſhe ſees the Butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice intreats him not to make her bleed:
But cruel gain, and luxury of taſte,
With pride, ſtill lays man's *fellow-mortals* waſte:
What earth and waters breed, or air inſpires,
Man for his palate fits by torturing fires.

MULLY,

MULLY, a Cow, ſprung from a beauteous race,
With ſpreading front, did Mountown's paſtures grace.
Gentle ſhe was, and, with a gentle ſtream,
Each morn and night gave Milk that equal'd Cream.
Offending none, of none ſhe ſtood in dread,
Much leſs of perſons which ſhe daily *fed*:
" But Innocence cannot itſelf defend,
" 'Gainſt treacherous arts, veil'd with the name of
" Friend."
ROBIN of Derby-ſhire, whoſe temper ſhocks
The conſtitution of his native rocks;
Born in a place *, which, if it once be nam'd,
Would make a bluſhing modeſty aſham'd:
He with indulgence kindly did *appear*
To make poor Mully his peculiar care;
But inwardly this ſullen churliſh thief
Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's Beef;
His fancy fed on her; and thus he'd cry,
" Mully, as ſure as I 'm alive, you die!
" 'Tis a brave Cow. O, Sirs, when Chriſtmas comes,
" Theſe Shins ſhall make the Porridge grac'd with Plums;
" Then, 'midſt our cups, whilſt we profuſely *dine*,
" This blade ſhall enter deep in Mully's Chine.
" What Ribs, what Rumps, what bak'd, boil'd, ſtew'd,
" and roaſt!
" There ſhan't one ſingle Tripe of her be loſt!"

* The Devil's Arſe of Peak; deſcribed by Hobbes in a Poem "De Mirabilibus Pecci," the beſt of his poetical performances. N.

When

When Peggy, Nymph of Mountown, heard theſe ſounds,
She griev'd to hear of Mully's future wounds.
"What crime," ſaid ſhe, "has gentle Mully done?
"Witneſs the riſing and the ſetting Sun,
"That knows what Milk ſhe conſtantly would give!
"Let that quench Robin's rage, and Mully live."
Daniel, a ſprightly Swain, that us'd to ſlaſh
The vigorous Steeds that drew his Lord's calaſh,
To Peggy's ſide inclin'd; for 'twas well known
How well he lov'd thoſe Cattle of his own.
Then Terence ſpoke, oraculous and ſly,
He 'd neither grant the queſtion nor deny;
Pleading for Milk, his thoughts were on Mince-pye:
But all his arguments ſo dubious were,
That Mully thence had neither hopes nor fear.
"You 've ſpoke," ſays Robin; "but now, let me "tell ye,
"'Tis not fair ſpoken *words* that fill the *belly*:
"Pudding and Beef I love; and cannot ſtoop
"To recommend your bonny-clapper Soup.
"You ſay ſhe 's innocent: but what of that?
"'Tis more than crime ſufficient that ſhe 's *fat!*
"And that which is prevailing in this caſe
"Is, there 's another Cow to fill her place.
"And, granting Mully to have Milk in ſtore,
"Yet ſtill this other Cow will give us more.
"She dies." — Stop here, my Muſe: forbear the reſt:
And veil that grief which cannot be expreſt!

ORPHEUS

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

Firſt printed by the Author in 1704.

AS Poets ſay, one Orpheus went
To Hell upon an odd intent.
Firſt tell the ſtory, then let 's know,
If any one will do ſo now.
This Orpheus was a jolly boy,
Born long before the Siege of Troy;
His parents found the lad was ſharp,
And taught him on the Iriſh Harp;
And, when grown fit for marriage-life,
Gave him Eurydice for wife;
And they, as ſoon as match was made,
Set up the Ballad-ſinging trade.
The cunning varlet could deviſe,
For country folks, ten thouſand lyes;
Affirming all thoſe monſtrous things
Were done by force of *harp* and *ſtrings*;
Could make a Tiger in a trice
Tame as a Cat, and catch your Mice;
Could make a Lion's courage flag,
And ſtraight could animate a Stag,
And, by the help of pleaſing ditties,
Make Mill-ſtones run, and build up Cities;
Each had the uſe of fluent tongue,
If Dicé ſcolded, Orpheus ſung.

And

And ſo, by diſcord without ſtrife,
Compos'd one harmony of life;
And thus, as all their matters ſtood,
They got an honeſt livelihood.
Happy were mortals, could they be
From any ſudden danger free!
Happy were Poets, could their ſong
The feeble thread of life prolong!
But, as theſe two went ſtroling on,
Poor Dicé's ſcene of life was done:
Away her fleeting breath muſt fly,
Yet no one knows wherefore, or why.
This caus'd the general lamentation,
To all that knew her in her ſtation;
How briſk ſhe was ſtill to advance
The Harper's gain, and lead the dance,
In every tune obſerve her thrill,
Sing on, yet change the money ſtill.
Orpheus beſt knew what loſs he had,
And, thinking on't, fell almoſt mad,
And in deſpair to Linus ran,
Who was eſteem'd a Cunning-man;
Cried, "He again muſt Dicé have,
"Or elſe be buried in her grave."
Quoth Linus, "Soft, refrain your ſorrow:
"What fails to-day, may ſpeed to-morrow.
"Thank you the Gods for whate'er happens,
"But don't fall out with your fat capons.
"'Tis many an honeſt man's petition,
"That he may be in your condition.

" If ſuch a bleſſing might be had,
" To change a living wife for dead,
" I 'd be your chapman; nay, I 'd do 't,
" Though I gave forty pounds to boot.
" Conſider firſt, you ſave her diet;
" Conſider next, you keep her quiet:
" For, pray, what was ſhe all along,
" Except the burthen of your ſong?
" What, though your Dicé 's under ground;
" Yet many a woman may be found,
" Who, in your gains if ſhe may part take,
" Truſt me, will quickly make your heart ach:
" Then reſt content, as widowers ſhould —
" The Gods beſt know what 's for our good!"
Orpheus no longer could endure
Such wounds where he expected cure.
" Is 't poſſible!" cried he; " and can
" That noble creature, married man,
" In ſuch a cauſe be ſo profane?
" I 'll fly thee far as I would Death,
" Who from my Dicé took her breath."
Which ſaid, he ſoon outſtript the wind,
Whilſt puffing Boreas lagg'd behind;
And to Urganda's cave he came,
A lady of prodigious fame,
Whoſe hollow eyes and hopper breech
Made common people call her Witch;
Down at her feet he proſtrate lies,
With trembling heart and blubber'd eyes.

" Tell

" Tell me," ſaid he, " for ſure you know
" The Powers above, and thoſe below,
" Where does Eurydice remain?
" How ſhall I fetch her back again?"
She ſmilingly replied, " I 'll tell
" This eaſily without a ſpell:
" The wife you look for 's gone to Hell —
" Nay, never ſtart, man, for 'tis ſo;
" Except one ill-bre wife or two,
" The faſhion is, fo ll to go.
" Not that ſhe will h damn'd; ne'er fear
" But ſhe may get p ferment there.
" Indeed, ſhe might e fried in pitch,
" If ſhe had been a bitter bitch;
" If ſhe had leapt at rt a ſword,
" And afterwards ha roke her word.
" But your Eurydice, poor ſoul!
" Was a good-natur'd harmleſs fool;
" Except a little cattervawling,
" Was always painful in her calling;
" And, I dare truſt old Pluto for 't,
" She will find favour in his Court:
" But then to fetch her back, that ſtill
" Remains, and may be paſt my ſkill;
" For, 'tis too ſad a thing to jeſt on,
" You 're the firſt man e'er aſk'd the queſtion;
" For huſbands are ſuch ſelfiſh elves,
" They care for little but themſelves.
" And then one rogue cries to another,
" Since this wife 's gone, e'en get another:

"Though moſt men let ſuch thoughts alone,
"And ſwear they 've had enough of one.
"But, ſince you are ſo kind to Dicé,
"Follow the courſe which I adviſe ye;
"E'en go to Hell yourſelf, and try
"Th' effect of Muſick's harmony;
"For you will hardly find a friend,
"Whom you in ſuch a caſe might ſend:
"Beſides, their Proſerpine has been
"The briſkeſt dancer on the green,
"Before old Pluto raviſh'd her,
"Took her to Hell — and you may ſwear
"She had but little Muſick there;
"For, ſince ſhe laſt beheld the ſun,
"Her merry dancing-days are done;
"She has a colt's-tooth ſtill, I warrant,
"And will not diſapprove your errand.
"Then your requeſt does reaſon ſeem,
"For what 's one ſingle ghoſt to them?
"Though thouſand *phantoms* ſhould invade ye,
"Paſs on — Faint Heart ne'er won fair Lady!
"The bold a way will find, or make;
"Remember, 'tis for Dicé's ſake."
Nothing pleas'd Orpheus half ſo well,
As news that he muſt go to Hell.
Th' impatient wight long'd to be going,
As moſt folk look their own undoing;
Ne'er thought of what he left behind;
Never conſider'd he ſhould find

Scarce

Scarce any paſſenger beſide
Himſelf, nor could he hire a guide:
" Will Muſick do 't?" cried he. " Ne'er heed;
" My harp ſhall make the marble bleed;
" My harp all dangers ſhall remove,
" And dare all flames, but thoſe of Love."
Then kneeling begs, in terms moſt civil,
Urganda's paſſport to the Devil.
Her paſs ſhe kindly to him gave,
Then bade him 'noint himſelf with ſalve;
Such as thoſe hardy people uſe,
Who walk on fire without their ſhoes,
Who, on occaſion, in a dark hole,
Can gormondize on lighted Charcoal,
And drink eight quarts of flaming Fuel,
As men in flux do Water-gruel.
She bade him then go to thoſe caves,
Where Conjurers keep Fairy ſlaves,
Such ſort of creatures as will baſte ye
A Kitchen-wench, for being naſty,
But, if ſhe neatly ſcour her pewter,
Give her the money that is due t'her.
Orpheus went down a narrow hole,
That was as dark as any coal;
He did at length ſome glimmering ſpy,
By which, at leaſt, he might deſcry
Ten thouſand little Fairy elves,
Who there were ſolacing themſelves.
All ran about him, cried, " Oh, dear!
" Who thought to have ſeen Orpheus here?

" This, her Queen's familiar, which you see,
" And you are come as luckily:
" You had no Ballad but we taught it,
" Poor Dicé when she little thought it;
" When you beneath the yew-tree sat,
" We've come, and all danc'd round your Hat;
" But whereabouts did Dicé leave ye?
" She had been welcome, Sir, believe me."
" These little chits would make one swear,"
Quoth Orpheus, 'twixt disdain and fear.
" And dare these Urchins jeer my crosses,
" And laugh at mine and Dicé's losses?
" Hands off — the monkeys hold the faster;
" Sirrahs, I am going to your Master!"
" Good words," quoth Oberon: " don't flinch;
" For, every time you stir, I'll pinch;
" But, if you decently sit down,
" I'll first equip you with a crown:
" Then for each dance, and for each song,
" Our pence apiece the whole night long."
Orpheus, who found no remedy,
Made virtue of necessity;
Though all was out of tune, their dance
Would only hinder his advance;
Each note that from his fingers fell
Seem'd to be Dicé's passing-bell;
At last, night let him ease his crupper,
Get on his legs, to go to supper.
Quoth Mab, " We here have strangers seldom,
" But, Sir, to what we have you're welcome."
" Madam,

" Madam, they ſeem of light digeſtion.
" Is it not rude to aſk a queſtion,
" What they may be, fiſh, fleſh, or fruit?
" For I ne'er ſaw things ſo minute."

" SIR,

" A roaſted ant, that 's nicely done,
" By one ſmall atom of the ſun.
" Theſe are flies' eggs, in moon-ſhine poach'd;
" This a flea's thigh in collops ſcotch'd,
" 'Twas hunted yeſterday i' th' Park,
" And like t' have 'ſcap'd us in the dark.
" This is a diſh entirely new,
" Butterflies' brains diſſolv'd in dew;
" Theſe lovers' vows, theſe courtiers' hopes,
" Things to be eat by microſcopes;
" Theſe ſucking mites, a glow-worm's heart,
" This a delicious rainbow-tart!"

" Madam, I find, they 're very nice,
" And will digeſt within a trice;
" I ſee there 's nothing you eſteem,
" That 's half ſo groſs as our whipt-cream;
" And I infer, from all theſe meats,
" That ſuch light ſuppers keep clean ſheets."

" But, Sir," ſaid ſhe, " perhaps you 're dry!"
Then, ſpeaking to a Fairy by,
" You 've taken care, my dear Endia,
" All 's ready for my Ratifia."

"SIR,

" A drop of water, newly torn
" Freſh from the roſy-finger'd Morn;
" A pearl of milk, that 's gently preſt
" From blooming Hebe's early breaſt;
" With half a one of Cupid's tears,
" When he in embryo firſt appears;
" And honey from an infant bee;
" Makes liquor for the Gods and Me!"
" Madam," ſays he, " an't pleaſe your Grace,
" I 'm going to a droughty place;
" And, if I an't too bold, pray charge her,
" The draught I have be ſomewhat larger."
" Fetch me," ſaid ſhe, " a mighty bowl,
" Like Oberon's capacious ſoul,
" And then fill up the burniſh'd gold
" With juice that makes the Britons bold.
" This from ſeven barley-corns I drew,
" Its years are ſeven, and to the view
" 'Tis clear, and ſparkles fit for you.
" But ſtay —
" When I by Fate was laſt time hurl'd,
" To act my pranks in t'other world,
" I ſaw ſome ſparks as they were drinking,
" With mighty mirth and little thinking,
" Their jeſts were *ſupernaculum*,
" I ſnatch'd the rubies from each thumb,
" And in this cryſtal have them here,
" Perhaps you 'll like it more than Beer."

Wine

Wine and late hours diſſolv'd the feaſt,
And Men and Fairies went to reſt.
The bed where Orpheus was to lie
Was all ſtuff'd full of Harmony:
Purling ſtreams and amorous rills,
Dying ſound that never kills,
Zephyrus breathing, Love delighting,
Joy to ſlumber ſoft inviting,
Trembling ſounds that make no noiſe,
And ſongs to pleaſe without a voice,
Were mixt with down that fell from Jove,
When he became a Swan for love.
'Twas night, and Nature's ſelf lay dead,
Nodding upon a feather-bed;
The mountains ſeem'd to bend their tops,
And ſhutters clos'd the milleners' ſhops,
Excluding both the punks and fops;
No ruffled ſtreams to mill do come,
The ſilent fiſh were ſtill more dumb;
Look in the chimney, not a ſpark there,
And darkneſs did itſelf grow darker.
But Orpheus could not ſleep a wink,
He had too many things to think:
But, in the dark, his harp he ſtrung,
And to the liſtening Fairies ſung.
Prince Prim, who pitied ſo much youth
Join'd with ſuch conſtancy and truth,
Soon gave him thus to underſtand;
"Sir, I laſt night receiv'd command
"To ſee you out of Fairy Land,

"Into

" Into the Realm of Nofnothocai;
" But let not fear or fulphur cheak ye;
" For he 's a Fiend of ſenſe and wit,
" And has got many rooms to lett."
As quick as thought, by glow-worm-glimpſe,
Out walk the Fidler and the Prince.
They ſoon arrive; find Bocai brewing
Of Claret for a Vintner's ſtewing.
" I come from Oberon," quoth Prinas Prim.
" 'Tis well," quoth Bocai: " what from him?"
" Why, ſomething ſtrange; this honeſt man
" Had his wife died; now, if he can,
" He ſays, he 'd have her back again."
Then Bocai, ſmiling, cried, " You ſee,
" Orpheus, you 'd better ſtay with me.
" For, let me tell you, Sir, this place,
" Although it has an ugly face,
" If to its value it were ſold,
" Is worth ten thouſand ton of gold;
" And very famous in all ſtory,
" Call'd by the name of Purgatory.
" For, when ſome ages ſhall have run,
" And Truth by Falſehood be undone,
" Shall riſe the Whore of Babylon;
" And this ſame Whore ſhall be a Man,
" Who, by his lyes and cheating, can
" Be ſuch a trader in all evil,
" As to outdo our friend the Devil:
" He and his pimps ſhall ſay, that when
A man is dying, thither then

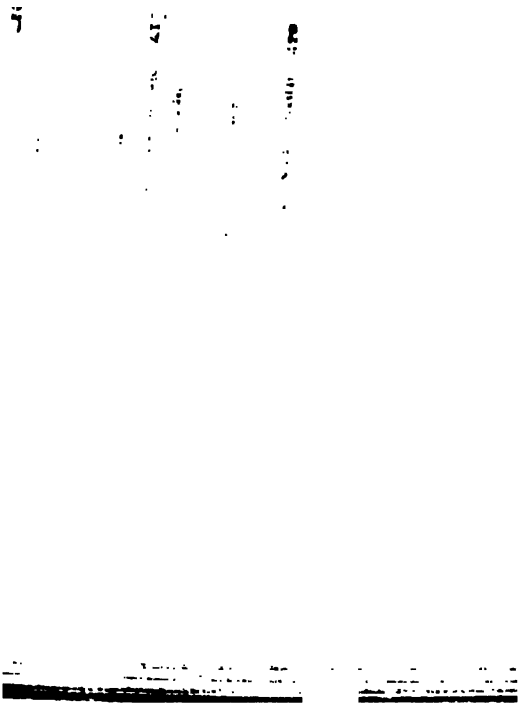
" The

" The Devil comes to take the foul,
" And carry him down to this hole:
" But, if a man have ſtore of wealth,
" To get ſome prayers for his ſoul's health,
" The Devil has then no more to do,
" But muſt be forc'd to let him go.
" But we are no more fools than they,
" Thus to be bubbled of our prey.
" By theſe ſame pious Frauds and Lyes,
" Shall many Monaſteries riſe:
" Friars ſhall get good meat and beer,
" To pray folks out that ne'er came here;
" Pans, pots, and kettles, ſhall be given,
" To fetch a man from hence to Heaven.
" Suppoſe a man has taken purſes,
" Or ſtolen ſheep, or cows, or horſes,
" And chances to be hang'd; you 'd cry,
" Let him be hang'd, and ſo good-by.
" Hold, ſays the Friar; let me alone,
" He 's but to Purgatory gone:
" And, if you 'll let our Convent keep
" Thoſe purſes, cows, horſes, and ſheep,
" The fellow ſhall find no more pain,
" Than if he were alive again."
Here Orpheus ſigh'd, began to take on,
Cried, " Could I find the Whore you ſpake on,
" I 'd give him my beſt flitch of bacon:
" I 'd give him cake and ſugar'd ſack,
" If he would bring my Dice back:

" Rather

" In future times, theſe, finely dreſt,
" Shall each invade a Prince's breaſt;
" 'Tis *flattery* ſeed; though thinly ſown,
" It is a mighty plant when grown,
" When rooted deep, and fully blown;
" Now ſee theſe things like bubbles fly;
" **Theſe are the ſeeds of *vanity*.**
" Take *tyrant acorns*, which will beſt advance,
" If ſown in Eaſtern climates, or in France;
" But theſe are things of moſt prodigious hopes,
" They 're *Jeſuit bulbs* tied up with ropes;
" And theſe the Devil's grafts for future popes,
" Which with Fanaticiſm are join'd ſo clean,
" You 'd ſcarce believe a knife had paſs'd between.
" *Falſe-witneſs* ſeed had almoſt been forgot,
" 'Twill be your making, ſhould there be a plot.
" And now, dear Orpheus, ſcatter theſe but well;
" **And you 'll deſerve the gratitude of Hell.**"
Quoth Orpheus, " You ſhall be obey'd
" In every thing that you have ſaid,
" For miſchief is the Poet's trade:
" And whatſoever they ſhall bring,
" You may aſſure yourſelf, I 'll ſing.
" But pray what Poets ſhall we have,
" At my returning from the grave?"
" Sad dogs!" quoth Bocai,—" let me ſee—
" But, ſince what I ſay cannot ſhame them,
" I 'll e'en reſolve to never name them."
" But now," ſays Bocai, " Sir, you may
" Long to be going on your way,

" Unleſs



RUFINUS;

OR,

THE FAVOURITE*.

IMITATED FROM CLAUDIAN.

OFT, as I wondering ſtand, a ſecret doubt
Puzzles my reaſon, and diſturbs my thought,
Whether this lower world by Chance does move,
Or guided by the guardian hand of Jove.
When I ſurvey the world's harmonious frame,
How Nature lives immutably the ſame;
How ſtated bounds and ambient ſhores reſtrain
The rolling ſurges of the briny main;
How conſtant Time revolves the circling year;
How Day and Night alternately appear;
Then am I well convinc'd ſome ſecret ſoul,
Some Firſt Informing Power directs the whole;
Some Great Intelligence, who turns the Spheres,
Who rules the ſteady motion of the Stars,
Who decks with *borrow'd light* the waning Moon,
And fills with *native light* th' unchanging Sun,

* The Eſſay, to which this Poem was originally annexed, was written in 1711, as a harſh ſatire on the duke of Marlborough, dictated perhaps rather by party rage than truth. It is printed in Dr. King's Works, vol. II. p. 280. N.

Then Age ſcarce drags her limbs, ſcarce draws her breath,
But, tottering on, approaches neighbouring Death;
Here grows Diſeaſe, with inbred tortures worn;
There Envy ſnarls, and others' good does mourn;
There Sorrow ſighs, her robe to tatters torn;
Fear ſkulks behind, and trembling hides her face,
But Raſhneſs headlong thruſts her front of braſs;
Then Luxury, wealth's bane, profuſely ſhines,
Whilſt Want, attending in a *cloud*, repines.
A train of ſleepleſs ſelf-tormenting cares,
Daughters of meagre Avarice, appears *;
Who, as around her wither'd *neck* they cling,
Confeſs the parent *bag* from whence they ſpring.
Here ills of each malignant kind reſort,
A thouſand monſters guard the dreadful court.
Amidſt th' *infernal crowd*, Alecto ſtands,
And a deep ſilence awfully commands;
Then, in tumultuous terms like theſe, expreſs'd
A paſſion long had ſwell'd within her breaſt:
" Shall we ſupine permit theſe *peaceful days*,
" So ſmooth, ſo gay, ſo undiſturb'd, to paſs?
" Shall Pity melt, ſhall Clemency control,
" A Fury's fierce and unrelenting *ſoul*?
" What do our iron whips, our brands, avail;
" What all the horrid implements of Hell;

* This is an inſtance in which Dr. King, in common with ſome greater Poets, has ſacrificed Grammar to (even a very indifferent) Rhyme. N.

“ [illegible] *Jove* [illegible] *line*.
“ [illegible] *earth* [illegible]
“ [illegible] were the same, and so their terror [illegible].
“ [illegible] the first happy Golden Age began:
“ Virtue and Concord, with their heavenly train,
“ With Peace and Truth, securely reign;
“ [illegible] Justice, in imperial pomp array'd,
“ Boldly explores this everlasting shade;
“ Whilst she, inquiring, menaces and awes;
“ Reforms the world, and vindicates her laws.
“ And shall we then, neglected and forlorn,
“ From every region banish'd, idly mourn?
“ Assert yourselves, know what, and whence, you are:
“ Attempt some glorious mischief worth your care;
“ Involve the Universe in endless war.
“ Oh! that I could in Stygian vapours rise,
“ Darken the *sun*, pollute the balmy *skies*;
“ Let loose the *rivers*, deluge every plain,
“ Break down the *barriers* of the roaring main,
“ And shatter Nature into Chaos once again!”
So rag'd the Fiend, and toss'd her *vipers* round,
Which hissing pour'd their poison on the ground.
A murmur through the jarring audience rung,
Different resolves from different reasons sprung.
So when the fury of the storm is past,
When the rough winds in softer murmurs waste;
So sounds, so fluctuates, the troubled sea,
As the expiring *tempest* plows its way.
Megæra, rising then, address'd the throng,
To whom Sedition, Tumult, Rage, belong:

Whose

Whoſe food is entrails of the guiltleſs dead,
Whoſe drink is children's blood by parents ſhed.
She ſcorch'd Alcides with a frantic flame,
She broke the bow, the ſavage world did tame;
She nerv'd the arm, ſhe flung the deadly dart,
When Athamas transfix'd Learchus' heart:
She prompted Agamemnon's monſtrous Wife
To take her injur'd Lord's devoted life:
She breath'd revenge and rage into the Son,
So did the Mother's blood the Sire's atone:
She blinded Oedipus with kindred charms,
Forc'd him inceſtuous to a Mother's arms:
She ſtung Thyeſtes, and his fury fed;
She taught him to pollute a Daughter's bed.
Such was her dreadful ſpeech:
" Your *ſchemes* not practical nor lawful are,
" With Heaven and Jove to wage unequal war:
" But, if the peace of Man you would invade,
" If o'er the ravag'd Earth *deſtruction* ſpread;
" Then ſhall RUFINUS, fram'd for every *ill*,
" With your own vengeance execute your will;
" A prodigy from ſavage parents ſprung,
" Impetuous as a Tigreſs new with young;
" Fierce as the Hydra, fickle as the Flood,
" And keen as meagre Harpies for their food.
" Soon as the infant drew the vital air,
" I firſt receiv'd him to my nurſing care;
" And often he, when tender yet and young,
" Cried for the teat, and on my boſom hung:

"Whilst my *torn'd serpents* round his *visage* play'd,
"His features form'd, and there their *venom* shed;
"Whilst I, infusing, breath'd into his heart
"*Deceit* and *craft*, and every hurtful art;
"Taught him t' involve his soul in secret clouds,
"With false dissembling smiles to veil his frauds.
"Nor dying patriots' tortures can assuage
"His inborn cruelty, his native rage:
"Nor Tagus' yellow torrent can suffice
"His boundless and unsated *avarice*:
"Nor all the metal of Pactolus' streams,
"Nor Hermus glittering as the solar beams.
"If you the stratagem propos'd approve,
"Let us to Court this *bane* of *crowns* remove.
"There shall he soon, with his intriguing art,
"Guide uncontrol'd the willing Prince's *heart*.
"Not Numa's wisdom shall that *heart* defend,
"When the false *Favourite* acts the faithful *Friend*."
Soon as she ended, the surrounding crowd
With peals of joy the black design applaud.
Now with an *adamant* her hair she bound,
With a blue *serpent* girt her vest around;
Then hastes to Phlegethon's impetuous stream,
Whose pitchy waves are flakes of rolling flame;
There lights a torch, and straight, with wings display'd,
Shoots swiftly through the *dun* Tartarian glade.
A place on Gallia's utmost verge there lies,
Extended to the sea and Southern skies;
Where once Ulysses, as old Fables tell,
Invok'd and rais'd th' inhabitants of Hell;

Where

Where oft', with ſtaring eyes, the trembling *hind*
Sees airy *phantoms* ſkim before the wind:
Hence ſprings the Fury into upper ſkies,
Infecting all the region as ſhe flies:
She roars, and ſhakes the atmoſphere around,
And Earth and Sea rebellow to the ſound.
Then ſtraight transform'd her ſnakes to ſilver hairs,
And like an old decrepid *ſage* appears;
Slowly ſhe creeps along with trembling gait,
Scarce can her languid limbs ſuſtain her weight.
At length, arriving at RUFINUS' cell,
Which, from his monſtrous birth, ſhe knew ſo well,
She mildly thus Hell's *darling hope* addreſs'd,
Sooth'd his ambition, and inflam'd his breaſt:
" Can Sloth diſſolve RUFINUS; canſt thou paſs
" Thy ſprightly youth in ſoft inglorious eaſe?
" Know, that thy better Fate, thy kinder Star,
" Does more exalted paths for thee prepare.
" If thou an *old* man's counſel canſt obey,
" The ſubject world ſhall own thy ſovereign ſway:
" For my enlighten'd ſoul, my conſcious breaſt,
" Of Magic's *ſecret ſcience* is poſſeſs'd.'
" Oft' have I forc'd, with *myſtic midnight* ſpells,
" Pale *ſpectres* from their ſubterranean cells:
" Old Hecaté attends my powerful ſong,
" Powerful to haſten fate, or to prolong;
" Powerful the rooted ſtubborn oak to move,
" To ſtop the thunder burſting from above,
" To make the rapid flood's deſcending ſtream
" Flow backward to the fountain whence it came.

"Nor [illegible] my truth—behold, with just surprize,
"An effect of my art—a *palace rise*."
The [illegible] and, lo! a *palace* towering seems,
With [illegible] pillars and metallic beams.
[illegible] ravish'd with the vast delight,
[illegible] *avarice*, and gluts his sight.
Such was his transport, such his sudden pride,
When Midas first his *golden wish* enjoy'd:
But, as his glist'ning food to metal turn'd,
He found his rashness, and his ruin mourn'd.
"Be thou or Man or God," Rufinus said,
"I follow wheresoe'er thy dictates lead."
Then from his *hut* he flies, assumes the state
Propounded by the Fiend, prepar'd by Fate.
Ambition soon began to lift her head,
Soaring she mounts with restless pinions spread;
[illegible] Justice, conscious, shuns the poison'd air,
[illegible] *prostituted tools* repair;
[illegible] and Virtue not avail:
[illegible] *favours* stand expos'd to sale;
[illegible] RUFINUS, scandalously great.
[illegible] nations with oppressive weight;
[illegible] world depending still
[illegible] dictates of his lawless will;
[illegible] whose fierce and factious zeal
[illegible] *resist*, and to *rebel*;
[illegible] *imbeciles*, who their Prince commend,
Who, [illegible] his *sacred rights* defend;
[illegible] *into highest crimes*,
[illegible] *treason* [illegible] *times*.

An

An *haughty Minion*, mad with *empire* grown,
Enflaves the *subjects*, and insults the *Throne*.
A thousand disemboguing *rivers* pay
Their everlasting homage to the *sea*;
The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
Pour constant down their tributary streams:
But yet the *sea* confesses no increase,
For all is swallow'd in the deep abyss.
In craving, still RUFINUS' soul remains,
Though fed with showers of gold, and floods of gains;
For he despoils and ravages the land,
No state is free from his rapacious hand;
Treasures immense he hoards; erects a tower,
To lodge the plunder'd world's collected store:
Unmeasur'd is his wealth, unbounded is his power.
Oh! whither would'st thou rove, *misguided man!*
Vain are thy hopes, thy acquisitions vain:
For now, suppose thy *avarice* possess'd
Of all the splendour of the glittering East,
Of CROESUS' mass of wealth, of CYRUS' crown,
Suppose the ocean's treasure all thy own;
Still would thy soul repine, still ask for more,
Unblest with plenty, with abundance poor.
FABRICIUS, in himself, in virtue great,
Disdain'd a monarch's bribe, despis'd his state.
SERRANUS, as he grac'd the Consul's chair,
So could he guide the plough's laborious share.
The fam'd, the warlike, CURII deign'd to dwell
In a poor lonely cot and humble cell.

Such a retreat to me 's more glorious far,
Than all thy pomp, than all thy triumphs are:
Give me my ſolitary native home,
Take thou thy riſing tower, thy lofty *dome*;
Though there thy furniture of radiant dye
Abſtracts and raviſhes the curious eye;
Though each apartment, every ſpacious room,
Shines with the glories of the Tyrian *loom*;
Yet here I view a more delightful ſcene,
Where Nature's freſheſt bloom and beauties *reign*;
Where the warm Zephyr's genial balmy wing,
Playing, diffuſes an eternal ſpring:
Though there thy lewd laſcivious limbs are laid
On a rich downy couch, or *golden bed*;
Yet here, extended on the flowery graſs,
More free from care, my guiltleſs hours I paſs:
Though there thy *ſycophants*, a ſervile race,
Cringe at thy levees, and reſound thy praiſe;
Yet here a murmuring ſtream, or warbling bird,
To me does ſweeter harmony afford.
NATURE on all the power of bliſs beſtows,
Which from her bounteous ſource perpetual flows.
But he alone with happineſs is bleſt,
Who knows to uſe it rightly when poſſeſt:
A doctrine, if well poiz'd in Reaſon's ſcale,
Nor Luxury nor Want would thus prevail;
Nor would our fleets ſo frequent plow the main,
Nor our embattled *armies* ſtrew the plain.
But, oh! RUFINUS is to reaſon blind!
A ſtrange hydropic thirſt inflames his mind.

No

No *bribes* his growing appetite can ſate;
For new poſſeſſions new deſires create.
No ſenſe of ſhame, no modeſty, reſtrains,
Where Avarice or where Ambition reigns.
When with ſtrict *oaths* his profer'd faith he binds,
Falſe are his vows, and treacherous his deſigns.
Now, ſhould a Patriot riſe, his power oppoſe,
Should he aſſert a ſinking *nation's* cauſe,
He ſtirs a vengeance nothing can controul,
Such is the rancour of his haughty ſoul;
Fell as a lioneſs in Libya's plain,
When tortur'd with the javelin's pointed pain;
Or a ſpurn'd ſerpent, as ſhe ſhoots along,
With lightning in her eyes, and poiſon in her tongue.
Nor will thoſe families eraz'd ſuffice;
But provinces and cities he deſtroys:
Urg'd on with blind revenge and ſettled hate,
He labours the confuſion of the *ſtate*;
Subverts the nation's old-eſtabliſh'd frame,
Explodes her laws, and tramples on her fame.
If e'er in *mercy* he pretends to ſave
A man, purſued by *faction*, from the *grave*;
Then he invents new puniſhments, *new pains*,
Condemns to *ſilence*, and from *truth* reſtrains *;
Then *racks* and *pillories*, and *bonds* and *bars*,
Then *ruin* and *impeachments* he prepares.

* Alluding to the ſentence then recently paſſed on Dr. Sacheverell, for whom our Author was a profeſſed Advocate. N.

O dreadful

O dreadful mercy! more than death severe!
That doubly tortures whom it seems to spare!
All seem enslav'd, all bow to him alone;
Nor dare their hate their just resentments own;
But inward grieve, their sighs and pangs confin'd,
Which with *convulsive sorrow* tear the *mind*.
Envy is mute—'tis treason to disclose
The baneful source of their eternal woes.
But STILICO's superior soul appears
Unshock'd, unmov'd, by base ignoble fears.
He is the Polar Star, directs the *state*,
When *parties* rage, and *public tempests* beat;
He is the safe *retreat*, the sweet repose,
Can sooth and calm afflicted Virtue's *woes*;
He is the solid, firm, unshaken force,
That only knows to stem th' invader's course.
So when a river, swell'd with Winter's rains,
The limits of its wonted shore disdains;
Bridges, and stones, and trees, in vain oppose;
With unresisted rage the torrent flows:
But as it, rolling, meets a mighty rock,
Whose fix'd foundations can repel the shock,
Elided *surges* roar in *eddies* round,
The rock, *unmov'd*, reverberates the sound,

BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM;

OR,

Lord BOLINGBROKE's Welcome from FRANCE *.

" Et thure, et fidibus juvat
" Placare, et vituli ſanguine debito
" Cuſtodes Numidæ Deos."

HOR. lib. I. Od. xxxvi. ad Pomponium Numidam, ob cujus ex Hiſpaniâ redditum gaudio exultat.

WHAT noiſe is this, that interrupts my ſleep?
What echoing ſhouts riſe from the briny deep?
Neptune a ſolemn feſtival prepares,
And Peace through all his flowing orb declares:
That dreadful trident, which he us'd to ſhake,
Make Earth's foundations and Jove's palace quake,
Now, by his ſide, on ouzy couch reclin'd,
Gives a ſmooth ſurface and a gentle wind:
Innumerable Tritons lead the way,
And crouds of Nereids round his chariot play.
The ancient Sea-gods with attention wait,
To learn what 's now the laſt reſult of Fate;

* Lord Bolingbroke ſet out for France (accompanied by Mr. Hare one of his under-ſecretaries, Mr. Prior, and the Abbé Gualtier) Aug. 2; and arrived again in London, Aug. 21, 1712. N.

What

What earthly Monarch Neptune now decrees
Alone his great vicegerent of the ſeas.
By an auſpicious gale, Britannia's fleet
On Gallia's coaſt this ſhining triumph meet;
Theſe pomps divine their mortal ſenſe ſurprize,
Loud to the ear, and dazzling to the eyes:
Whilſt ſcaly Tritons, with their ſhells, proclaim
The names that muſt ſurvive to future fame;
And Nymphs their diadems of pearl prepare
For monarchs who, to purchaſe peace, make war:
Then Neptune his majeſtic ſilence broke,
And to the trembling ſailors mildly ſpoke:
" Throughout the world Britannia's flag diſplay;
" 'Tis my command, that all the globe obey:
" Let Britiſh ſtreamers wave their heads on high,
" And dread no foe beneath Jove's azure ſky;
" The reſt let Nereus tell"—
" If I have truth," ſays Nereus, " and foreſee
" The intricate deſigns of Deſtiny;
" I, that have view'd whatever fleets have rode
" With ſharpen'd keels to cut the yielding flood;
" I, that could weigh the fates of Greece and Rome,
" Phœnician wealth, and Carthaginian doom;
" Muſt ſurely know what, in the womb of time,
" Was fore-ordain'd for Britain's happy clime;
" How wars upon the watery realms ſhall ceaſe,
" And Anna give the world a glorious peace;
" Reſtore the ſpicy traffick of the Eaſt,
" And ſtretch her empire to the diſtant Weſt:

" Her

" Her fleets deſcry Aurora's purple bed,
" And Phœbus' ſteeds after their labours fed.
" The Southern coaſts, to Britain ſcarcely known,
" Shall grow as hoſpitable as their own:
" No monſters ſhall be feign'd, to guard their ſtore,
" When Britiſh trade ſecures their golden ore:
" The fleecy product of the Cotſwold field
" Shall equal what Peruvian mountains yield:
" Iron ſhall there intrinſic value ſhow,
" And by Vulcanian art more precious grow.
" Britannia's royal fiſhery ſhall be
" Improv'd by a kind guardian deity;
" That mighty taſk to Glaucus we aſſign,
" Of more importance than the richeſt mine;
" He ſhall direct them how to ſtrike the Whale,
" How to avoid the danger, when prevail;
" What treaſure lies upon the frozen coaſt
" Not yet explor'd, nor negligently loſt.
" In vaſt Acadia's plains, new theme for fame,
" Towns ſhall be built, ſacred to Anna's * name;
" The ſilver fir and lofty pine ſhall riſe
" From Britain's own united Colonies;
" Which to the maſt ſhall canvaſs-wings afford,
" And pitch, to ſtrengthen the unfaithful board;
" Norway may then her naval ſtores with-hold,
" And proudly ſtarve for want of Britiſh gold.
" O happy Iſle! to ſuch advantage plac'd,
" That all the world is by thy counſels grac'd;

* Annapolis, the capital of Nova Scotia.

" Thy

" The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] arts.
" [illegible] that [illegible] to remotest parts.
" Eliza first the [illegible] scene withdrew,
" And to the ancient world display'd the new;
" When Burleigh at the helm of state was seen,
" The truest subject to the greatest Queen;
" The Indians, from the Spanish yoke made free,
" Bless'd the effects of English liberty;
" Drake round the world his Sovereign's honour spread,
" Through straights and gulphs immense her fame
" convey'd;
" Nor rests enquiry here; his curious eye
" Descries new constellations in the sky,
" In which vast space, ambitious mariners
" Might place their names on high, and chuse their stars.
" Raleigh, with hopes of new discoveries fir'd,
" And all the depths of human wit inspir'd,
" Rov'd o'er the Western world, in search of fame,
" Adding fresh glory to Eliza's name;
" Subdued new empires, that will records be
" Immortal of a Queen's virginity *.
" But think not, Albion, that thy sons decay,
" Or that thy princes have less power to sway;
" Whatever in Eliza's reign was seen,
" With a re-doubled vigour springs again:
" Imperial Anna shall the seas control,
" And spread her naval laws from Pole to Pole:
" Nor think her conduct or her counsels less,
" In arts of war, or treaties for a peace;

* Alluding to the first settlement of Virginia.

" In

" In thrifty management of Britain's wealth,
" Embezzled lately, or purloin'd by ſtealth.
" No nation can fear want, or dread ſurprize,
" Where Oxford's prudence Burleigh's loſs ſupplies;
" On him the publick moſt ſecurely leans,
" To eaſe the burthen of the beſt of Queens:
" On him the merchants fix their longing eyes,
" When war ſhall ceaſe, and Britiſh commerce riſe.
" Alcides' ſtrength and Atlas' firmer mind
" To narrow ſtreights of Europe were confin'd.
" The Britiſh Sailors, from their Royal Change,
" May find a nobler liberty to range.
" Oxford ſhall be their Pole-ſtar to the South,
" And there reward the efforts of their youth:
" Whence, through his conduct, traffick ſhall increaſe,
" Ev'n to thoſe Seas which take their *name* from *peace**.
" Peace is the ſound muſt glad the Britons' ears:
" But ſee! the noble Bolingbroke appears;
" Geſture compos'd and looks ſerene declare
" Th' approaching iſſue of a doubtful war.
" Now my cœrulean race, ſafe in the deep,
" Shall hear no cannons' roar diſturb their ſleep;
" But ſmootheſt tides and the moſt halcyon gales
" Shall to their port direct Britannia's ſails.
" Ye Tritons, ſons of Gods! 'tis my command,
" That you ſee Bolingbroke in ſafety land;
" Your concave ſhells for ſofteſt notes prepare,
" Whilſt Echo ſhall repeat the gentleſt air;

* The Pacific Ocean.

" The

" The River-gods ſhall there your triumphs meet,
" And, in old Ocean mix'd, your hero greet;
" Thames ſhall ſtand wondering, Iſis ſhall rejoice,
" And both in tuneful numbers raiſe their voice.
" The rapid Medway, and the fertile Trent,
" In ſwifteſt ſtreams, confeſs their true content.
" Avon and Severn ſhall in raptures join,
" And Fame convey them to the Northern Tine.
" Tweed then no more the Britons ſhall divide,
" But Peace and Plenty flow on either ſide;
" Triumphs proclaim, and mirth and jovial feaſts,
" And all the world invite for welcome gueſts."
Faction, that through the land ſo fatal ſpread,
No more ſhall dare to raiſe her Hydra's head;
But all her votaries in ſilence mourn
The happineſs of Bolingbroke's return;
Far from the common pitch, he ſhall ariſe,
With great deſigns, to dazzle Envy's eyes;
Search deep, to know of Whiggiſh plots the ſource,
Their ever-turning ſchemes, and reſtleſs courſe.
Who ſhall hereafter Britiſh annals read,
But will reflect with wonder on this deed?
How artfully his conduct overcame
A ſtubborn race, and quench'd a raging flame;
Retriev'd the Britons from unruly fate,
And overthrew the Phaëtons of ſtate!
Theſe wiſe exploits through Gallia's nation ran,
And fir'd their ſouls, to ſee the wondrous man:
The aged counſellors, without ſurprize,
Found wit and prudence ſparkling in his eyes;

Wiſdom that was not gain'd in courſe of years,
Or reverence owing to his hoary hairs,
But ſtruck by force of genius; ſuch as drove
The Goddeſs Pallas from the brain of Jove.
The youth of France, with pleaſure, look'd to ſee
His graceful mien and beauteous ſymmetry:
The virgins ran, as to unuſual ſhow,
When he to Paris came, and Fontainbleau;
Viewing the blooming miniſter deſir'd,
And ſtill, the more they gaz'd, the more admir'd.
Nor did the Court, that beſt true grandeur knows,
Their ſentiments by leſſer facts diſcloſe,
By common pomp, or ceremonious train,
Seen heretofore, or to be ſeen again;
But they deviſ'd new honours, yet unknown,
Or paid to any ſubject of a crown.
The Gallic King, in age and counſels wiſe,
Sated with war, and weary of diſguiſe,
With open arms ſalutes the Britiſh Peer,
And gladly owns his Prince and character.
As Hermes from the throne of Jove deſcends,
With grateful errand, to Heaven's choiceſt friends;
As Iris from the bed of Juno flies,
To bear her Queen's commands through yielding ſkies,
Whilſt o'er her wings freſh beams of glory flow,
And blended colours paint her wondrous bow;
So Bolingbroke appears in Louis' ſight,
With meſſage heavenly; and, with equal light,
Diſpels all clouds of doubt, and fear of wars,
And in his Miſtreſs' name for Peace declares:

Accents divine! which the great King receives
With the ſame grace that mighty Anna gives.
Let others boaſt of blood, the ſpoil of foes,
Rapine and murder, and of endleſs woes,
Deteſted pomp! and trophies gain'd from far,
With ſpangled enſigns, ſtreaming in the air;
Count how they made Bavarian ſubjects feel
The rage of fire, and edge of harden'd ſteel;
Fatal effects of foul inſatiate pride;
That deal their wounds alike on either ſide,
No limits ſet to their ambitious ends;
For who bounds them, no longer can be friends.
By different methods Bolingbroke ſhall raiſe
His growing honours and immortal praiſe.
He, fir'd with glory and the public good,
Betwixt the people and their danger ſtood:
Arm'd with convincing truths, he did appear;
And all he ſaid was ſparkling, bright, and clear.
The liſtening Senate with attention heard,
And ſome admir'd, while others trembling fear'd;
Not from the tropes of formal eloquence,
But Demoſthenic ſtrength, and weight of ſenſe,
Such as fond Oxford to her Son ſupplied,
Deſign'd her own, as well as Britain's pride;
Who, leſs beholden to the ancient ſtrains,
Might ſhew a nobler blood in Engliſh veins;
Out-do whatever Homer ſweetly ſung
Of Neſtor's counſels, or Ulyſſes' tongue.
Oh! all ye Nymphs, whilſt time and youth allow
Prepare the Roſe and Lily for his brow.

Much he has done, but ſtill has more in view;
To Anna's intereſt and his country true.
More I could propheſy; but muſt refrain:
Such truths would make another mortal vain!

TO THE
DUKE OF BEAUFORT*.

A Paraphraſe on Naudæus's Addreſs to Cardinal de Bagni.

THE time will come (if Fate ſhall pleaſe to give
This feeble thread of mine more ſpace to live)
When I ſhall you and all your acts rehearſe,
In a much loftier and more fluent verſe;
To Ganges' banks, and China farther Eaſt,
To Carolina, and the diſtant Weſt,
Your name ſhall fly, and every where be bleſt;
Through Spain and tracts of Libyan ſands ſhall go
To Ruſſian limits, and to Zembla's ſnow.
Then ſhall my eager Muſe expand her wing,
Your love of juſtice and your goodneſs ſing;
Your greatneſs, equal to the ſtate you hold;
In counſel wiſe, in execution bold;
How there appears, in all that you diſpenſe,
Beauty, good-nature, and the ſtrength of ſenſe.
Theſe let the world admire. — From you a ſmile
Is more than a reward of all my toil.

* Dr. King dedicated his Engliſh verſion of that work to the duke of Beaufort.

MISCELLANY POEMS.

SONG.

YOU ſay you love; repeat again,
Repeat th' amazing ſound,
Repeat the eaſe of all my pain,
The cure of every wound.

What you to thouſands have denied,
To me you freely give;
Whilſt I in humble ſilence died,
Your mercy bids me live.

So upon Latmos' top each night,
Endymion ſighing lay;
Gaz'd on the Moon's tranſcendent light,
Deſpair'd, and durſt not pray.

But divine Cynthia ſaw his grief,
Th' effect of conquering charms:
Unaſk'd the Goddeſs brings relief,
And falls into his arms.

SONG.

SONG.

TO CÆLIA.

THE cruel Cælia loves, and burns
In flames ſhe cannot hide;
Make her, dear Thyrſis, cold returns,
Treat her with ſcorn and pride.

You know the captives ſhe has made,
The torment of her chain:
Let her, let her be once betray'd,
Or rack her with diſdain!

See tears flow from her piercing eyes,
She bends her knee divine;
Her tears, for Damon's ſake, deſpiſe,
Let her kneel ſtill, for mine.

Purſue thy conqueſt, charming youth,
Her haughty beauty vex,
Till trembling virgins learn this truth —
Men can revenge their ſex!

THE LAST BILLET.

SEPTEMBER and November now were paſt,
When men in bonfires did their firing waſte;
Yet ſtill my monumental log did laſt:
To begging boys it was not made a prey
On the King's birth or coronation day.

Why with thoſe oaks, under whoſe ſacred ſhade
Charles was preſerv'd, ſhould any fire be made?
At laſt a froſt, a diſmal froſt, there came,
Like that which made a market upon Thame:
Unruly company would then have made
Fire with this log, whilſt thus its owner pray'd:
"Thou that art worſhip'd in Dodona's grove,
"From all thy ſacred trees fierce flames remove:
"Preſerve this groaning branch, O hear my prayer,
"Spare me this one, this one poor Billet ſpare;
"That, having many fires and flames withſtood,
"Its ancient teſtimonial may laſt good,
"In future times to prove, I once had Wood!"

TO LAURA.

In Imitation of PETRARCH.

AT ſight of murder'd Pompey's head
Cæſar forgets his ſex and ſtate,
And, whilſt his generous tears are ſhed,
Wiſhes he had at leaſt a milder fate.

At Abſalom's untimely fall,
David with grief his conqueſt views;
Nay, weeps for unrelenting Saul,
And in ſoft verſe the mournful theme purſues.

The mightier Laura, from Love's darts ſecure,
Beholds the thouſand deaths that I endure,
Each death made horrid with moſt cruel pain;
Yet no frail pity in her looks appears;
Her eyes betray no careleſs tears,
But perſecute me ſtill with anger and diſdain.

TO

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LATE EARL OF ——*.

Upon his diſputing publickly at Chriſt Church, Oxford.

MUSE, to thy maſter's lodgings quickly fly,
Entrance to thee his goodneſs won't deny:
With due ſubmiſſion, tell him you are mine,
And that you trouble him with this deſign,
Exactly to inform his noble youth
Of what you heard juſt now from vanquiſh'd Truth:
"Conquer'd, undone! 'Tis ſtrange that there ſhould be
"In this confeſſion pleaſure ev'n to me.
"With well-wrought terms my hold I ſtrongly barr'd,
"And rough diſtinctions were my ſurly guard.
"Whilſt I, ſure of my cauſe, this ſtrength poſſeſs;
"A noble youth, advancing with addreſs,
"Led glittering Falſehood on with ſo much art,
"That I ſoon felt ſad omens in my heart.
"Words with that grace," ſaid I, "muſt needs perſuade;
"I find myſelf inſenſibly betray'd.
"Whilſt he purſues his conqueſt, I retreat,
"And by that name would palliate my defeat.
"But here methinks I do the proſpect ſee
"Of all thoſe triumphs he prepares for me,
"When Virtue or when Innocence oppreſt
"Fly for ſure refuge to his generous breaſt;

* Probably James the third earl of Angleſea. N.

[illegible] then his youth appears,
" And gentle voice persuades the listening peers.
" [illegible] shall wonder when he clears the laws,
" Impelling [illegible], which long have [illegible] their cause;
" [illegible] that can never fail,
" [illegible] now, shall sure prevail;
" [illegible] to me he shall repay,
" [illegible] bears to-day."

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

WHEN your kind wishes first I sought,
'Twas in the dawn of youth:
I [illegible] for you I fought,
[illegible] thought of truth.

You [illegible] increas'd;
[illegible] :
You [illegible] d,
" You [illegible] your heart with pride."

I, [illegible] too many lies,
In height of [illegible] wore,
By [illegible] and other [illegible],
That I would range no more.

I've sworn, and therefore now am fix'd,
No longer false and vain;
My passion is with [illegible] mix'd,
And both shall ever reign.

THE

THE MAD LOVER.

I 'LL from my breaſt tear fond deſire,
Since Laura is not mine:
I 'll ſtrive to cure the amorous fire,
And quench the flame with wine.

Perhaps in groves and cooling ſhade
Soft ſlumbers I may find:
There all the vows to Laura made
Shall vaniſh with the wind.

The ſpeaking ſtrings and charming ſong
My paſſion may remove:
Oh, Muſick will the pain prolong,
And is the food of Love.

I 'll ſearch heaven, earth, hell, ſeas, and air,
And that ſhall ſet me free:
Oh, Laura's image will be there
Where Laura will not be.

My ſoul muſt ſtill endure the pain,
And with freſh torment rave:
For none can ever break the chain
That once was Laura's ſlave.

THE

THE SOLDIER'S WEDDING.

A Soliloquy by NAN THRASHERWELL.

Being Part of a Play called "The New Troop."

O MY dear Thraſherwell, you 're gone to ſea,
And happineſs muſt ever baniſh'd be
From our flock-bed, our garret, and from me!
Perhaps he is on land at Portſmouth now
In the embraces of ſome Hampſhire Sow,
Who, with a wanton pat, cries, "Now, my Dear,
"You 're wiſhing for ſome Wapping doxy here." —
"Pox on them all! but moſt on bouncing Nan,
"With whom the torments of my life began:
"She is a bitter one!" — You lye, you Rogue;
You are a treacherous, falſe, ungrateful dog.
Did not I take you up without a ſhirt?
Woe worth the hand that ſcrubb'd off all your dirt!
Did not my intereſt liſt you in the Guard?
And had not you ten ſhillings, my reward?
Did I not then, before the Serjeant's face,
Treat Jack, Tom, Will, and Martin, with diſgrace?
And Thraſherwell before all others chuſe,
When I had the whole Regiment to louſe.
Curs'd be the day when you produc'd your ſword,
The juſt revenger of your injur'd word!
The martial Youth round in a circle ſtood,
With envious looks of love, and itching blood:

You,

You, with ſome oaths that ſignified conſent,
Cried "Tom is Nan's!" and o'er the ſword you went.
Then I with ſome more modeſty would ſtep:
The Enſign thumb'd my bum, and made me leap.
I leap'd indeed; and you prevailing men
Leave us no power of leaping back again.

THE OLD CHEESE.

YOUNG Slouch the Farmer had a jolly Wife,
That knew all the conveniencies of life,
Whoſe diligence and cleanlineſs ſupplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied:
But then ſhe had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afeard.
This made cenſorious perſons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his ſoul his own:
For, if he went abroad too much, ſhe 'd uſe
To give him ſlippers, and lock up his ſhoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was diſturb'd or contradicted:
Yet ſtill into his ſtory ſhe would break
With, "'Tis not ſo — pray give me leave to ſpeak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him fool;
Told him, he muſt exert himſelf, and be
In fact the maſter of his family.

He ſaid, "That the next Tueſday noon would ſhow
"Whether he were the lord at home, or no;

"When

" When their good company he would intreat
" To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act diſcloſe,
And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at leaſt,
He might appear as maſter of the feaſt.
" I 'll grant your wiſh," cries ſhe, " that you may ſee
" 'Twere wiſdom to be govern'd ſtill by me."
The guests upon the day appointed came;
Each bowſy Farmer with his ſimpering dame.
" Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, " why doſt not thou appear?
" Are theſe thy manners when Aunt Snap is here?"
" I pardon aſk," ſays Sue; " I 'd not offend
" Any my dear invites, much leſs his friend."
Slouch by his kinſman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His ſaying, " There was nothing fit to eat:
" The boil'd Pork ſtinks, the roaſt Beef 's not enough,
" The Bacon 's ruſty, and the Hens are tough;
" The Veal 's all rags, the Butter 's turn'd to Oil;
" And thus I buy good meat for ſluts to ſpoil.
" 'Tis we are the firſt Slouches ever ſate
" Down to a Pudding without Plumbs or Fat.
" What Teeth or Stomach 's ſtrong enough to feed
" Upon a Gooſe my Grannum kept to breed?
" Why muſt old Pidgeons, and they ſtale, be dreſt,
" When there 's ſo many ſquab ones in the neſt?"
" This Beer is ſour; this muſty, thick, and ſtale,
" And worſe than any thing, except the Ale."

Sue

Sue all this while many excuſes made:
Some things ſhe own'd; at other times ſhe laid
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid.
Then Cheeſe was brought. Says Slouch, "This e'en
"ſhall roll:
"I 'm ſure 'tis hard enough to make a Bowl:
"This is Skim-milk, and therefore it ſhall go;
"And this, becauſe 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waſte;
Nor longer could diſſimulation laſt.
"Pray let me riſe," ſays Sue, "my dear: I 'll find
"A Cheeſe perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."
Then in an entry, ſtanding cloſe, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends, might ſee;
And brandiſhing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occaſion ſmelt;
"I 'll try, my joy!" ſhe cried, "if I can pleaſe
"My Deareſt with a taſte of his Old Cheeſe!"
Slouch turn'd his head, ſaw his wife's vigorous hand
Wielding her oaken ſapling of command,
Knew well the twang: "Is 't the Old Cheeſe, my Dear?
"No need, no need of Cheeſe," cries Slouch: "I'll ſwear,
"I think I 've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor!"

THE SKILLET.

TWO neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would married be;
But did not in their choice of Wives agree.
Clod thought a Cuckold was a monſtrous beaſt,
With two huge glaring eyes and ſpreading creſt:
There-

Therefore, reſolving never to be ſuch,
Married a Wife none but himſelf could touch.
Jolt, thinking marriage was decreed by Fate,
Which ſhews us whom to love, and whom to hate,
To a young, handſome, jolly laſs, made court,
And gave his friends convincing reaſons for 't,
That, ſince in life ſuch miſchief muſt be had,
Beauty had ſomething ſtill that was not bad.
Within two months, Fortune was pleas'd to ſend
A Tinker to Clod's houſe, with "Braſs to mend."
The good old wife ſurvey'd the brawny ſpark,
And found his chine was large, though countenance dark.
Firſt ſhe appears in all her airs, then tries
The ſquinting efforts of her amorous eyes.
Much time was ſpent, and much deſire expreſt:
At laſt the Tinker cried, "Few words are beſt;
"Give me that Skillet then; and, if I 'm true,
"I dearly earn it for the work I do."
They 'greed; they parted. On the Tinker goes,
With the ſame ſtroke of pan, and twang of noſe,
Till he at Jolt's beheld a ſprightly dame
That ſet his native vigour all on flame.
He looks, ſighs, faints, at laſt begins to cry,
"And can you then let a young Tinker die?"
Says ſhe, "Give me your Skillet then, and try."
"My Skillet! Both my heart and Skillet take;
"I wiſh it were a Copper for your ſake."
After all this, not many days did paſs,
Clod, ſitting at Jolt's houſe, ſurvey'd the Braſs

And

And glittering Pewter ſtanding on the ſhelf;
Then, after ſome gruff muttering with himſelf,
Cried, "Pr'ythee, Jolt, how came that Skillet thine?"
"You know as well as I," quoth Jolt; "t'en't mine;
"But I'll aſk Nan." 'Twas done; Nan told the matter
In truth as 'twas; then cried, "You 've got the better:
"For tell me, Deareſt, whether you would chuſe
"To be a gainer by me, or to loſe.
"As for our Neighbour Clod, this I dare ſay,
"We 've Beauty and a Skillet more than they."

THE FISHERMAN.

TOM Banks by native induſtry was taught
The various arts how Fiſhes might be caught.
Sometimes with trembling reed and ſingle hair,
And bait conceal'd, he 'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and downcaſt eyes,
Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
Sometimes in rivulet quick, and water clear,
They 'd meet a fate more generous from his ſpear.
To baſket oft' he 'd pliant oziers turn,
Where they might entrance find, but no return.
His net well pois'd with lead he 'd ſometimes throw,
Encircling thus his captives all below.
But, when he would a quick deſtruction make,
And from afar much larger booty take,
He 'd through the ſtream, where moſt deſcending, ſet
From ſide to ſide his ſtrong capacious net;

And

And then his ruſtic crew with mighty poles
Would drive his prey out from their oozy holes,
And ſo purſue them down the rolling flood,
Gaſping for breath, and almoſt choak'd with mud,
Till they, of farther paſſage quite bereft,
Were in the maſh with gills entangled left.

Trot, who liv'd down the ſtream, ne'er thought his beer
Was good, unleſs he had his water clear.
He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale:
" Lord! if you knew but how the people rail!
" They cannot boil, nor waſh, nor rinſe, they ſay,
" With water ſometimes ink, and ſometimes whey,
" According as you meet with mud or clay.
" Beſides, my wife theſe ſix months could not brew,
" And now the blame of this all 's laid on you;
" For it will be a diſmal thing to think
" How we old Trots muſt live, and have no drink:
" Therefore, I pray, ſome other method take
" Of fiſhing, were it only for our ſake."

Says Banks, " I 'm ſorry it ſhould be my lot
" Ever to diſoblige my goſſip Trot:
" Yet 't'en't my fault; but ſo 'tis Fortune tries one,
" To make his meat become his neighbour's poiſon;
" And ſo we pray for winds upon this coaſt,
" By which on t'other navies may be loſt.
" Therefore in patience reſt, though I proceed:
" There 's no ill-nature in the caſe, but need.
" Though for your uſe this water will not ſerve,
" I 'd rather you ſhould choak, than I ſhould ſtarve."

A CASE

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

OLD Paddy Scot, with none of the beſt faces,
Had a moſt knotty pate at ſolving caſes;
In any point could tell you, to a hair,
When was a grain of honeſty to ſpare.
It happen'd, after prayers, one certain night,
At home he had occaſion for a light
To turn Socinus, Leſſius, Eſcobar,
Fam'd Covarruvias, and the great Navarre:
And therefore, as he from the chapel came,
Extinguiſhing a yellow taper's flame,
By which juſt now he had devoutly pray'd,
The uſeful remnant to his ſleeve convey'd.
There happen'd a Phyſician to be by,
Who thither came but only as a ſpy,
To find out others' faults, but let alone
Repentance for the crimes that were his own.
This Doctor follow'd Paddy; ſaid, "He lack'd
"To know what made a ſacrilegious fact."
Paddy with ſtudious gravity replies,
"That 's as the place or as the matter lies:
"If from a place unſacred you ſhould take
"A ſacred thing, this ſacrilege would make;
"Or an unſacred thing from ſacred place,
"There would be nothing different in the caſe;
"But, if both thing and place ſhould ſacred be,
"'Twere height of ſacrilege, as Doctors all agree."

"Then," ſays the Doctor, "for more light in this,
"To put a ſpecial caſe, were not amiſs.
"Suppoſe a man ſhould take a Common Prayer
"Out of a Chapel where there 's ſome to ſpare?"
"A Common Prayer!" ſays Paddy, "that would be
"A ſacrilege of an intenſe degree."
"Suppoſe that one ſhould in theſe holidays
"Take thence a bunch of Roſemary or Bays?"
"I 'd not be too cenſorious in that caſe,
"But 'twould be ſacrilege ſtill from the place."
"What if a man ſhould from the chapel take
"A taper's end: ſhould he a ſcruple make,
"If homeward to his chambers he ſhould go,
"Whether 'twere theft, or ſacrilege, or no?"
The ſly inſinuation was perceiv'd:
Says Paddy, "Doctor, you may be deceiv'd,
"Unleſs in caſes you diſtinguiſh right;
"But this may be reſolv'd at the firſt ſight.
"As to the taper, it could be no theft,
"For it had done its duty, and was left:
"And ſacrilege in having it is none,
"Becauſe that in my ſleeve I now have one."

THE CONSTABLE.

ONE night a fellow wandering without fear,
As void of money as he was of care,
Conſidering both were waſh'd away with beer,
With Strap the Conſtable by Fortune meets,
Whoſe lanterns glare in the moſt ſilent ſtreets.

Reſty, impatient any one ſhould be
So bold as to be drunk that night but he:
"Stand; who goes there," cries Strap, "at hours ſo late?
"Anſwer. Your name; or elſe have at your pate."—
"I wo'nt ſtand, 'cauſe I can't. Why muſt you know
"From whence it is I come, or where I go?"
"See here my ſtaff," cries Strap; "trembling behold
"Its radiant paint, and ornamental gold:
"Wooden authority when thus I wield,
"Perſons of all degrees obedience yield.
"Then, be you the beſt man in all the city,
"Mark me! I to the Counter will commit ye."
"You! kiſs, and ſo forth. For that never ſpare:
"If that be all, commit me if you dare;
"No perſon yet, either through fear or ſhame,
"Durſt commit me, that once had heard my name."—
"Pray then, what is't?"—"My name's ADUL-
"TERY;
"And, faith, your future life would pleaſant be,
"Did your wife know you once committed *me*."

LITTLE MOUTHS.

FROM London Paul the Carrier coming down,
To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town;
They both accoſt with ſalutation pretty,
As, "How do'ſt, Paul?"—"Thank you: and how
"do'ſt, Betty?"

"Didſt ſee our Jack, nor Siſter? No, you 've ſeen,
"I warrant, none but thoſe who ſaw the Queen."
"Many words ſpoke in jeſt," ſays Paul, "are true,
"I came from Windſor*; and, if ſome folks knew
"As much as I, it might be well for you."
"Lord, Paul! what is 't?" — "Why give me ſome-
"thing for 't,
"This kiſs; and this. The matter then is ſhort:
"The Parliament have made a proclamation,
"Which will this week be ſent all round the nation;
"That Maids with *little mouths* do all prepare
"On Sunday next to come before the Mayor,
"And that all Batchelors be likewiſe there:
"For Maids with little mouths ſhall, if they pleaſe,
"From out of theſe young men chooſe two apiece."
Betty, with bridled chin, extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with ſimpering grace,
Cries, "Hem! pray what muſt all the huge ones do
"For huſbands, when we little mouths have two?"
"Hold, not ſo faſt," cries he; "pray pardon me:
"Maids with huge, gaping, *wide mouths*, muſt have three."
Betty diſtorts her face with hideous ſquall,
And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl,
"Oh! ho! is 't ſo? The caſe is alter'd, Paul.
"Is that the point? I wiſh the three were ten;
"I warrant I 'd find *mouth*, if they 'll find *men*."

* Where queen Anne and her court frequently reſided.

HOLD

HOLD FAST BELOW.

THERE was a lad, th' unluckieſt of his crew,
Was ſtill contriving ſomething bad, but new.
His comrades all obedience to him paid,
In executing what deſigns he laid:
'Twas they ſhould rob the orchard, he 'd retire,
His foot was ſafe whilſt theirs was in the fire.
He kept them in the dark to that degree,
None ſhould preſume to be ſo wiſe as he,
But, being at the top of all affairs,
The profit was his own, the miſchief theirs.
There fell ſome words made him begin to doubt,
The rogues would grow ſo wiſe to find him out;
He was not pleas'd with this, and ſo next day
He cries to them, as going juſt to play,
"What a rare Jack-daw's neſt is there! look up,
"You ſee 'tis almoſt at the ſteeple's top."
"Ah," ſays another, "we can have no hope
"Of getting thither to 't without a rope."
Says then the fleering ſpark, with courteous grin,
By which he drew his infant cullies in;
"Nothing more eaſy; did you never ſee
"How, in a ſwarm, bees, hanging bee by bee,
"Make a long ſort of rope below the tree.
"Why mayn't we do the ſame, good Mr. John?
"For that contrivance pray let me alone.
"Tom ſhall hold Will, you Will, and I 'll hold you;
"And then I warrant you the thing will do.

" But, if there 's any does not care to try,
" Let us have no Jack-daws, and what care I!"
That touch'd the quick, and ſo they ſoon complied;
No argument like that was e'er denied,
And therefore inſtantly the thing was tried.
They hanging down on ſtrength above depend:
Then to himſelf mutters their truſty friend,
" The dogs are almoſt uſeleſs grown to me,
" I ne'er ſhall have ſuch opportunity
" To part with them; and ſo e'en let them go."
Then cries aloud, " So ho! my lads! ſo ho!
" You 're gone, unleſs ye all hold faſt below.
" They 've ſerv'd my turn, ſo 'tis fit time to drop them;
" The Devil, if he wants them, let him ſtop them."

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN in hunting rode aſtray,
More out of choice, than that he loſt his way:
He let his company the Hare purſue,
For he himſelf had other game in view:
A Beggar by her trade; yet not ſo mean,
But that her cheeks were freſh, and linen clean.
" Miſtreſs," quoth he, " and what if we two ſhou'd
" Retire a little way into the wood?"
She needed not much courtſhip to be kind,
He ambles on before, ſhe trots behind;
For little Bobby, to her ſhoulders bound,
Hinders the gentle dame from ridding ground.

He

He often ask'd her to expose; but she
Still fear'd the coming of his company.
Says she, "I know an refrigerated place,
"To the left hand, where we our time may pass,
"And the mean while your horse may find some grass."
Thither they come, and both the horse secure;
Then thinks the Squire, I have the matter sure.
She 's ask'd to fit: but then excuse is made,
"Sitting," says she, [illegible] not usual in my trade:
"Should you be [illegible] and then should throw me down,
"I might perhaps [illegible] more backs than my own."
He smiling cries, "[illegible] me, I 'll the knot untie,
"And, if you mean [illegible] Child's, we 'll lay it by."
Says she, "That can't be done, for then 'twill cry.
"I 'd not have us, [illegible] chiefly for your sake,
"Discover'd by the [illegible] noise 'twould make.
"Use is another nature, and 'twould lack,
"More than the breast, its custom to the back."
"Then," says the Gentleman, "I should be loth
"To come so far and disoblige you both:
"Were the child tied to me, d'ye think 'twould do?"
"Mighty well, Sir! Oh, Lord! if tied to you!"
With speed incredible to work she goes,
And from her shoulders soon the burthen throws;
Then mounts the infant with a gentle toss
Upon her generous friend, and, like a cross,
The sheet she with a dextrous motion winds,
Till a firm knot the wandering fabrick binds.
The Gentleman had scarce got time to know
What she was doing; she, about to go,

Cries, "Sir, good b'ye; ben't angry that we part,
"I truſt the child to you with all my heart:
"But, ere you get another, 'ten't amiſs
"To try a year or two how you 'll keep this."

THE VESTRY.

WITHIN the Shire of Nottingham there lies
A pariſh fam'd, becauſe the men were wiſe:
Of their own ſtrain they had a teacher ſought,
Who all his life was better fed than taught.
It was about a quarter of a year
Since he had ſnor'd, and eat, and fatten'd there;
When he the houſe-keepers, their wives, and all,
Did to a ſort of Pariſh-meeting call;
Promiſing ſomething, which, well underſtood,
In little time would turn to all their good.
When met, he thus harangues: "Neighbours, I find,
"That in your principles you 're well inclin'd:
"But then you 're all ſolicitous for Sunday;
"None ſeem to have a due regard for Monday,
"Moſt people then their dinners have to ſeek,
"As if 'twere not the firſt day of the week;
"But, when you have haſh'd meat and nothing more,
"You only curſe the day that went before.
"On Tueſday all folks dine by one conſent:
"And Wedneſdays only faſt by Parliament,
"But Faſting ſure by Nature ne'er was meant.

"The

" The Market will for Thurſday find a diſh,
" And Friday is a proper day for fiſh;
" After fiſh, Saturday requires ſome Meat;
" On Sunday you 're oblig'd by law to treat;
" And the ſame law ordains a Pudding then,
" To children grateful, nor unfit for men.
" Take Hens, Geeſe, Turkies, then, or ſomething light,
" Becauſe their legs, if broil'd, will ſerve at night,
" And, ſince I find that roaſt Beef makes you ſleep,
" Corn it a little more, and ſo 'twill keep.
" Roaſt it on Monday, pity it ſhould be ſpoil'd;
" On Tueſday Mutton either roaſt or boil'd.
" On Wedneſday ſhould be ſome variety,
" A Loin or Breaſt of Veal, and Pigeon-pye.
" On Thurſday each man of his diſh make choice,
" 'Tis fit on Market-days we all rejoice.
" And then on Friday, as I ſaid before,
" We 'll have a diſh of Fiſh, and one diſh more.
" On Saturday ſtew'd Beef, with ſomething nice,
" Provided quick, and toſs'd up in a trice,
" Becauſe that in the afternoon, you know,
" By cuſtom, we muſt to the Ale-houſe go;
" For elſe how ſhould our houſes e'er be clean,
" Except we gave ſome time to do it then?
" From whence, unleſs we value not our lives,
" None part without remembering firſt our Wives.
" But theſe are ſtanding rules for every day,
" And very good ones, as I ſo may ſay:
" After each meal, let 's take a hearty cup;
" And where we dine, 'tis fitting that we ſup.

" Now

" As for my own part, I had rather ſtay,
" And take them now and then,—and here and there,—
" According to my preſent bill of fare.
" You know I 'm ſingle: if you all agree
" To treat by turns, each will be ſure of me."
The Veſtry all applauded with a hum,
And the ſeven wiſeſt of them bad him come.

THE MONARCH.

WHEN the young people ride the Skimmington,
There is a general trembling in a town:
Not only he for whom the perſon rides
Suffers, but they ſweep other doors beſides;
And by that hieroglyphic does appear
That the good woman is the maſter there.
At Jenny's door the barbarous Heathens ſwept,
And his poor wife ſcolded until ſhe wept.

One for diſcourſe of news the maſter calls,
T'other on this ungrateful ſubject falls.
" Pray, Mrs. Jenny, whence came this report,
" For I believe there 's no great reaſon for 't,
" As if the folks t'other day ſwept your door,
" And half a dozen of your neighbours more?"
" There 's nothing in 't," ſays Jenny; " that is done
" Where the wife rules, but here I rule alone,
" And, gentlemen, you 'd much miſtaken be,
" If any one ſhould not think that of me.
" Within theſe walls, my ſuppliant vaſſals know
" What due obedience to their prince they owe,
" And kiſs the ſhadow of my papal toe.
" My word 's a law; when I my power advance,
" There 's not a greater Monarch ev'n in France.
" Not the Mogul or Czar of Muſcovy,
" Not Preſter John, or Cham of Tartary,
" Are in their houſes Monarch more than I.
" My Houſe my Caſtle is, and here I 'm King,
" I 'm Pope, I 'm Emperor, Monarch, every thing.
" What though my wife be partner of my bed,
" The Monarch's Crown ſits only on this head."
His wife had plaguy ears, as well as tongue,
And, hearing all, thought his diſcourſe too long:
Her conſcience ſaid, he ſhould not tell ſuch lyes,
And to her knowledge ſuch; ſhe therefore cries,
" D'ye hear — you — Sirrah — Monarch — there? —
" Come down
" And grind the Coffee — or I 'll crack your Crown."

JUST

JUST AS YOU PLEASE;

OR,

THE INCURIOUS.

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to ſee
One that would never diſcontented be,
But in a careleſs way to all agree.
He had a Servant, much of Æſop's kind,
Of perſonage uncouth, but ſprightly mind:
"Humpus," ſays he, "I order that you find
"Out ſuch a man, with ſuch a character,
"As in this paper now I give you here;
"Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
"Or rather you ſhall meet with a worſe fate,
"For I will break your back, and ſet you ſtrait.
"Bring him to dinner." Humpus ſoon withdrew,
Was ſafe, as having ſuch a one in view
At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtleſs air and look profound,
Who, ſolitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to ſay, "Who is't? wilt go any where?"
Says Humpus, "Sir, my Maſter bade me pray
"Your company to dine with him to-day."
He ſnuffs; then follows; up the ſtairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his ſhoes,
But, looking round him, ſaw a handſome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Cloſe to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
And, lolling eaſy, doth for ſleep prepare.

In

In comes the family, but he ſits ſtill,
Thinks, "Let them take the other chairs that will!"
The Maſter then aſſures him, "Sir, you 're wet,
"Pray have a cuſhion underneath your feet."
Thinks he, "If I do ſpoil it, need I care?
"I ſee he has eleven more to ſpare."
Dinner is brought up; the Wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end muſt be his ſeat.
"This is not very uſual," thinks the Clown:
"But is not all the family his own?
"And why ſhould I, for contradiction's ſake,
"Loſe a good dinner, which he bids me take?
"If from his table he diſcarded me,
"What need I care! there is the more for me."
After a while, the Daughter 's bid to ſtand,
And bring him whatſoever he 'll command.
Thinks he, "The better from the fairer hand!"
Young Maſter next muſt riſe, to fill him wine,
And ſtarve himſelf, to ſee the booby dine:
He does. The Father aſks, "What have you there?
"How dare you give a ſtranger Vinegar?"
"Sir, 'twas Champagne I gave him."—"Sir, indeed!
"Take him and ſcourge him till the raſcal bleed;
"Don't ſpare him for his tears or age: I 'll try
"If Cat-of-nine-tails can excuſe a lye."
Thinks the Clown, "That 'twas wine, I do believe;
"But ſuch young rogues are apteſt to deceive:
"He 's none of mine, but his own fleſh and blood,
"And how know I but 't may be for his good?"
When the deſſert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the diſmal ſcene of finding fault:

These were [illegible], [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] was [illegible] when [illegible]. [illegible] he
Said, "Sir, it was my Lady gave them me." —
"[illegible] more such [illegible] shall she ever give,
"I'll [illegible] the wench; 'tis [illegible] for the [illegible]:
"See [illegible] to the [illegible], I'll make her fry;
"And you, good Sir, mayn't please you to be by?"
Then, smiling, says the Clown, "Upon my Life,
"A pretty fancy this, to burn one's Wife!
"And, since I find 'tis really your design,
"Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine."

OF DREAMS.

"For a Dream cometh through the multitude of Busi-
"ness." ECCLES. v. 4

"Somnia, quæ ludunt mente volitantibus umbris,
"Non delubra deûm nec ab æthere numina mittunt,
"Sed sibi quisque facit," &c. PETRONIUS.

THE flitting Dreams, that play before the wind,
Are not by Heaven for Prophesies design'd;
Nor by ætherial Beings sent us down,
But each man is creator of his *own*:
For, when their weary limbs are sunk in ease,
The souls essay to wander where they please;
The scatter'd images have space to play,
And Night repeats the labours of the Day.

THE

THE

ART OF MAKING PUDDINGS.

I. HASTY PUDDING.

I SING of FOOD, by Britiſh Nurſe deſign'd,
To make the Strippling brave, and Maiden kind.
Delay not, Muſe, in numbers to rehearſe
The pleaſures of our life, and ſinews of our verſe.
Let PUDDING's diſh, moſt wholeſome, be thy theme,
And dip thy ſwelling plumes in fragrant Cream.
Sing then that Diſh ſo fitting to improve
A tender modeſty and trembling love;
Swimming in Butter of a golden hue,
Garniſh'd with drops of Roſe's ſpicy dew.
Sometimes the frugal Matron ſeems in haſte,
Nor cares to beat her Pudding into Paſte:
Yet Milk in proper Skillet ſhe will place,
And gently ſpice it with a blade of Mace;
Then ſet ſome careful Damſel to look to 't,
And ſtill to ſtir away the Biſhop's-foot;
For, if burnt Milk ſhould to the bottom ſtick,
Like over-heated zeal, 'twould make folks ſick.
Into the Milk her Flour ſhe gently throws,
As Valets now would powder tender Beaux:
The liquid forms in HASTY MASS unite
Forms equally delicious, as they 're white.
In ſhining diſh the HASTY MASS is thrown,
And ſeems to want no graces but its own.

Yet

Yet ſtill the Houſewife brings in freſh ſupplies,
To gratify the taſte, and pleaſe the eyes.
She on the ſurface lumps of Butter lays,
Which, melting with the heat, its beams diſplays;
From whence it cauſes, wondrous to behold,
A Silver ſoil bedeck'd with ſtreams of Gold!

II. A HEDGE-HOG after a QUAKING-PUDDING.

AS Neptune, when the three-tongued fork he takes,
With ſtrength divine the globe terreſtrial ſhakes,
The higheſt Hills, Nature's ſtupendous Piles,
Break with the force, and quiver into Iſles;
Yet on the ruins grow the lofty Pines,
And Snow unmelted in the vallies ſhines:
Thus when the Dame her HEDGE-HOG-PUDDING breaks,
Her Fork indents irreparable ſtreaks,
The trembling lump, with Butter all around,
Seems to perceive its fall, and then be drown'd;
And yet the tops appear, whilſt Almonds thick
With bright Loaf-ſugar on the ſurface ſtick.

III. PUDDINGS of VARIOUS COLOURS in a Diſh.

YOU, Painter-like, now variegate the ſhade,
And thus from PUDDINGS there 's a Landſcape made.
And Wife and London *, when they would diſpoſe
Their Ever-greens into well-order'd rows,
So mix their colours, that each different plant
Gives light and ſhadow as the others want.

* The two royal gardeners. KING.

IV. Making of a GOOD PUDDING gets a GOOD HUSBAND.

YE Virgins, as theſe lines you kindly take,
So may you ſtill ſuch glorious Pudding make,
That crouds of Youth may ever be at ſtrife,
To gain the ſweet compoſer for his wife!

V. SACK and SUGAR to QUAKING-PUDDING.

"Oh, Delicious!"

BUT where muſt our Confeſſion firſt begin,
If Sack and Sugar once be thought a Sin?

VI. BROILED PUDDING.

MID in the dark, we mortals ſeldom know
From whence the ſource of happineſs may flow:
Who to Broil'd Pudding would their thoughts have bent
From bright PEWTERIA's love-ſick diſcontent?
Yet ſo it was, PEWTERIA felt Love's heat
In fiercer flames than thoſe which roaſt her meat.
No Pudding 's loſt, but may with freſh delight
Be either *fried* next day, or *broil'd* at night.

VII. MUTTON PUDDING.

BUT Mutton, thou moſt nouriſhing of meat,
Whoſe ſingle joint * may conſtitute a treat;
When made a Pudding, you excel the reſt
As much as That of other Food is beſt!

* A Loin. KING.

ADVICE TO HORACE,

To take his Leave of TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

HORACE, you now have long enough
At Cambridge play'd the fool:
Take back your criticizing ſtuff
To Epicurus' School.

But, in excuſe of this, you 'll ſay,
You 're ſo unwieldy grown,
That, if amongſt that herd you lay,
You ſcarcely ſhould be known.

How many butter'd cruſts you 've toſt
Into your weem ſo big,
That you 're more like (at College coſt)
A *porpoiſe* than a *pig*.

But you from head to foot are *brawn*,
And ſo from ſide to ſide:
You meaſure (were a circle drawn)
No longer than you 're wide.

Then bleſs me, Sir, how many craggs
You 've drunk of potent ale!
No wonder if the belly ſwaggs,
That 's rival to a *whale*.

E'en let the Fellows take the reſt,
They 've had a jolly taſter:
But no great likelihood to feaſt,
'Twixt Horace and the Maſter!

INDIAN

INDIAN ODE.

DARCO.

CÆSAR, poſſeſs'd of Ægypt's Queen,
And Conqueror of her charms,
Would envy, had he Darco ſeen
When lock'd in Zabra's arms.

ZABRA.

Should Memnon that fam'd Black revive,
Aurora's darling Son,
For Zabra's heart in vain he 'd ſtrive,
Where Darco reigns alone.

DARCO.

Freſh Mulberries new-preſs'd diſcloſe
A blood of purple hue;
And Zabra's lips, like crimſon Roſe,
Swell with a fragrant dew.

ZABRA.

The amorous Sun has kiſs'd his face;
And, now thoſe beams are ſet,
A lovely night aſſumes the place,
And tinges all with jet.

DARCO.

Darkneſs is myſtic prieſt to Love,
And does its rites conceal,
O'erſpread with clouds, ſuch joys we 'll prove
As day ſhall ne'er reveal.

ZABRA.

In gloom of night, when Darco's eyes
Are guides, what heart can ſtray?
Whoever views his teeth, deſcries
The bright and milky way.

DARCO.

Though born to rule fierce Libya's ſands,
That with gold's luſtre ſhine,
With eaſe I quit thoſe high commands
Whilſt Zabra thus is mine.

ZABRA.

Should I to that bleſt world repair,
Where Whites no portion have;
I'd ſoon, if Darco were not there,
Fly back, and be a Slave.

EPIGRAM.

WHO could believe that a fine needle's ſmart
Should from a finger pierce a virgin's heart;
That, from an orifice ſo very ſmall
The ſpirits and the vital blood ſhould fall?
Strephon and Phaon, I'll be judg'd by you,
If more than this has not been found too true.
From ſmaller darts, much greater wounds ariſe,
When ſhot by Cynthia's or by Laura's eyes.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

SAM Wills had view'd Kate Bets, a ſmiling laſs;
And for her pretty Mouth admir'd her face.
Kate had lik'd Sam, for Noſe of Roman ſize,
Not minding his complexion or his eyes.
They met — ſays Sam, Alas, to ſay the truth,
I find myſelf deceiv'd by that ſmall Mouth!
Alas, cries Kate, could any one ſuppoſe,
I could be ſo deceiv'd by ſuch a Noſe!
But henceforth ſhall hold this maxim juſt,
To have experience firſt, and then to truſt!

TO MR. CARTER,

STEWARD TO THE LORD CARTERET.

ACCEPT of health from one who, writing this,
Wiſhes you in the ſame that now he is;
Though to your perſon he may be unknown,
His wiſhes are as hearty as your own.
For Carter's drink, when in his Maſter's hand,
Has pleaſure and good-nature at command.
What though his Lordſhip's lands are in your truſt,
'Tis greater to his Brewing to be juſt.
As to that matter, no one can find fault,
If you ſupply him ſtill with well-dried Malt.
Still be a ſervant conſtant to afford
A liquor fitting for your generous Lord;
Liquor, like him, from ſeeds of worth in light,
With ſparkling atoms ſtill aſcending bright.

May your accompts ſo with your Lord ſtand clear,
And have your reputation like your Beer;
The main perfection of your life purſue,
In March, October, every month, ſtill brew,
And get the character of "Who but You?"

NERO.

A SATIRE.

WE know how ruin once did reign,
When Rome was fir'd, and Senate ſlain;
The Prince, with Brother's gore imbrued,
His tender Mother's life purſued;
How he the carcaſe, as it lay,
Did without tear or bluſh ſurvey,
And cenſure each majeſtic grace
That ſtill adorn'd that breathleſs face:
Yet he with ſword could domineer
Where dawning light does firſt appear
From rays of Phœbus; and command
Through his whole courſe, ev'n to that ſtrand
Where he, abhorring ſuch a ſight,
Sinks in the watery gloom of night:
Yet he could death and terror throw,
Where Thulé ſtarves in Northern ſnow;
Where Southern heats do fiercely paſs
O'er burning ſands that melt to glaſs.
Fond hopes! Could height of Power aſſuage
The mad exceſs of Nero's rage?
Hard is the fate, when ſubjects find
The Sword unjuſt to Poiſon join'd!

AD

AD AMICUM.

PRIMUS ab Angliacis, Carolinæ Tyntus * in oras,
Palladias artes ſecum, cytharamque ſonantem
Attulit; aſt illi comites Parnaſſido una
Adveniunt, autorque viæ conſultus Apollo:
Ille idem ſparſos longè latéque colonos
Legibus in cœtus æquis, atque oppida cogit;
Hinc hominum molliri animos, hinc mercibus optis
Creſcere divitias et ſurgere tecta deorum.
Talibus auſpiciis doctæ conduntur Athenæ,
Sic byrſa ingentem Didonis crevit in urbem
Carthago regum domitrix; ſic aurea Roma
Orbe triumphato nitidum caput intulit aſtris.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

TYNTE was the man who firſt, from Britiſh ſhore,
Palladian arts to Carolina bore;
His tuneful harp attending Muſes ſtrung,
And Phœbus' ſkill inſpir'd the lays he ſung.
Strong towers and palaces their riſe began,
And liſtening ſtones to ſacred fabricks ran.
Juſt laws were taught, and curious arts of peace,
And trade's briſk current flow'd with wealth's increaſe.
On ſuch foundations learned Athens roſe;
So Dido's thong did Carthage firſt incloſe:
So Rome was taught *old* Empires to ſubdue,
As Tynte creates and governs, now, the *new*.

* Major Tynte, Governor of Carolina.

ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

TELL me, old Prophet, tell me how,
Elbow when sunk, and pocket low,
What subtle arts, what secret ways,
May the despending fortune raise?
You laugh: thus Misery is scorn'd:

TIRESIAS.

Sure 'tis enough, you are return'd
Home by your Wit, and view again
Your Farm of Ithac, and Wife Pen.

ULYSSES.

Sage friend, whose word 's a law to me,
My want and nakedness you see:
The sparks, who made my wife such offers,
Have left me nothing in my coffers;
They 've kill'd my oxen, sheep, and geese,
Eat up my bacon and my cheese.
Lineage and virtue, at this push,
Without the *gelt*, 's not worth a rush.

TIRESIAS.

Why, not to mince the matter more,
You are averse to being poor;
Therefore find out some rich old cuff,
That never thinks he has enough:
Have you a Swan, a Turkey-pye,
With Woodcocks, thither let them fly,

The First-fruits of your early Spring,
Not to the Gods, but to Him bring.
Though he a foundling Baſtard be,
Convict of frequent perjury;
His hands with brother's blood imbrued,
By juſtice for that crime purſued;
Never the wall, when aſk'd, refuſe,
Nor loſe your friend, to ſave your ſhoes.

ULYSSES.

'Twixt Damas and the kennel go!
Which is the filthieſt of the two?
Before Troy-town it was not ſo.
There with the beſt I us'd to ſtrive.

TIRESIAS.

Why, by that means you 'll never thrive.

ULYSSES.

It will be very hard, that 's true:
Yet I 'll my generous mind ſubdue.

Tranſlation from TASSO, CANTO III. ST. 3.

SO when bold Mariners, whom hopes of ore
Have urg'd to ſeek ſome unfrequented ſhore:
The ſea grown high, and pole unknown, do find
How falſe is every wave, and treacherous every wind!
If wiſh'd-for land ſome happier ſight deſcries,
Diſtant huzzas, ſaluting clamours, riſe:
Each ſtrives to ſhew his mate th' approaching bay,
Forgets paſt danger, and the tedious way.

From

From HESIOD.

WHEN Saturn reign'd in Heaven, his ſubjects here
Array'd with godly virtues did appear;
Care, Pain, Old Age, and Grief, were baniſh'd far,
With all the dread of Laws and doubtful War:
But chearful Friendſhip, mix'd with Innocence,
Feaſted their underſtanding and their ſenſe;
Nature abounded with unenvied ſtore,
Till their diſcreeteſt wits could aſk no more;
And when, by fate, they came to breathe their laſt,
Diſſolv'd in ſleep their flitting vitals paſs'd.
Then to much happier manſions they remov'd,
There prais'd their God, and were by him belov'd.

THAME AND ISIS.

SO the God Thame, as through ſome pond he glides,
Into the arms of wandering Iſis ſlides:
His ſtrength, her ſoftneſs, in one bed combine,
And both with bands inextricable join.
Now no cœrulean Nymph, or Sea God, knows,
Where Iſis, or where Thame, diſtinctly flows;
But with a laſting charm they blend their ſtream,
Producing one imperial River — THAME.

I waked, ſpeaking theſe out of a Dream in the Morning.

NATURE a thouſand ways complains,
A thouſand words expreſs her pains:
But for her Laughter has but three,
And very ſmall ones, HA, HA, HE!

THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

FROM CLAUDIAN'S RUFINUS *.

TWENTY conundrums have of late
Been buzzing in my addle pate.
If earthly things are rul'd by Heaven,
Or matters go at fix and ſeven,
The coach without a coachman driven?
A pilot at the helm to guide,
Or the ſhip left to wind and tide?
A great Firſt Cauſe to be ador'd,
Or whether all 's a lottery-board?
For when, in viewing Nature's face,
I ſpy ſo regular a grace!
So juſt a ſymmetry of features,
From ſtern to ſtern, in all her creatures!
When on the boiſtrous ſea I think,
How 'tis confin'd like any fink!
How ſummer, winter, ſpring, and fall,
Dance round in ſo exact a hawl!
How, like a chequer, day and night,
One 's mark'd with black, and one with white!
Quoth I, I ken it well from hence,
There 's a preſiding influence!
Which won't permit the rambling ſtars
To fall together by the ears:
Which orders ſtill the proper ſeaſon
For hay and oats, and beans and peaſen:

* See a ſerious tranſlation, above, p. 367.

Which

Which trims the ſun with its own beams;
Whilſt the moon ticks for hers, it ſeems,
And, as aſham'd of the diſgrace,
Unmaſks but ſeldom all her face:
Which bounds the ocean within banks,
To hinder all its mad-cap pranks:
Which does the globe to an axle fit,
Like wheel to nave, or joint to ſpit!
But then again! How can it be,
Whilſt ſuch vaſt tracks of earth we ſee
O'er-run by barbarous tyranny!
Vile ſycophants in clover bleſs'd;
Whilſt patriots with Duke Humphry feaſt,
Brow-beaten, bullied, and oppreſs'd!
Pimps rais'd to honour, riches, rule;
Whilſt he, who ſeems to be a tool,
Is the prieſt's knave, the placeman's fool!
This whimſical phænomenon,
Confounding all my *pro* and *con*,
Bamboozles the account again,
And draws me *nolens volens* in,
Like a preſs'd ſoldier, to eſpouſe
The ſceptic's hypothetic cauſe:
Who Kent will to a codling lay us,
That croſs-or-pile refin'd the chaos;
That jovial atoms once did dance,
And form'd this merry orb by chance,
No art or ſkill were taken up,
But all fell out as round as hoop!

A *vacuum* 's another maxim;
Where, he brags, experience backs him:
Denying that all ſpace is full,
From inſide of a Tory's ſkull.
As to a Deity; his tenet
Swears by It, there is nothing in it;
Elſe 'tis too buſy or too idle,
With our poor bagatelles to meddle.
Anna 's a curb to lawleſs Louis,
Which as illuſtrious as true is;
Her victories o'er deſpotic-right,
That paſſive non-reſiſting bite,
Have brought this myſtery to light;
Have fairly made the riddle out,
And anſwer'd all the ſqueamiſh doubt;
Have clear'd the regency on-high,
From every preſumptuous Why.
No more I boggle as before,
But with full confidence adore;
Plain, as noſe on face, expounding,
All this intricate dumb-founding;
Which to the mean'ſt conception is,
As followeth hereunder, *viz.*

Tyrants mount but like a meteor,
To make their headlong fall the greater.

THE

THE GARDEN PLOT. 1709.

WHEN Naboth's vineyard look'd so fine,
The king cried out, "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reason could prevail,
To bring the owners to a sale;
Jezebel saw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab griev'd to be denied:
And thus accosted him with scorn,
"Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?"
A king, and weep! The ground's your own:
I'll make the garden of the crown.
With that she hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head.
And when his harmless blood was spilt,
The ground became the forfeit of his guilt.
Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands perhaps were not so fair,
Yet had a Jezebel as near.
Hall, of small Scripture-conversation,
Yet, however, Hungerford's quotation,
By some strange accident had got
The story of this Garden Plot;
Wisely foresaw he might have reason
To dread a modern bill of treason,
If Jezebel should please to want
His small addition to her grant:
Therefore resolv'd in humble sort
To begin first, and make his court;
And, seeing nothing else would do,
Gave one third part, to save the other two.

CON-

CONTENTS OF KING'S POEMS.

LETTERS to Dr. Lister and others. p. 169—196
The Art of Cookery. 203
The Art of Love. 247
An incomparable Ode of Malherbe's, written by him when the Marriage was on foot between the King of France and Anne of Austria. 336
The Furmetary, a very innocent and harmless Poem. 337
Mully of Mountown. 347
Orpheus and Eurydice. 352
Rufinus; or the Favourite. Imitated from Claudian. 367
Britain's Palladium; or Lord Bolingbroke's Welcome from France. 379
To the Duke of Beaufort. 387

MISCELLANY POEMS.

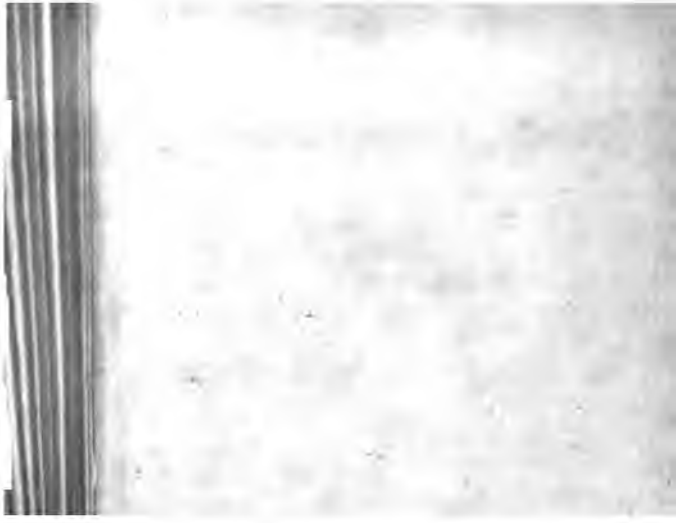
Song. 388
Song to Cælia. 389
The Last Billet. ibid.
To Laura. In imitation of Petrarch. 390
To the Right Hon. the late Earl of ———, upon his disputing publicly at Christ Church, Oxford. 391
A Gentleman to his Wife. 392
The Mad Lover. 393
The Soldier's Wedding. A Soliloquy, by Nath. Thrasherwell. 394

The

The Old Cheeſe. 395
The Skillet. 397
The Fiſherman. 399
A Caſe of Conſcience. 401
The Conſtable. 402
Little Mouths. 403
Hold Faſt below. 405
The Beggar Woman. 406
The Veſtry. 408
The Monarch. 410
Juſt as you Pleaſe; or, The Incurious. 412
Of Dreams. 414
The Art of making Puddings. 415—417
Advice to Horace, to take his Leave of Trinity College, in Cambridge. 418
Ode. 419
Epigrams. 420, 421
To Mr. Carter, Steward to the Lord Carteret. 421
Nero. A Satire. 422
Ad Amicum. 423
Attempted in Engliſh. ibid.
Ulyſſes and Tireſias. 424
Tranſlation from Taſſo, Canto III. St. 3. 425
From Heſiod. 426
Thame and Iſis. ibid.
I waked, ſpeaking theſe out of a Dream in the Morning. ibid.
The Stumbling Block. 427
The Garden Plot. 430

END OF KING'S POEMS.

John Dickinson
1786



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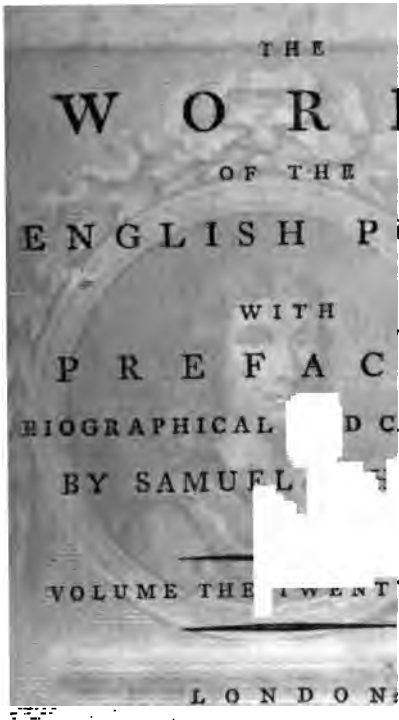

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIRST.

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THE

POEMS

OF

J. PHILIPS,

SMITH,

AND

POMFRET.

THE

POEMS

OF

M.R. J. PHILIPS.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

" ———— Sing, heavenly Muſe!
" Things unattempted yet, in proſe or rhyme,"
A ſhilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and ſtrife,
In ſilken or in leathern purſe retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly miſts ariſe,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-Hall * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whoſe wanton eye
Transfix'd his ſoul, and kindled amorous flames,
Cloe, or Phillis, he each circling glaſs
Wiſheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he ſmokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury ſurrounds,
And hunger, ſure attendant upon want,
With ſcanty offals, and ſmall acid tiff
(Wretched repaſt!) my meagre corpſe ſuſtain:
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff

* Two noted alehouſes in Oxford, 1700.

Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black.
As winter-chimney, or well-poliſh'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming ſcent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd-in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwalador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Ceſtrian cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclip'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's ſtream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful ſoil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Maſſic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyleſs minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and ſilent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monſter! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel aſcends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn ſound.
What ſhould I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark receſs I fly
Of wood-hole; ſtrait my briſtling hairs erect
Through ſudden fear; a chilly ſweat bedews
My ſhuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of ſpeech;
So horrible he ſeems! His faded brow

Entrench'd

Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And ſpreading band, admir'd by modern ſaints,
Diſaſtrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long ſcrolls of paper ſolemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him ſtalks
Another monſter, not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whoſe polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Firſt have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay
Of debtor, ſtrait his body, to the touch
Obſequious (as whilom knights were wont)
To ſome inchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance ſtrict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas ſets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious ken
The caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets ſing)
Grimalkin, to domeſtic vermin ſworn
An everlaſting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtleſs mice
Sure ruin. So her diſembowel'd web

Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, ſpreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: ſhe ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardleſs of their fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or ſhapes of lovely hue;
The waſp inſidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Diſtinct with gold, intangled in her ſnares,
Uſeleſs reſiſtance make: with eager ſtrides,
She towering flies to her expected ſpoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcaſes triumphant drags.
So paſs my days. But, when nocturnal ſhades
This world invelop, and th' inclement air
Perſuades men to repel benumming froſts
With pleaſant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely ſitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal thoughts
My anxious mind; or ſometimes mournful verſe
Indite, and ſing of groves and myrtle ſhades,
Or deſperate lady near a purling ſtream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repoſe;

But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy 's ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the ſettled thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant phantom curſe.
Thus do I live, from pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the fruits that the ſun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat ſecure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay:
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My Galligaſkins, that have long withſtood
The winter's fury, and encroaching froſts,
By time ſubdued (what will not time ſubdue!)
An horrid chaſm diſclos'd with orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auſter, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blaſts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ſhip,
Long ſail'd ſecure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruiſing near
The Lilybean ſhore, with hideous cruſh
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She ſtrikes rebounding; whence the ſhatter'd oak,
So fierce a ſhock unable to withſtand,
Admits the ſea; in at the gaping ſide
The crowding waves guſh with impetuous rage,

BLENHEIM.

FROM low and abject themes the groveling Muſe
Now mounts aërial, to ſing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's hero; may the verſe not ſink
Beneath his merits, but detain awhile
Thy ear, O Harley *! (though thy country's weal
Depends on thee, though mighty Anne requires
Thy hourly counſels) ſince, with every art
Thyſelf adorn'd, the mean eſſays of youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing genius to the Muſes' ſeat:
Therefore thee firſt, and laſt, the Muſe ſhall ſing.
Long had the Gallic monarch, uncontrol'd,
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force
Opponent ſlightly thought, in heart elate,
As erſt Seſoſtris (proud Egyptian king,
That monarchs harneſs'd to his chariot yokt
(Baſe ſervitude!) and his dethron'd compeers
Laſht furious; they in ſullen majeſty
Drew the uneaſy load); nor leſs he aim'd
At univerſal ſway: for William's arm
Could nought avail, however fam'd in war;

* This poem was inſcribed to the Right Honourable Robert Harley, Eſq; 1705, then Speaker of the Honourable Houſe of Commons, and Secretary of State.

Nor armies leagu'd, that diverſly eſſay'd
To curb his power enormous; like an oak,
That ſtands ſecure, though all the winds employ
Their ceaſeleſs roar, and only ſheds its leaves,
Or maſt, which the revolving ſpring reſtores:
So ſtood he, and alone; alone defy'd
The European thrones combin'd, and ſtill
Had ſet at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing th' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee choſe,
Thee, Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their priſtine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccuſtom'd air,
And other climes, where different food and ſoil
Portend diſtempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilſome, unfatigued with length
Of march, unſtruck with horror at the ſight
Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-ſtretching hills,
All white with ſummer's ſnows. They go beyond
The trace of Engliſh ſteps, where ſcarce the ſound
Of Henry's arms arriv'd; ſuch ſtrength of heart
Thy conduct and example gives; nor ſmall
Encouragement: Godolphin, wiſe and juſt,
Equal in merit, honour, and ſucceſs,
To Burleigh (fortunate alike to ſerve
The beſt of Queens): he, of the royal ſtore
Splendidly frugal, ſits whole nights devoid
Of ſweet repoſe, induſtrious to procure
The ſoldier's eaſe; to regions far remote

His

His care extends; and to the Britiſh hoſt
Makes raviſh'd countries plenteous as their own.
And now, O Churchill! at thy wiſht approach
The Germans, hopeleſs of ſucceſs, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New-animated rouze; not more rejoice
The miſerable race of men, that live
Benighted half the year, benumm'd with froſts
Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keeneſt breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement ſky!
When firſt the ſun with new-born light removes
The long-incumbent gloom; gladly to thee
Heroic laurel'd Eugene yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution, to be rankt
In military honour next, although
His deadly hand ſhook the Turcheſtan throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far-divided lands
Victorious; on thy powerful ſword alone
Germania and the Belgic coaſt relies,
Won from th' encroaching ſea: that ſword great Anne
Fix'd not in vain on thy puiſſant ſide,
When thee ſh' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
Illuſtrating the noble liſt; her hand
Aſſures good omens, and Saint George's worth
Enkindles like deſire of high exploits.
Immediate ſieges, and the tire of war,
Roll in thy eager mind; thy plumy creſt
Nods horrible; with more terrific port
Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the fight.
What ſpoils, what conqueſts, then did Albion h

From thy atchievements! yet thou haſt ſurpaſt
Her boldeſt vows, exceeded what thy foes
Could fear or fancy; they, in multitude
Superior, fed their thoughts with proſpect vain
Of victory and rapine, reckoning what
From ranſom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
Jovial his mate beſpoke: O friend, obſerve
How gay with all th' accoutrements of war
The Britons come, with gold well fraught, they come
Thus far our prey, and tempt us to ſubdue
Their recreant force; how will their bodies ſtript
Enrich the victors, while the vultures ſate
Their maws with full repaſt!—Another, warm'd
With high ambition, and conceit of proweſs
Inherent, arrogantly thus preſum'd:
What if this ſword, full often drench'd in blood
Of baſe antagoniſts, with griding edge
Should now cleave ſheer the execrable head
Of Churchill, met in arms! or if this hand,
Soon as his army diſarray'd 'gins ſwerve,
Should ſtay him flying, with retentive gripe,
Confounded and appal'd! no trivial price
Should ſet him free, nor ſmall ſhould be my praiſe
To lead him ſhackled, and expos'd to ſcorn
Of gathering crowds, the Britons' boaſted chief.
Thus they, in ſportive mood, their empty taunts
And menaces expreſt; nor could their prince
In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious ſpeech
Refrain: Why halt ye thus, ye Britons? Why
Decline the war? Shall a moraſs forbid

Your

Your eaſy march? Advance; we 'll bridge a way
Safe of acceſs. Imprudent, thus t' invite
A furious lion to his folds! That boaſt
He ill abides; captiv'd, in other plight
He ſoon reviſits Britany, that once
Reſplendent came, with ſtretcht retinue girt,
And pompous pageantry; O hapleſs fate,
If any arm, but Churchill's, had prevail'd!
No need ſuch boaſts, or exprobrations falſe
Of cowardice; the military mound
The Britiſh files tranſcend, in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.
And now on either ſide the trumpets blew,
Signal of onſet, reſolution firm
Inſpiring, and pernicious love of war.
The adverſe fronts in rueful conflict meet,
Collecting all their might; for on th' event
Deciſive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms: with leſs vehemence
The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
Cæſar, and Pompey, on Pharſalian plains,
Where ſtern Bellona, with one final ſtroke,
Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
Bold champion! brandiſhing his Noric blade,
Beſt-temper'd ſteel, ſucceſsleſs prov'd in field!
Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry
Preſumptuous comes; here Churchill, not ſo prompt
To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins

With

With Eugene's German force. Now from each
The brazen inſtruments of death diſcharge
Horrific flames, and turbid ſtreaming clouds
Of ſmoke ſulphureous; intermixt with theſe
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiſs,
Singeing the air, and from long diſtance bring
Surprizing ſlaughter; on each ſide they fly
By chains connext, and with deſtructive ſweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy ſcalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks beſtrew
Th' enſanguin'd field: with latent miſchief ſtor'd
Showers of granadoes rain, by ſudden burſt
Diſploding murderous bowels, fragments of ſteel,
And ſtones, and glaſs, and nitrous grain aduſt;
A thouſand ways at once the ſhiver'd orbs
Fly diverſe, working torment, and foul rout
With deadly bruiſe, and gaſhes furrow'd deep.
Of pain impatient, the high-prancing ſteeds
Diſdain the curb, and, flinging to and fro,
Spurn their diſmounted riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhoſtile wounds deſtroy'd.

Thus through each army death in various ſhapes
Prevail'd; here mangled limbs, here brains and gore
Lie clotted; lifeleſs ſome: with anguiſh theſe
Gnaſhing, and loud laments invoking aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder din
Of guns, and trumpets' clang, and ſolemn ſound
Of drums, o'ercame their groans. In equal ſcale
Long hung the fight; few marks of fear were ſeen,
None of retreat. As when two adverſe winds,

Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid-ſky
Engage with horrid ſhock, the ruffled brine
Roars ſtormy, they together daſh the clouds,
Levying their equal force with utmoſt rage;
Long undecided laſts the airy ſtrife:
So they incens'd; till Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard moſt prevail'd,
Came to oppoſe his ſlaughtering arm; with ſpeed
Precipitant he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gaſping heroes, and fall'n ſteeds
Rolling in death: deſtruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious courſe. Him thus enrag'd,
Deſcrying from afar, ſome engineer,
Dextrous to guide th' unerring charge, deſign'd
By one nice ſhot to terminate the war.
With aim direct the level'd bullet flew,
But miſs'd her ſcope (for Deſtiny withſtood
Th'approaching wound) and guiltleſs plough'd her way
Beneath his courſer; round his ſacred head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous ſway deals fatal blows
Amongſt the ſcatter'd Gauls. But O! beware,
Great warrior! nor, too prodigal of life,
Expoſe the Britiſh ſafety: hath not Jove
Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reſerve
Thyſelf for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene, with regiments unequal preſt,
Awaits; this day of all his honours gain'd
Deſpoils him, if thy ſuccour opportune
Defends not the ſad hour: permit not thou

So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
To bite the ground unnoted.—Swift, and fierce
As wintery ſtorm, he flies, to reinforce
The yielding wing; in Gallic blood again
He dews his reeking ſword, and ſtrews the ground
With headleſs ranks (ſo Ajax interpos'd
His ſevenfold ſhield, and ſcreen'd Laertes' ſon,
For valour much, and warlike wiles, renown'd,
When the inſulting Trojans urg'd him ſore
With tilted ſpears): unmanly dread invades
The French aſtony'd; ſtrait their uſeleſs arms
They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
Unſeemly yelling; diſtant hills return
The hideous noiſe. What can they do? or how
Withſtand his wide-deſtroying ſword? or where
Find ſhelter, thus repuls'd? Behind, with wrath
Reſiſtleſs, th' eager Engliſh champions preſs,
Chaſtiſing tardy flight; before them rolls
His current ſwift, the Danube vaſt and deep,
Supreme of rivers! to the frightful brink,
Urg'd by compulſive arms, ſoon as they reacht,
New horror chill'd their veins: devote they ſaw
Themſelves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
Encourag'd by deſpair, or obſtinate
To fall like men in arms, ſome dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
On the firm land; the reſt, diſcomfited,
And puſht by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide-extended flood.
Bands numerous as the Memphian ſoldiery

That ſwell'd the Erythræan wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellouſly ſtood,
Obſervant of the great command. Upborne
By frothy billows thouſands float the ſtream
In cumbrous mail, with love of farther ſhore;
Confiding in their hands, that ſed'lous ſtrive
To cut th' outrageous ſtreut: in this diſtreſs,
Ev'n in the ſight of death, ſome tokens ſhew
Of fearleſs friendſhip, and their ſinking mates
Suſtain: vain love, though laudable! abſorb'd
By a fierce eddy, they together ſound
The vaſt profundity; their horſes paw
The ſwelling ſurge with fruitleſs toil: ſurcharg'd,
And in his courſe obſtructed by large ſpoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks
The lingering remnant with unuſual tide;
Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immers'd.
So when ſome ſweltering travellers retire
To leafy ſhades, near the cool ſunleſs verge
Of Paraba, Brazilian ſtream; her tail
Of vaſt extenſion from her watery den,
A griſly Hydra ſuddenly ſhoots forth,
Inſidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew
Into the river whirls; th' unweeting prey
Entwiſted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds.
Nor did the Britiſh ſquadrons now ſurceaſe
To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moiſt element a ſcorching death,

Pierc'd ſinking; ſhrouded in a duſky cloud
The current flows, with livid miſſive flames
Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the ſwift-footed ſon
Of Peleus to his baleful banks purſued
The ſtraggling Trojans: nor leſs eager drove
Victorious Churchill his deſponding foes
Into the deep immenſe, that many a league
Impurpled ran, with guſhing gore diſtained.
Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
Mighty in conflict, reſcued harraſs'd powers
From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Suſtain'd. With prudent ſtay, he long defer'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An hoſt diſparted; when in union firm
Embody'd they advanc'd, collecting all
Their ſtrength, and worthy ſeemed to be ſubdued:
He the proud boaſters ſent, with ſtern aſſault,
Down to the realms of Night. The Britiſh ſouls,
(A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On Landen-plains, this heavenly gladſome air,
Exult to ſee the crowding ghoſts deſcend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
Not ſo the new inhabitants: they roam
Erroneous, and diſconſolate; themſelves
Accuſing, and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance; when lo! they ſee,
Through the dun miſt, in blooming beauty freſh,

Two

Two lovely youths, that amicably walked
O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
Anna's late conqueſts; * one, to empire born,
Egregious Prince, whoſe manly childhood ſhew'd
His mingled parents, and portended joy
Unſpeakable; † thou, his aſſociate dear
Once in this world, nor now by fate disjoin'd,
Had thy preſiding ſtar propitious ſhone,
Should'ſt Churchill be! but Heaven ſevere cut ſhort
Their ſpringing years, nor would this iſle ſhould boaſt
Gifts ſo important! them the Gallic ſhades
Surveying, read in either radiant look
Marks of exceſſive dignity and grace,
Delighted; till, in one, their curious eye
Diſcerns their great ſu[illegible]duer's awful mien,
And correſponding fe[illegible]ires fair; to them
Confuſion! ſtrait the [illegible]y phantoms fleet,
With headlong haſte, [illegible]nd dread a new purſuit.
The image pleas'd with joy paternal ſmiles.
Enough, O Muſe: the ſadly-pleaſing theme
Leave, with theſe dark abodes, and re-aſcend
To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
The conqueror, and ſav'd nations' joint acclaim.
Hark! how the cannon, inoffenſive now,
Gives ſigns of gratulation; ſtruggling crouds
From every city flow; with ardent gaze
Fixt, they behold the Britiſh Guide, of fight
Inſatiate; whilſt his great redeeming hand

* Duke of Gloucester. † Marquis of Blandford.

Each prince affects to touch reſpectful. See
How Pruſſia's King tranſported entertains
His mighty gueſt! to him the royal pledge,
Hope of his realm, commits (with better fate,
Than to the Trojan Chief Evander gave
Unhappy Pallas) and intreats to ſhew
The ſkill and rudiments auſtere of war.
See, with what joy, him Leopold declares
His great Deliverer; and courts t' accept
Of titles, with ſuperior modeſty
Better refus'd! Meanwhile the haughty King
Far humbler thoughts now learns: deſpair, and fear,
Now firſt he feels; his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head, in life's extreme,
Diſtract his ſoul; nor can great Boileau's harp
Of various-ſounding wire, beſt taught to calm
Whatever paſſion, and exalt the ſoul
With higheſt ſtrains, his languid ſpirits cheer:
Rage, ſhame, and grief, alternate in his breaſt.
But who can tell what pangs, what ſharp remorſe,
Torment the Boian prince? from native ſoil
Exil'd by fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping conſort, and depriv'd the ſight
Of his young guiltleſs progeny, he ſeeks
Inglorious ſhelter, in an alien land;
Deplorable! but that his mind averſe
To right, and inſincere, would violate
His plighted faith: why did he not accept
Friendly compoſure offer'd? or well weigh
With whom he muſt contend? encountering fierce

Th

The Solymean Sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely ſmear'd
With Painim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe: but when,
Of counſel raſh, new meaſures he purſues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he ſees
Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief
Of him, he once defy'd. O deſtitute
Of hope, unpity'd! thou ſhould'ſt firſt have thought
Of perſevering ſtedfaſt now upbraid
Thy own inconſtant ill-aſpiring heart.
Lo! how the Noric plains, through thy default
Riſe hilly, with large piles of ſlaughter'd knights,
Beſt men, that warr'd ſtill firmly for their prince
Though faithleſs, and unſhaken duty ſhew'd;
Worthy of better end. Where cities ſtood,
Well fenc'd, and numerous deſolation reigns,
And emptineſs, diſmay'd, unfed, unhous'd;
The widow and the orphan ſtrole around
The deſert wide; with oft-retorted eye
They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
Of manſions, once their own (now loathſome haunts
Of birds obſcene), bewailing loud the loſs
Of ſpouſe, or ſire, or ſon, ere manly prime
Slain in ſad conflict, and complain of fate
As partial, and too rigorous; nor find
Where to retire themſelves, or where appeaſe
Th' afflictive keen deſire of food, expos'd
To winds, and ſtorms, and jaws of ſavage beaſts.
Thrice happy Albion! from the world diſjoin'd

By Heaven propitious, bliſsful ſeat of peace!
Learn from thy neighbours miſeries to prize
Thy welfare; crown'd with Nature's choiceſt gift.
Remote thou hear'ſt the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear
And peril, whilſt the diſmal ſymphony
Of drums and clarions, other realms annoys.
Th' Iberian ſceptre undecided, here
Engages mighty hoſts in waſteful ſtrife:
From different climes the flower of youth deſcends,
Down to the Luſitanian vales, reſolv'd
With utmoſt hazard to enthrone their prince,
Gallic, or Auſtrian; havoc dire enſues,
And wild uproar: the natives dubious whom
They muſt obey, in conſternation wait,
Till rigid conqueſt will pronounce their liege.
Nor is the brazen voice of War unheard
On the mild Larian ſhore: what ſighs and tears
Hath Eugene caus'd! how many widows curſe
His cleaving faulcheon! fertile ſoil in vain!
What do thy paſtures, or thy vines avail,
Beſt boon of Heaven! or huge Taburnus, cloath'd
With olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters, with their harveſt immature?
See, with what outrage from the froſty north,
The early-valiant Swede draws forth his wings
In battailous array, while Volga's ſtream
Sends oppoſite, in ſhaggy armour clad,
Her borderers; on mutual ſlaughter bent,
They rend their countries. How is Poland vext

With

With civil broils, while two elected kings
Contend for ſway? unhappy nation, left
Thus free of choice! The Engliſh, undiſturb'd
With ſuch ſad privilege, ſubmiſs obey
Whom Heaven ordains ſupreme, with reverence due,
Not thraldom, in fit liberty ſecure:
From ſcepter'd kings, in long deſcent deriv'd,
Thou, Anna, ruleſt; prudent to promote
Thy people's eaſe at home, nor ſtudious leſs
Of Europe's good; to thee, of kingly right,
Sole arbitreſs, declining thrones, and powers
Sue for relief; thou bid'ſt thy Churchill go,
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty Louis, unconfin'd; he goes
Obſequious, and the dread command fulfils,
In one great day. A n thou giv'ſt in charge
To Rooke, that he ſhould let that monarch know,
The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
Is thine; behold! with winged ſpeed he rides
Undaunted o'er the labouring main t' aſſert
Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
The Gallic navies impotent to bear
His volly'd thunder, torn, diſſever'd, ſcud,
And bleſs the friendly interpoſing night.
Hail, mighty Queen! reſerv'd by Fate to grace
The new-born age: what hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
Neptune ſubmits his trident, and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmoſt bound
Heſperian, Calpe, by Alcides fixt,

Mountain ſublime, that caſts a ſhade of length
Immeaſurable, and rules the inland waves!
Let others, with inſatiate thirſt of rule,
Invade their neighbours lands, neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths; this thy peculiar praiſe
Be ſtill, to ſtudy right, and quell the force
Of kings perfidious; let them learn from thee
That neither ſtrength, nor policy refin'd,
Shall with ſucceſs be crown'd, where juſtice fails.
Thou, with thy own content, not for thyſelf,
Subdueſt regions, generous to raiſe
The ſuppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
The German boaſts thy conqueſts, and enjoys
The great advantage; nought to thee redounds
But ſatisfaction from thy conſcious mind.

Auſpicious Queen! ſince in thy realms, ſecure
Of peace thou reign'ſt, and victory attends
Thy diſtant enſigns, with compaſſion view
Europe embroil'd; ſtill thou (for thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms ire,
Reciprocally ruinous; ſay who
Shall wield th' Heſperian, who the Poliſh ſword,
By thy decree? the trembling lands ſhall hear
Thy voice, obedient, leſt thy ſcourge ſhould bruiſe
Their ſtubborn necks, and Churchill, in his wrath,
Make them remember Blenheim with regret.

Thus ſhall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
Thy power, and juſtice: Jealouſies and Fears,
And Hate infernal baniſh'd, ſhall retire
To Mauritania, or the Bactrian coaſts,

Or

Or Tartary, engendering diſcords fell
Amongſt the enemies of truth; while arts
Pacific, and inviolable love,
Flouriſh in Europe. Hail, Saturnian days
Returning! in perpetual tenor run
Delectable, and ſhed your influence ſweet
On virtuous Anna's head: ye happy days,
By her reſtor'd, her juſt deſigns complete,
And, mildly on her ſhining, bleſs the world!
Thus, from the noiſy crowd exempt, with eaſe
And plenty bleſt, amid the mazy groves,
(Sweet ſolitude!) where warbling birds provoke
The ſilent Muſe, delicious rural ſeat
Of St. John, Engliſh Memmius, I preſum'd
To ſing Britannic trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt; while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge *, no leiſure finds
To ſtring his charming ſhell: but when return'd
Conſummate Peace ſhall rear her chearful head;
Then ſhall his Churchill, in ſublimer verſe,
For ever triumph; lateſt times ſhall learn
From ſuch a Chief to fight, and Bard to ſing.

* He was then Secretary of War.

ODE

O D E

AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG' 1706.

O Qui reciſæ finibus Indicis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire ſuccum, et ſauveolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos;

Qui ſolus acri reſpicis aſperum
Siti palatum, proluis et mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui ſaporem
Heſperii pretiumque, ſoles:

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, deſidéſque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri ſecundo mens avet impetu,
Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
Explicuit venuſinus alas:

Solers modorum, ſeu puerum trucem,
Cum matre flavâ, ſeu caneret roſas
Et vina, cyrrhæis Hetruſcum
Rite beans equitem ſub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generoſior
Affluxit illi; ſæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, ſæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætitiamque teſtæ.

Patronus

Patronus illi non fuit artium
Celebriorum; ſed nec amantior
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
Flamma ſubit, tacitoſque ſenſus!

Pertentat, ut téque et tua munera
Gratus recordor, mercurialium
Princeps virorum! et ipſe Muſæ
Cultor, et uſque colende Muſis!

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
Receptus ægrè ſpiritus, ilia
Dum pulſat ima, ac inquietum
Tuſſis agens ſine more pectus.

Altè petito quaſſat anhelitu;
Funeſta planè, ni mihi balſamum
Diſtillet in venas, tuæque
Lenis opem ferat hauſtus uvæ.

Hanc ſumo, parcis et tibi poculis
Libo ſalutem; quin precor, optima
Ut uſque conjux ſoſpitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore.

Te conſulentem militiæ ſuper
Rebus togatum. Macte! tori decus,
Formoſa cui Franciſca ceſſit,
Crine placens, niveoque collo!

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus inſidet!
Tu ſorte felix; me Maria
Macerat (ah miſerum!) videndo:

Maria,

Suſpiro; nec jam vina ſomnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

AN ODE

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQUIRE, 1706 *.

O Thou, from India's fruitful ſoil,
That doſt that ſovereign herb † prepare,
In whoſe rich fumes I loſe the toil
Of life, and every anxious care:
While from the fragrant lighted bowl
I ſuck new life into my ſoul.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
The parching flames that I ſuſtain;
Which with cool draughts thy caſks ſubdue,
And waſh away the thirſty pain
With wines, whoſe ſtrength and taſte we prize,
From Latian ſuns and nearer ſkies.

O! ſay, to bleſs thy pious love,
What vows, what offerings, ſhall I bring?
Since I can ſpare, and thou approve,
No other gift, O hear me ſing!
In numbers Phœbus does inſpire,
Who ſtrings for thee the charming lyre.

* This piece was tranſlated by the Reverend Thomas Newcome, M. A. of Corpus Chriſti College Oxon.

† Tobacco.

Aloft,

Aloft, above the liquid ſky,
I ſtretch my wing, and fain would go
Where Rome's ſweet ſwain did whilom fly;
And ſoaring, left the clouds below;
The Muſe invoking to endue
With ſtrength his pinions, as he flew.

Whether he ſings great Beauty's praiſe,
Love's gentle pain, or tender woes;
Or chooſe, the ſubject of his lays,
The bluſhing grape, or blooming roſe:
Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky ſprings
Mæcenas liſtens while he ſings.

Yet he no nobler draught could boaſt,
His Muſe or muſic to inſpire,
Though all Falernum's purple coaſt
Flow'd in each glaſs, to lend him fire;
And on his tables us'd to ſmile
The vintage of rich Chio's iſle.

Mæcenas deign'd to hear his ſongs,
His Muſe extoll'd, his voice approv'd:
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleaſing, more belov'd.
Oh! teach my heart to bound its flame,
As I record thy love and fame.

Teach me the paſſion to reſtrain,
As I my grateful homage bring;
And laſt in Phœbus' humble train,
The firſt and brighteſt genius ſing.

The Muſes favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

But oh! as greatly I aſpire
To tell my love, to ſpeak thy praiſe,
Boaſting no more its ſprightly fire,
My boſom heaves, my voice decays;
With pain I touch the mournful ſtring,
And pant and languiſh as I ſing.

Faint Nature now denies that breath,
That feebly ſtrives thy worth to ſing!
And would be huſh'd, and loſt in death,
Did not thy care kind ſuccours bring!
Thy pitying caſks my ſoul ſuſtain,
And call new life in every vein.

The ſober glaſs I now behold,
Thy health, with fair Franciſca's join,
Wiſhing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine;
No chance the tender joy remove,
While ſhe can pleaſe, and thou canſt love.

Thus while by you the Britiſh arms
Triumphs and diſtant fame purſue;
The yielding Fair reſigns her charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too;
Her ſnowy neck, her breaſt, her eyes,
And all the nymph becomes your prize.

What

What comely grace, what beauty ſmiles!
Upon her lips what ſweetneſs dwells!
Not Love himſelf ſo oft beguiles,
Nor Venus ſelf ſo much excels.
What different fates our paſſions ſhare,
While you enjoy, and I deſpair!

* Maria's form as I ſurvey,
Her ſmiles a thouſand wounds impart;
Each feature ſteals my ſoul away,
Each glance deprives me of my heart!
And chaſing thence each other Fair,
Leaves her own image only there.

Although my anxious breaſt deſpair,
And ſighing, hopes no kind return;
Yet, for the lov'd relentleſs Fair,
By night I wake, by day I burn!
Nor can thy gifts, ſoft Sleep, ſupply,
Or ſooth my pains, or cloſe my eye.

* Miſs Mary Meers, daughter of the late Principal of Brazen-Noſe College, Oxon.

CYDER.

A POEM,

IN TWO BOOKS.

"——Honos erit huic quoque Pomo?" VIRG.

BOOK I.

WHAT ſoil the apple loves, what care is due
To orchats, timelieſt when to preſs the fruits,
Thy gift, Pomona, in Miltonian verſe
Adventurous I preſume to ſing; of verſe
Nor ſkill'd, ~~nor ſtudious~~: but my native ſoil
Invites me, and the theme as yet unſung.
Ye Ariconian knights, and faireſt dames,
To whom propitious Heaven theſe bleſſings grants,
Attend my lays, nor hence diſdain to learn,
How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.
And thou, O Moſtyn, whoſe benevolence,
And candor, oft experienc'd, me vouchſaf'd
To knit in friendſhip, growing ſtill with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
May it a laſting monument remain
Of dear reſpect; that, when this body frail
Is molder'd into duſt, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend!

Whoe'er expects his labouring trees ſhould bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harveſt yield,
Be this his firſt concern, to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blaſts
Tempeſtuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the weſt
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Adminiſter their tepid genial airs;
Nought fear he from the weſt, whoſe gentle warmth
Diſcloſes well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender ſeeds; whoſe breath
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron groves,
Heſperian fruits, and wafts their odors ſweet
Wide through the air, and diſtant ſhores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:
But when the blackening clouds in ſprinkling ſhowers
Diſtil, from the high ſummits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moiſture cheer'd,
The Orchats ſmile; joyous the farmers ſee
Their thriving plants, and bleſs the heavenly dew.
Next let the planter, with diſcretion meet,
The force and genius of each ſoil explore;
To what adapted, what it ſhuns averſe:
Without this neceſſary care, in vain
He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
Rejoicing in rich mold, moſt ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce; pleaſing to ſight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.

So

So Nature has decreed: ſo oft we ſee
Men paſſing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate; leſs, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the fable ground expect ſucceſs
Nor from cretaceous, ſtubborn and jejune;
The Muſt, of pallid hue, declares the ſoil
Devoid of ſpirit; wretched he, that quaffs
Such wheyiſh liquors; oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pa ſtreſs'd he'll roar,
And toſs, and turn, a ie th' unwholſom draught.
But, farmer, look, wh ll-ear'd ſheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilt hat ſoil ſelect
For apples; thence th induſtry ſhall gain
Ten-fold reward; thy rners, thence with ſtore
Surcharg'd, ſhall burſt. ay preſs with pureſt juice.
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy faltering tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, ſuch Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome, and Capel ſuch,
Williſian Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marſh,
And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feaſt
Of Mercian Offa he invited came,
To treat of ſpouſals: long connubial joys.
He promis'd to himſelf, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty; but deluded dy'd
In height of hopes——oh! hardeſt fate, to fall
By ſhew of friendſhip, and pretended love!
I nor adviſe, nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcley-hill; the apple no where finds

A kinder mold: yet 'tis unſafe to truſt
Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,
This mount may journey, and, his preſent ſite
Forſaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter ſtrange
For law-debates* ? if therefore thou incline
To deck this riſe with fruits of various taſtes,
Fail not by frequent vows t'implore ſucceſs;
Thus piteous Heaven may fix the wandering glebe.
  But if (for Nature doth not ſhare alike
Her gifts) an happy ſoil ſhould be withheld;
If a penurious clay ſhould be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with ſandy ſtones
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil; the ſturdy pear-tree here
Will riſe luxuriant, and with tougheſt root

* February the ſeventh, 1571, at ſix o' clock in the evening, this hill rouſed itſelf with a roaring noiſe, and by ſeven the next morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it ſheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and in its paſſage overthrew Kinnaſton Chapple, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former poſition. The ground thus moved was about twenty-ſix-acres, which opened itſelf, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards ſpace, leaving that which was paſture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overſpread with paſture. See Speed's Account of Herefordſhire, page 49, and Camden's Britannia.

Pierce

Pierce the obſtructing grit, and reſtive marle.
Thus nought is uſeleſs made; nor is there land,
But what, or of itſelf, or elſe compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The ſhepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the moſſy turf,
Sufficient; after them the cackling gooſe,
Cloſe-grazer, finds wherewith to eaſe her want.
What ſhould I more? Ev'n on the cliffy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Aſtoniſh'd, how the goats their ſhrubby browze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canſt thou ſee,
How from a ſcraggy rock, whoſe prominence
Half overſhades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearleſs of rending winds, and daſhing waves,
Cut ſamphire, to excite the ſqueamiſh guſt
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lye unlabor'd; if the richeſt ſtem
Refuſe to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human uſe redound,
And penury, the worſt of ills, remove?

There are, who, fondly ſtudious of increaſe,
Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
Beſmear the roots; in vain! the nurſling grove
Seems fair a while, cheriſh'd with foſter earth:
But when the alien compoſt is exhauſt,
It's native poverty again prevails.

Though this art fails, deſpond not; little pains,
In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
Th' induſtrious, when the Sun in Leo rides,
And darts his ſultrieſt beams, portending drought,
Forgets not at the foot of every plant
To ſink a circling trench, and daily pour
A juſt ſupply of alimental ſtreams,
Exhauſted ſap recruiting; elſe falſe hopes
He cheriſhes, nor will his fruit expect
Th' autumnal ſeaſon, but, in ſummer's pride,
When other orchats ſmile, abortive fail.
Thus the great light of heaven, that in his courſe
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire; ſweltering they run
To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage ſeek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still ſtreaming freſh reviſit, to allay
Thirſt inextinguiſhable: but if the ſpring
Preceding ſhould be deſtitute of rain,
Or blaſt ſeptentrional with bruſhing wings
Sweep up the ſmoky miſts, and vapours damp,
Then woe to mortals! Titan then exerts
His heat intenſe, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds, and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of faireſt nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near; grim Death in different ſhapes
Depopulates the nations; thouſands fall

His

His victims; youths, and virgins, in their flower,
Reluctant die, and ſighing leave their loves
Unfiniſh'd, by infectious heaven deſtroy'd.
Such heats prevail'd, when fair Eliza, laſt
Of Winchcomb's name (next thee in blood and worth,
O faireſt St. John!) left this toilſome world
In beauty's prime, and ſadden'd all the year:
Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thouſand lovers, the relentleſs hand
Of Death arreſt; ſhe with the vulgar fell,
Only diſtinguiſh'd by this humble verſe.
But if it pleaſe the ſun's intemperate force
To know, attend; whilſt I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our fore-fathers (luckleſs men!) ingulft
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian ſhades
Went quick, in one ſepulchre incloſ'd.
In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our other world ſubdued,
A ſpacious city ſtood, with firmeſt walls
Sure mounded, and with numerous turrets crown'd,
Aerial ſpires, and citadels, the ſeat
Of Kings, and heroes reſolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium: uncontrol'd and free,
Till all-ſubduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then alſo, though to foreign yoke ſubmiſs,
She undemoliſh'd ſtood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had ſtood, of ancient Britiſh art
A pleaſing monument, not leſs admir'd
Than what from Attic, or Etruſcan hands

Bellow'd within their darkſome caves, by far
More diſmal than the loud diſploded roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaſeleſs ſtorm
The baſtion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable: th' infernal winds, till now
Cloſely impriſon'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Diſdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full ſtreng
Collecting, from beneath the ſolid maſs
Upheav'd, and all her caſtles rooted deep
Shook from their loweſt ſeat: old Vaga's ſtream,
Forc'd by the ſudden ſhock, her wonted track
Forſook, and drew her humid train aſlope,
Crankling her banks: and now the lowering ſky,
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry Gods, that rattled ſolemn, diſmaid
The ſinking hearts of men. Where ſhould they tu
Diſtreſs'd? whence ſeek for aid? when from below

Who with their votaries in one ruin ſhar'd,
Cruſh'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling through the ſtreets, their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horror ſtalks around,
Wild-ſtaring, and, his ſad concomitant,
Deſpair, of abject look: at every gate
The thronging populace with haſty ſtrides
Preſs furious, and, too eager of eſcape,
Obſtruct the eaſy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footſteps; to, and fro, they reel
Aſtoniſh'd, as o'er-charg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground aduſt her riven mouth diſparts,
Horrible chaſm; profound! with ſwift deſcent
Old Ariconium ſinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and ſenators, down to the realms
Of endleſs night. Mean while, the looſen'd winds
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds; till all their force
Conſum'd, her ravenous jaws th' earth ſatiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious paſſenger may learn
Her ample ſite, ſave coins, and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, laſting remains
Of that gigantic race; which, as he breaks
The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous tract of land,
She whilome ſtood; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and with ruddieſt freight bedeck'd,
The apple-tree, by our fore-fathers blood

Improv'd,

Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muſe,
Urging her deſtin'd labours to purſue.
The prudent will obſerve, what paſſions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, Nature gave
Love, and averſion): everlaſting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears, nor leſs abhors
The Colewort's rankneſs; but with amorous twine
Claſps the tall Elm: the Pæſtan Roſe unfolds
Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
(Creſt of ſtout Britons), and inhances thence
The price of her celeſtial ſcent: the Gourd,
And thirſty Cucumber, when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with reſentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverſe, deteſting contact; whilſt the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Cloſe-neighbouring: th' Herefordian plant
Careſſes freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-reſiſting Palm, and likes
T' approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy ſtem;
Uneaſy, ſeated by funereal Yeugh,
Or Walnut, (whoſe malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits), or near the bitter dews
Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they aſſociate beſt, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.
Would'ſt thou thy vats with gen'rous juice ſhould froth?
Reſpect thy orchats; think not, that the trees
Spontaneous

Spontaneous will produce an wholſome draught.
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
A Cyon meetly ſever: after, force
A way into the crabſtock's cloſe-wrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Encloſe the foſter twig; nor over-nice
Refuſe with thy own hands around to ſpread
The binding clay: ere-long their differing veins
Unite, and kindly nouriſhment convey
To the new pupil; no[illegible] he ſhoots his arms
With quickeſt growth [illegible] now ſhake the teeming trunk,
Down rain th' impurpl[illegible]d balls, ambroſial fruit.
Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's pureſt ſpirit, and reſiſt
It's feculence, which in more porous ſtocks
Of Cyder-plants finds paſſage free, or elſe
The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
Through th' infix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and ſweet; whatever be the cauſe,
This doubtful progeny by niceſt taſtes
Expected beſt acceptance finds, and pays
Largeſt revenues to the orchat-lord.

Some think the Quince and Apple would combine
In happy union; others fitter deem
The Sloe-ſtem bearing Sylvan Plumbs auſtere.
Who knows but both may thrive? howe'er, what loſs
To try the powers of both, and ſearch how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In cloſe embraces, and ſtrange offspring bear?
Thou 'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,

Undamag'd,

Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,
And Pears of ſundry forms; at different times
Adopted Plumbs will alien branches grace;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.
Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of particolor'd fruits, that pleaſe
The tongue, and view, at once. So Maro's Muſe,
Thrice ſacred Muſe! commodious precepts gives
Inſtructive to the ſwains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: ſometimes ſhe diverts
From ſolid counſels, ſhews the force of love
In ſavage beaſts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the hapleſs youth through ſtorms and waves,
Alone, in deep of night: Then ſhe deſcribes
The Scythian winter, nor diſdains to ſing
How under ground the rude Riphæan race
Mimick briſk Cyder with the brakes product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' harſheſt juice.
Let ſage experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting and in-eyeing; when to lop
The flowing branches; what trees anſwer beſt
From root, or kernel: ſhe will beſt the hours
Of harveſt, and ſeed-time declare; by her
The different qualities of things were found,
And ſecret motions; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoiſt,
Mounts on the wings of air; to her we owe

The

The Indian weed *, unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whoſe acrimonious fume
Extracts ſuperfluous juices, and refines
The blood diſtemper'd from its noxious ſalts;
Friend to the ſpirits, which with vapors bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleaſantry, and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal ſhell
Warble melodious their well-labor'd ſongs.
She found the poliſh'd glaſs, whoſe ſmall convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, inviſible elſe, of Nature's hand
Leaſt animal; and ſhews, what laws of life
The cheeſe-inhabitants obſerve, and how
Fabrick their manſions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artiſts! but the hidden ways
Of Nature would'ſt thou know? how firſt ſhe frames
All things in miniature? thy ſpecular orb
Apply to well-diſſected kernels; lo!
Strange forms ariſe, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: obſerve the ſlender threads
Of firſt beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow ſeeds deſcrib'd; thou'lt wondering ſay,
An inmate orchat every apple boaſts.
Thus all things by experience are diſplay'd,
And moſt improv'd. Then ſedulouſly think
To meliorate thy ſtock; no way, or rule,
Be unaſſay'd; prevent the morning ſtar

* Tobacco.

Aſſiduous,

Aſſiduous, nor with the weſtern ſun
Surceaſe to work; lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live-long day
Conſume in meditation deep, recluſe
From human converſe, nor, at ſhut of eve,
Enjoy repoſe; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking ſtudies, if by chance
Thee I may counſel right; and oft this care
Diſturbs me ſlumbering. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyſelf? and rather chooſe
To lie ſupinely, hoping Heaven will bleſs
Thy ſlighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?
'Twill profit, when the ſtork, ſworn foe of ſnakes,
Returns, to ſhew compaſſion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well ſharpen'd now aſſail the ſpreading ſhades
Of vegetables, and their thirſty limbs
Diſſever: for the genial moiſture, due
To apples, otherwiſe miſpends itſelf
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,
Nought but vain ſhoots, and empty leaves abound.
When ſwelling buds their odorous foliage ſhed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wiſe
Spare not the little offſprings, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging cluſters thin
By kind avulſion: elſe the ſtarveling brood,
Void of ſufficient ſuſtenance, will yield
A ſlender autumn; which the niggard ſoul
Too late ſhall weep, and curſe his thrifty hand,
That would not timely eaſe the ponderous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gardening, how to ſcare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds that hop
From ſpray to ſpray, ſcooping the coſtlieſt fruit
Inſatiate, undiſturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the falſe terrors of a breathleſs kite.
This done, the timorous flock with ſwifteſt wing
Scud through the air; their fancy repreſents
His mortal talons, and his ravenous beak
Deſtructive; glad to ſhun his hoſtile gripe,
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.
Beſides, the filthy ſwine will oft invade
Thy firm incloſure, and with delving ſnout
The rooted foreſt undermine: forthwith
Halloo thy furious maſtiff, bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears,
A ſad memorial of their paſt offence.
The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large ſhoals of ſlow houſe-bearing ſnails that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring ſlimy tracts
In the ſleek rinds, and unpreſt Cyder drink.
No art averts this peſt; on thee it lies,
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wiſe, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itſelf rewards
With pleaſing gain, whilſt the warm limbec draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.
Myriads of waſps now alſo cluſtering hang,
And drain a ſpurious honey from thy groves,

Their

Their winter food; though oft repuls'd, again
They rally, undiſmay'd: but fraud with eaſe
Enſnares the noiſome ſwarms; let every bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viſcous juice;
They, by th' alluring odor drawn, in haſte
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crouding ſip
Their palatable bane; joyful thou 'lt ſee
The clammy ſurface all o'er-ſtrown with tribes
Of greedy inſects, that with fruitleſs toil
Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate
Their feet, in liquid ſhackles bound, till death
Bereave them of their worthleſs ſouls: ſuch doom
Waits luxury, and lawleſs love of gain!
  Howe'er thou may'ſt forbid external force,
Inteſtine evils will prevail; damp airs,
And rainy winters, to the centre pierce
Of firmeſt fruits, and by unſeen decay
The proper reliſh vitiate: then the grub
Oft unobſerv'd invades the vital core,
Pernicious tenant, and her ſecret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaſeleſs; meanwhile the apple's outward form
Delectable the witleſs ſwain beguiles,
Till, with a writhen mouth, and ſpattering noiſe,
He taſtes the bitter morſel, and rejects
Diſreliſht; not with leſs ſurprize, than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners paſs
Through flowery meads delighted, nor diſtruſt
The ſmiling ſurface; whilſt the cavern'd ground,

With

With grain incentive ſtor'd, by ſudden blaze
Burſts fatal, and involves the hopes of war,
In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and diſmembred, they aloft expire.
Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phæacian iſle, from whence,
Sailing the ſpaces of the boundleſs deep,
To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd:
The Pippin burniſht o'er with gold, the Moyle
Of ſweeteſt honeyed taſte, the fair Permain
Temper'd, like comlieſt nymph, with red and white.
Salopian acres flouriſh with a growth
Peculiar, ſtyl'd the Ottley: be thou firſt
This Apple to tranſplant, if to the name
Its merit anſwers, no where ſhalt thou find
A wine more priz'd, or laudable of taſte.
Nor does the Eliot leaſt deſerve thy care,
Nor John-Apple, whoſe wither'd rind, intrencht
With many a furrow, aptly repreſents
Decrepid age, nor that from Harvey nam'd,
Quick-reliſhing: why ſhould we ſing the Thrift,
Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat
The Ruſſet, or the Cat's-Head's weighty orb,
Enormous in its growth, for various uſe
Though theſe are meet, though after full repaſt
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich deſſert?
What, though the Pear-tree rival not the worth
Of Ariconian products? yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching arms
Beſt ſcreen thy manſion from the fervent Dog

Adverſe to life; the wintery hurricanes
In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the ſtrong onſet, and controls their rage.
Chiefly the Boſbury, whoſe large increaſe,
Annual, in ſumptuous banquets claims applauſe.
Thrice-acceptable beverage! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's ſelf
Would dread thy praiſe, and ſhun the dubious ſtrife.
Be it thy choice, when ſummer-heats annoy,
To ſit beneath her leafy canopy,
Quaffing rich liquids! oh! how ſweet t' enjoy,
At once her fruits, and hoſpitable ſhade!
But how with equal numbers ſhall we match
The Muſk's ſurpaſſing worth! that earlieſt gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the ſpreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring, that defies
The vernal nippings, and cold ſyderal blaſts!
Yet let her to the Red-ſtreak yield, that once
Was of the Sylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
Of no regard, till Scudamore's ſkilful hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly diſcipline
Taught her the ſavage nature to forget:
Hence ſtyl'd the Scudamorean plant; whoſe wine
Whoever taſtes, let him with grateful heart
Reſpect that ancient loyal houſe, and wiſh
The nobler peer, that now tranſcends our hopes
In early worth, his country's juſteſt pride,
Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.
Let every tree in every garden own

The

The Red-ſtreak as ſupreme, whoſe pulpous fruit
With gold irradiate, and vermilion ſhines
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primæval interdicted plant that won
Fond Eve in hapleſs hour to taſte, and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inſpires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muſe
Kindles to loftier ſtrains; even I perceive
Her ſacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Eaſy, whilſt, chear'd with her nectareous juice,
Hers, and my country's praiſes I exalt.
Hail Herefordian plant, that doſt diſdain
All other fields! Heaven's ſweeteſt bleſſing, hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my ſong,
And thy choice Nectar; on which always waits
Laughter, and ſport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendſhip, chief delight of human life.
What ſhould we wiſh for more? or why, in queſt
Of foreign vintage, inſincere, and mixt,
Traverſe th' extremeſt world? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean? when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far ſurmounts
Gallic, or Latin Grapes, or thoſe that ſee
The ſetting ſun near Calpe's towering height.
Nor let the Rhodian, nor the Leſbian vines
Vaunt their rich Muſt, nor let Tokay contend
For ſovereignty; Phanæus ſelf muſt bow
To th' Ariconian vales: And ſhall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let

The soil is this which, with its manure,
With largest usury repays, alone
Impower'd to supply what Nature asks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with battening ooze enrich'd,
Give spirit to the grass; three cubits high
The jointed herbage shoots; th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store
Of golden wheat, the strength of human life.
Lo, on auxiliary poles, the Hops
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array!
Lo, how the arable with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind
Transporting prospect! these, as modern use
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,
Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here, to the sight,
Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil,
So much does fructuous moisture o'er-abound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
To heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet
To human ken; nor at their feet the vales
Descending gently, where the lowing herd
Chews verdurous pasture; nor the yellow fields
Gaily' enterchang'd, with rich variety
Pleasing; as when an Emerald green, enchas'd
In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next add the Sylvan shades, and silent groves,

(Haunt

(Haunt of the Druids) whence the earth is fed
With copious fuel; whence the ſturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by ſweating peaſants fell'd,
Stems the vaſt main, and bears tremendous war
To diſtant nations, or with ſov'ran ſway
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why ſhould the Chalybes, or Bilboa boaſt
Their harden'd iron; when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? can Tmolus' head
Vie with our ſaffron odors? or the fleece
Bætic, or fineſt Tarentine, compare
With Lemſter's ſilken wool? where ſhall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life? in ancient days,
The Roman legions, and great Cæſar, found
Our fathers no mean foes: and Creſſy's plains,
And Agincourt, deep-ting'd with blood, confeſs
What the Silures vigour unwithſtood
Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-waſting hand, firſt garter'd Knight,
Puiſſant author of great Chandos' ſtem,
High Chandos, that tranſmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient proweſs, and renown,
T' his noble offspring. O thrice-happy peer!
That, bleſt with hoary vigor, view'ſt thyſelf
Freſh blooming in thy generous ſon; whoſe lips,
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
Charm the wiſe Senate, and attention win
In deepeſt councils: Ariconium pleas'd,

Him, as her choſen worthy, firſt ſalutes.
Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic ſhore,
Him hardy Britons bleſs; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The General's conduct, than his care avails.
Thee alſo, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
This country claims; with pride and joy to thee
Thy Alterennis calls: yet ſhe indures
Patient thy abſence, ſince thy prudent choice
Has fix'd thee in the Muſes' faireſt ſeat *,
Where † Aldrich reigns, and from his endleſs ſtore
Of univerſal knowledge ſtill ſupplies
His noble care; he generous thoughts inſtils
Of true nobility, their country's love,
(Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues by his genius led,
Thou ſoon in every art pre-eminent
Shalt grace this iſle, and riſe to Burleigh's fame.
Hail high-born peer! and thou, great nurſe of arts,
And men, from whence conſpicuous patriots ſpring,
Hanmer, and Bromley; thou, to whom with due
Reſpect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred offspring; be for ever bleſt
With like examples, and to future times
Proficuous, ſuch a race of men produce,
As, in the cauſe of virtue firm, may fix

* Oxford.
† Dr. Aldrich Dean of Chriſt-church.

Her

Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this vow
From one, the meaneſt in her numerous train;
Though meaneſt, not leaſt ſtudious of her praiſe.
Muſe, raiſe thy voice to Beaufort's ſpotleſs fame,
To Beaufort, in a long deſcent derived
From royal anceſtry, of kingly rights
Faithful aſſerters, in him centering meet
Their glorious virtues, high deſert from pride
Disjoin'd, unſhaken honour, and contempt
Of ſtrong allurements. O illuſtrious prince!
O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee,
In her fair liſt this happy land inrolls.
Who can refuſe a tributary verſe
To Weymouth, firmeſt friend of ſlighted worth
In evil days? whoſe hoſpitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily gueſts; whoſe board, with plenty crown'd,
Revives the feaſt-rites old: meanwhile his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of ſecret goodneſs, ſhuns the praiſe,
That ſure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,
To blazon what though hid will beauteous ſhine,
And with thy name to dignify my ſong.
But who is he, that on the winding ſtream
Of Vaga firſt drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's ſecret councils ſits,
Weighing the ſum of things, with wiſe forecaſt
Solicitous of public good? how large
His mind that comprehends whate'er was known
To old, or preſent time; yet not elate,

[illegible] skill; whose praise deserves
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or skill in peace, and war: of softer mold
The female sex, with sweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
That view their matchless forms with transient glance,
Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magic of their eyes: nor hath
The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
Of life, rebate the miseries of age.
And is there found a wretch so base of mind,
That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,
Exactest work of Heaven? He ill deserves
Or love, or pity; friendless let him see
Uneasy, tedious days, despis'd, forlorn,
As stain of human race: but may the man,
That cheerfully recounts the female's praise,
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
Enjoy with honour! O, ye Gods! might I

Elect

Elect my fate, my happieſt choice ſhould be
A fair and modeſt virgin, that invites
With aſpect chaſte, forbidding looſe deſire,
Tenderly ſmiling; in whoſe heavenly eye
Sits pureſt love enthron'd: but if the ſtars
Malignant theſe my better hopes oppoſe,
May I, at leaſt, the ſacred pleaſures know
Of ſtricteſt amity; nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may ſhare
Gladneſs and anguiſh, by kind intercourſe
Of ſpeech, and offices. May in my mind,
Indelible a grateful ſenſe remain
Of favours undeſerv'd!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low ſeek aid; moſt wiſe
Interpreter of right, whoſe gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild, impartial reaſon; what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
Freely vouchſaf'd, when to the gates of death
I tended prone? if thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd ſhades
I now had wander'd; and theſe empty thoughts
Of apples periſh'd; but, uprais'd by thee,
I tune my pipe afreſh, each night and day,
Thy unexampled goodneſs to extol
Deſirous; but nor night, nor day, ſuffice
For that great taſk; the highly-honour'd name
Of Trevor muſt employ my willing thoughts
Inceſſant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me be grateful; but let far from me

Be fawning cringe, and falſe diſſembling look,
And ſervile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts and gilded roofs. Some looſe the bands
Of ancient friendſhip, cancel Nature's laws
For pageantry, and tawdry gewgaws. Some
Renounce their ſires, oppoſe paternal right
For rule and power; and others realms invade
With ſpecious ſhews of love. This traiterous wretch
Betrays his ſovereign. Others, deſtitute
Of real zeal, to every altar bend
By lucre ſway'd, and act the baſeſt things
To be ſtyl'd honourable: the honeſt man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door,
A jocund pilgrim, though diſtreſs'd, he 'll rove,
Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope,
Will ſhock his ſtedfaſt ſoul; rather debarr'd
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meaneſt gain, of preſent goods deſpoil'd,
He 'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his mind, of evil pure,
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinue with obſervant eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple ſtain
Of cumbrous veſtments, labor'd o'er with gold,
Dazzle the crowd, and ſet them all agape;
Yet clad in homely weeds, from envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conſcience, nor with ſpectres' grifly forms,
Dæmons, and injur'd ſouls, at cloſe of day

Annoy'd

Annoy'd, ſad interrupted ſlumbers finds.
But (as a child, whoſe inexperienc'd age
Nor evil purpoſe fears, nor knows) enjoys
Night's ſweet refreſhment, humid ſleep ſincere.
When Chanticleer, with clarion ſhrill, recalls
The tardy day, he to his labours hies
Gladſome, intent on ſomewhat that may eaſe
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious ſearch
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Foſſils, and minerals, that th' embowel'd earth
Diſplays, if by his induſtry he can
Benefit human race: or eiſe his thoughts
Are exercis'd with ſpeculations deep
Of good, and juſt, and meet, and th' wholeſome rules
Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life; not ſedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blaſt the fame
Of harmleſs men, or ſecret whiſpers ſpread
'Mong faithful friends, to breed diſtruſt and hate.
Studious of virtue, he no life obſerves,
Except his own; his own employs his cares,
Large ſubject! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little ſtock denies
Fit alms to Lazars, merciful, and meek.
Thus ſacred Virgil liv'd from courtly vice,
And bates of pompous Rome ſecure; at court,
Still thoughtful of the rural honeſt life,
And how t' improve his grounds, and how himſelf:
Beſt poet! fit exemplar for the tribe

Of Phœbus, nor leſs fit Mæonides,
Poor eyeleſs pilgrim! and, if after theſe,
If after theſe another I may name,
Thus tender Spenſer liv'd, with mean repaſt
Content, depreſs'd by penury, and pine
In foreign realm; yet not debas'd his verſe
By fortune's frowns. And had that other bard *,
Oh, had but he, that firſt ennobled ſong
With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been;
'Mong many faithleſs, ſtrictly faithful found;
Unpity'd, he ſhould not have wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
And found no dawn, by dim ſuffuſion veil'd!
But he—however, let the Muſe abſtain,
Nor blaſt his fame, from whom ſhe learnt to ſing
In much inferior ſtrains, groveling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains, and vales intent,
Mean follower. There let her reſt a-while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

* Milton.

CYDER.

BOOK II.

O Harcourt, whom th' ingenuous love of arts
Has carry'd from thy native ſoil, beyond
Th' eternal Alpine ſnows, and now detains
In Italy's waſte realms, how long muſt we
Lament thy abſence? whilſt in ſweet ſojourn
Thou view'ſt the reliques of old Rome; or, what
Unrival'd authors by their preſence made
For ever venerable, rural ſeats,
Tibur, and Tuſculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Reſpecting his great name, doſt now approach
With bended knee, and ſtrow with purple flowers;
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,
Of wit, and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And Britain's iſle with Latian knowledge grace.
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirſt of pre-eminence; ſee! how the cauſe
Of widows, and of orphans, he aſſerts
With winning rhetoric, and well-argued law!
Mark well his footſteps, and, like him, deſerve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.
Meanwhile (although the Maſſic grape delights
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject

Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
O'erflow with generous cyder; far remote
Accept this labour, nor deſpiſe the Muſe,
That, paſſing lands and ſeas, on thee attends.
Thus far of trees: the pleaſing task remains,
To ſing of wines, and autumn's bleſt increaſe.
Th' effects of art are ſhewn, yet what avails
'Gainſt Heaven? oft, notwithſtanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the ſmall fruitery ſeems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blaſt
Diſaſtrous flies, ſoon as the hind fatigued
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unſkill'd
To bear the hot diſeaſe, diſtemper'd pines
In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys
The wide incloſure: think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus diſappointed. If the former years
Exhibit no ſupplies, alas! thou muſt
With taſteleſs water waſh thy droughty throat.
A thouſand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,
Till luſty autumn's luke-warm days allay'd
With gentle colds, inſenſibly confirm
His ripening labours: autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain,
Berries, and ſky-dy'd Plumbs, and what in coat
Rough, or ſoft rind, or bearded huſk, or ſhell;
That Olives, and Piſtacio's fragrant nut,

And

And the Pine's taſteful Apple: autumn paints
Auſonian hills with Grapes; whilſt Engliſh plains
Bluſh with pomaceous harveſts, breathing ſweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' emboſom'd odors, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whoſe full-ag'd ſtore
Diffuſe Ambroſial ſteams, than Myrrh, or Nard,
More grateful, or perfuming flowery Bean!
Soft whiſpering airs, and the lark's mattin ſong
Then woo to muſing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irkſome thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Beſt portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, ſmiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! but ah!
Short are our joys, and neighbouring griefs diſturb
Our pleaſant hours! inclement winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith froſty blaſts deface
The blithſome year: trees of their ſhrivel'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary ſtorms o'er all prevail!
Now, now 's the time, ere haſty ſuns forbid
To work, diſburden thou thy ſapleſs wood
Of its rich progeny; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor: now exhort
Thy hinds to exerciſe the pointed ſteel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder: now prepare
Materials for thy mill; a ſturdy poſt
Cylindric, to ſupport the grinder's weight
Exceſſive; and a flexile ſallow, entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.

Nor muſt thou not be mindful of thy preſs,
Long ere the vintage; but with timely care
Shave the goat's ſhaggy beard, leſt thou too late
In vain ſhould'ſt ſeek a ſtrainer, to diſpart
The huſky, terrene dregs, from purer Muſt.
Be cautious next a proper ſteed to find,
Whoſe prime is paſt; the vigorous horſe diſdains
Such ſervile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His paſt atchievements, and victorious palms.
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work, and years,
Shall roll th' unwieldy ſtone; with ſober pace
He'll tread the circling path 'till dewy eve,
From early day-ſpring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining not unuſeful to his lord.

Some, when the preſs, by utmoſt vigour ſcrew'd,
Has drain'd the pulpous maſs, regale their ſwine
With the dry refuſe; thou, more wiſe, ſhalt ſteep
Thy huſks in water, and again employ
The ponderous engine. Water will imbibe
The ſmall remains of ſpirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peaſants blithe
Will quaff, and whiſtle, as thy tinkling team
They drive, and ſing of Fuſca's radiant eyes,
Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor ſhalt thou now
Reject the Apple-cheeſe, though quite exhauſt;
Even now 'twill cheriſh, and improve the roots
Of ſickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an harveſt of unuſual growth.
Such profit ſprings from huſks diſcreetly us'd!

The

The tender apples, from their parents rent
By ſtormy ſhocks, muſt not neglected lie,
The prey of worms: A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which, ſubdued
By endleſs culture, with ſufficient Muſt
His caſks repleniſh'd yearly: he no more
Deſir'd, nor wanted; diligent to learn
The various ſeaſons, and by ſkill repel
Invading peſts, ſucceſsful in his cares,
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempeſts arm'd
Outrageous, bluſter'd horrible amidſt
His Cyder-grove: o'erturn'd by furious blaſts,
The ſightly ranks fall proſtrate, and around
Their fruitage ſcatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stript immature: yet did he not repine,
Nor curſe his ſtars; but prudent, his fallen heaps
Collecting, cheriſh'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded graſs, and the ſun's mellowing beams
Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A coſtly liquor, by improving time,
Equal'd with what the happieſt vintage bears.
But this I warn thee, and ſhall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures uſe, as ſome
With watery turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated braſs, ſteaming with fire intenſe;
Although Devonia much commends the uſe
Of ſtrengthening Vulcan; with their native ſtrength
Thy wines ſufficient, other aid refuſe;
And, when th' allotted orb of time 's compleat,

[illegible] commended them: the savour [illegible]
Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The priest's appointed share; with cheerful heart
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
Heaven's bounteous goodness, that will sure repay
Thy grateful duty: this neglected, fear
Signal avengeance, such as overtook
A miser, that unjustly once withheld
The clergy's due; relying on himself,
His fields he tended, with successless care,
Early and late, when or unwish'd-for rain
Descended, or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes; or, when around
The clouds dropt fatness, in the middle sky
The dew suspended stay'd, and left unmoist
His execrable glebe: recording this,
Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.
Learn now the promise of the coming year,
To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd,
Thou wisely may'st provide: the various moon
Prophetic, and attendant stars, explain
Each rising dawn; ere icy crusts surmount
The current stream, the heavenly orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unsully'd: now the fowler, warn'd
By these good omens, with swift early steps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging through fields and glades
Offensive to the birds; sulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedless while they strain
Their

Their tuneful throats, the towering, heavy lead,
O'ertakes their ſpeed; they leave their little lives
Above the clouds precipitant to earth.
The woodcocks early viſit, and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretel a liberal harveſt; he of times
Intelligent, the harſh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters; when our ſuns
Cleave the chill'd ſoil, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen ſummers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent ſnows: O, may'ſt thou often ſee
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutriceous! ſecret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quickening the languid glebe.
Sometimes thou ſhalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind; the orchat loves to wave
With winter winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads; the looſened roots then drink
Large increment, earneſt of happy years.
Nor will it nothing profit to obſerve
The monthly ſtars, their powerful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each ſign. On our account has Jove
Indulgent to all moons ſome ſucculent plant
Allotted, that poor helpleſs man might ſlack
His preſent thirſt, and matter find for toil.
Now will the Corinths, now the Raſps, ſupply
Delicious draughts; the Quinces now, or Plumbs,
Or Cherries, or the fair Thiſbeian fruit
Are preſt to wines; the Britons ſqueeze the works

Of ſedulous bees, and mixing odorous herbs
Prepare balſamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and ſhort-breath'd, ancient ſires.
But, if thou 'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks would'ſt brew;
Beſides the orchat, every hedge and buſh
Affords aſſiſtance; ev'n afflictive Birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, diſtils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuſe of nurſing ſap. When ſolar beams
Parch thirſty human veins, the damaſk'd meads,
Unforc'd, diſplay ten thouſand painted flowers
Uſeful in potables. Thy little ſons
Permit to range the paſtures; gladly they
Will mow the Cowſlip-poſies, faintly ſweet,
From whence thou artificial wines ſhalt drain
Of icy taſte, that, in mid fervors, beſt
Slack craving thirſt, and mitigate the day.
Happy Ierne *, whoſe moſt wholſome air
Poiſons envenom'd ſpiders, and forbids
The baleful toad, and viper, from her ſhore!
More happy in her balmy draughts, enrich'd
With miſcellaneous ſpices, and the root
(For thirſt-abating ſweetneſs prais'd), which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Preſent redreſs, and lively health convey.
See, how the Belgæ, ſedulous and ſtout,
With bowls of fattening Mum, or bliſsful cups

* Ireland.

Of

Of kernel-reliſh'd fluids, the fair ſtar
Of early Phoſphorus ſalute, at noon
Jocund with frequent-riſing fumes! by uſe
Inſtructed, thus to quell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.
What need to treat of diſtant climes, remov'd
Far from the ſloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petſora, and Iſlandic coaſts?
Where ever-during ſnows, perpetual ſhades
Of darkneſs, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic tract ſpontaneous yield
A chearing purple berry, big with wine,
Intenſely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of ſtrongeſt Brandy, yet ſcarce with theſe aids
Enabled to prevent the ſudden rot
Of freezing noſe, and quick-decaying feet.
Nor leſs the ſable borderers of Nile,
Nor they who Taprobane manure, nor they,
Whom ſunny Borneo bears, are ſtor'd with ſtreams
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's ſpirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet ſhades, and Thraſcia's gales,
Pining with Æquinoctial heat, unleſs
The cordial glaſs perpetual motion keep,
Quick circuiting; nor dare they cloſe their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often interrupted ſleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate

[illegible] furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death, th' effect of drought!
More happy they, born in Columbus' world,
Caribbes, and they, whom the Cotton plant
With downy-sprouting vests arrays! their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
Celestial food, and nectar; then, at hand
The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous spirits added (heavenly drink!)
They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
Intent on laughter; a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As, when
Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,
Th' astonish'd mariners ay ply the pump,
Nor stay, nor rest, till the wide breach is clos'd:
So they (but chearful) unfatigued, still move
The draining sucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.
But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate, should'st thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,
And the harsh draught, must twice endure the sun's
Kind strengthening heat, twice winter's purging cold.
There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,
Rough Eliot, sweet Permain: the blended streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable medley, of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd; as the showery arch,

With

With liſted colours gay, Ore, Azure, Gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watery brede, with thouſand ſhews
Of painture vary'd, yet 's unſkill'd to tell
Or where one colour riſes, or one faints.
Some Cyders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine reliſh, and of ſundry vines
Aſſum'd the flavour; one ſort counterfeits
The Spaniſh product; this, to Gauls has ſeem'd
The ſparkling Nectar of Champaigne; with that,
A German oft has ſwill'd his throat, and ſworn,
Deluded, that imperial Rhine beſtow'd
The generous rummer, whilſt the owner, pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his gueſts, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cyder caſk.
Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of cloſe-preſt huſks is freed, thou muſt refrain
Thy thirſty ſoul; let none perſuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholſome, undigeſted cades:
The hoary froſts, and northern blaſts, take care
Thy muddy beverage to ſerene, and drive
Precipitant the baſer, ropy lees.
And now thy wine 's tranſpicuous, purg'd from all
Its earthy groſs, yet let it feed a while
On the fat refuſe, left, too ſoon disjoin'd
From ſprightly, it to ſharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigor it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflext; ſelf-taught, and voluntary, flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent

Ascending, then by downward traft convey'd,
Spouts into ſubject veſſels, lovely clear.
As when a noon-tide ſun, with ſummer beams,
Darts through a cloud, her watery ſkirts are edg'd
With lucid amber, or undroſſy gold:
So, and ſo richly, the purg'd liquid ſhines.
Now alſo, when the colds abate, nor yet
Full ſummer ſhines, a dubious ſeaſon, cloſe
In glaſs thy purer ſtreams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, ſpirit, and flavour new.
For this intent, the ſubtle chemiſt feeds
Perpetual flames, whoſe unreſiſted force
O'er ſand, and aſhes, and the ſtubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fuſil ſea,
That in his furnace bubbles ſunny-red:
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd ſteel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a ſurpriſing cube, or ſphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plaſtic lungs,
To human life ſubſervient; by his means
Cyders in metal frail improve: the Moyle,
And taſteful Pippin, in a moon's ſhort year,
Acquire complete perfection: Now they ſmoke
Tranſparent, ſparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harſher fluids different lengths of time
Expect: Thy flaſk will ſlowly mitigate
The Eliot's roughneſs. Stirom, firmeſt fruit,
Embottled (long as Priameian Troy

Withſtood

Withſtood the Greeks) endures, ere juſtly mild.
Soften'd by age, it youthful vigor gains,
Fallacious drink! ye honeſt men, beware,
Nor truſt its ſmoothneſs; the third circling glaſs
Suffices virtue: But may hypocrites,
(That ſlyly ſpeak one thing, another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the reliſh weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, till, by inchanting cups
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts diſcloſe,
And through intemperance grow awhile ſincere.
The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature
Now call for vent; his lands exhauſt permit
T' indulge awhile. Now ſolemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honeſt friends, at thirſty hour of duſk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his ſmoking vintage, ſweet reward
Of his own induſtry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles inceſſant, whilſt the humble cell
With quavering laugh and rural jeſts reſounds.
Eaſe, and content, and undiſſembled love,
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour paſt
Encreaſe their joy. As, from retentive cage
When ſullen Philomel eſcapes, her notes
She varies, and of paſt impriſonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her ſad ſoul, improves her pleaſing ſong.
Gladſome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temperance, nor incroach on night,
Seaſon of reſt, but well bedew'd repair

Each

Each to his home, with unſupplanted feet,
Ere heaven 's emblazon'd by the roſy dawn,
Domeſtic cares awake them; briſk they riſe,
Refreſh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk, and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Preſent redreſs, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine;
His joys are ſhort, and few; yet when he drinks,
His dread retires, the flowing glaſſes add
Courage and mirth: magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the gaol expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praiſe indite,
Debarr'd his grape: The Muſes ſtill require
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring Phœbus, with unmóiſten'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By parching thirſt allur'd: With vehement ſuns
When duſty ſummer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleaſant is 't, beneath the twiſted arch
Of a retreating bower, in mid-day's reign
To ply the ſweet carouſe, remote from noiſe,
Secur'd of feveriſh heats! When th' aged year
Inclines, and Boreas' ſpirit bluſters frore,
Beware th' inclement heavens; now let thy hearth
Crackle with juiceleſs boughs; thy lingering blood
Now inſtigate with th' apple's powerful ſtreams.
Perpetual ſhowers, and ſtormy guſts confine
ng plowman, and December warns

To

To annual jollities; now ſportive youth
Carol incondite rhythms, with ſuiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious; ſturdy ſwains
In clean array for ruſtic dance prepare,
Mixt with the buxom damſels; hand in hand
They friſk, and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,
Tranſported, and ſometimes an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, ſometimes an haſty kiſs
Steal from unwary laſſes; they with ſcorn,
And neck reclin'd, reſent the raviſh'd bliſs.
Meanwhile blind Britiſh bards with volant touch
Traverſe loquacious ſtrings, whoſe ſolemn notes
Provoke to harmleſs revels; theſe among,
A ſubtle artiſt ſtands, in wondrous bag
That bears impriſon'd winds (of gentler ſort
Than thoſe, which erſt Laertes' ſon enclos'd).
Peaceful they ſleep; but let the tuneful ſqueeze
Of labouring elbow rouze them, out they fly
Melodious, and with ſprightly accents charm.
'Midſt theſe diſports, forget they not to drench
Themſelves with bellying goblets; nor, when ſpring
Returns, can they refuſe to uſher in
The freſh-born year with loud acclaim, and ſtore
Of jovial draughts, now, when the ſappy boughs
Attire themſelves with blooms, ſweet rudiments
Of future harveſt: When the Gnoſſian crown
Leads-on expected autumn, and the trees
Diſcharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually ſupplies

The

Their vanity, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarates their languid minds, within
The golden mean confin'd: Beyond these 's naught
Of health, or pleasure. Therefore, when thy host
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager fain
Precepts to purfue the sparkling glass, be sure
'Tis time to shun it; if thou wilt prolong
Dire computation, forthwith reason quits
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
Conspire in senseless jargon, nought is heard
But din, and various clamor, and mad rant:
Distrust, and jealousy to these succeed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
Commence, the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
With dire intent; bottles with bottles clash
In rude encounter, round their temples fly
The sharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd cheek
Mixt gore and cyder flow. What shall we say
Of rash Elpenor, who in evil hour
Dry'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought
T' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
Imprudent? him death's iron-sleep oppress,
Descending careless from his couch; the fall
Luxt his neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,

Intestin

Inteſtine ſtone, and pining atrophy,
Chill even when the ſun with July heats
Fries the ſcorch'd ſoil, and dropſy all-a-float,
Yet craving liquids: nor the Centaurs tale
Be here repeated; how, with luſt and wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and ſpilt their drunken ſouls
At feaſting hour. Ye heavenly Powers that guard
The Britiſh iles, ſuch dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from ſocial cups: May we, remote
From the hoarſe, brazen ſound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with ſeemly draughts
Enkindle mirth, and hoſpitable love.
Too oft, alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our ſwords in native blood; too oft has pride,
And helliſh diſcord, and inſatiate thirſt
Of others rights, our quiet diſcompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell deſtruction rag'd
Wide-ſpreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd? what heroes, ſignaliz'd
For loyalty and proweſs, met their fate
Untimely, undeſerv'd! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granville, dauntleſs ſons of Mars,
Fit themes of endleſs grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet ſurviving in their race!
Can we forget, how the mad, headſtrong rout
Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance ſworn?
Apoſtate, atheiſt rebels! bent to ill,
With ſeeming ſanctity, and cover'd fraud,

Inſtill'd

Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t' oppose
Omnipotence; alike their crime, th' event
Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous malice, and insulting pride,
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd! O Charles, O best of Kings:
What stars their black disastrous influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou should'st fall
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By those thy mercy only would have far'd!
Yet was the Cyder-land unstain'd with guilt;
The Cyder-land obsequious still to thrones,
Abhorr'd such base disloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights
Of monarchy; but, ah! successless she,
However faithful! then was no regard
Of right, or wrong. And this, once happy, land,
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic sway, till fair revloving years
Our exil'd Kings and Liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of Kings: Here, nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd; here, her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious: From her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge, or hopes redress.
Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world

By Nature's wiſe indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in one ſupreme
Intirely bleſt; and from beginning time
Deſign'd thus happy; but the fond deſire
Of rule, and grandeur multiply'd a race
Of Kings, and numerous ſceptres introduc'd,
Deſtructive of the public weal. For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or ſtrength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory ſeeks
With ruinous aſſault; on every plain
Hoſt cop'd with hoſt, dire was the din of war,
And ceaſeleſs, or ſhort truce haply procur'd
By havoc, and diſmay, till jealouſy
Rais'd new combuſtion. Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict ſtern:
Till Edgar grateful (as to thoſe who pine
A diſmal half-year night, the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) aroſe, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers,
Pacific monarch; then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The ſpirit of love. At eaſe, the bards new ſtrung
Their ſilent harps, and taught the woods and vales,
In uncouth rhythms, to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladneſs ſmil'd in every eye; the years
Ran ſmoothly on, productive of a line
Of wiſe, heroic Kings, that by juſt laws
Eſtabliſh'd happineſs at home, or cruſh'd
Inſulting enemies in fartheſt climes.

See lion-hearted Richard, with his force
Drawn from the North, to Jewry's hallow'd plains!
Proudly valiant (like a torrent swell'd
With wintery tempests, that diffolves all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its ſweep, trees, houſes, men) he paſs'd
Amidſt the thickeſt battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withſtood his fearleſs rage: no pauſe,
No ſtay of ſlaughter, ſtemm'd his vigorous arm,
But th' unbelieving ſquadrons turn'd to flight
Smote in the rear, and with diſhearten wounds
Mangled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,
Oft call'd on Alla, gnaſhing with deſpite,
And ſtorm, and murmur'd many an empty curſe.
Behold third Edward's ſtreamers blazing high
On Gallia's hoſtile ground! his right withheld,
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on falſe hopes, thus to incenſe
The warlike Engliſh! One important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight,
Fierce Brutus' off-ſpring to the adverſe front
Advance reſiſtleſs, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their deſperate King;
Twice he aroſe, and join'd the horrid ſhock:
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
He fugitive declin'd ſuperior ſtrength,
Diſcomfited; purſued, in the ſad chace
Ten thouſand ignominious fall; with blood
The vallies float. Great Edward thus aveng'd,

With

With golden Iris his broad ſhield emboſs'd.
Thrice glorious prince! whom Fame with all her tongues
For ever ſhall reſound. Yet from his loins
New authors of diſſenſion ſpring; from him
Two branches, that in hoſting long contend
For ſov'ran ſway; and can ſuch anger dwell
In nobleſt minds? but little now avail'd
The ties of friendſhip; every man, as led
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge. Now horrid Slaughter reigns:
Sons againſt fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careleſs of duty, and their native grounds
Diſtain with kindred blood; the twanging bows
Send ſhowers of ſhafts, that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you ſee
Barons, and peaſants on th' embattled field
Slain, or half-dead, in one huge, ghaſtly heap
Promiſcuouſly amaſs'd. With diſmal groans,
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected; ſome o'erturn'd
In the fierce ſhock, lie gaſping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery courſers: Horror thus,
And wild uproar, and deſolation, reign'd
Unreſpited. Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray? what man has Fate
Reſerv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of time
Cadwallador foreſaw! thou, thou art he,

Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial rites
Muſt cloſe the gates of Janus, and remove
Deſtructive diſcord. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor ſhrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy and pleaſure open to the view
Uninterrupted with preſaging ſkill
Thou to thy own united Fergus' line
By wiſe alliance: from thee James deſcends,
Heaven's choſen favourite, firſt Britannic king.
To him alone hereditary right
Gave power ſupreme; yet ſtill ſome ſeeds remain'd
Of diſcontent: two nations under one,
In laws and intereſt diverſe, ſtill purſued
Peculiar ends, on each ſide reſolute
To fly conjunction; neither fear, nor hope,
Nor the ſweet proſpect of a mutual gain,
Could aught avail, till prudent Anna ſaid,
Let there be union; ſtrait with reverence due
To her command, they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws and government,
Indiſſolubly firm; from Dubris ſouth,
To northern Orcades, her long domain.
And now, thus leagued by an eternal bond,
What ſhall retard the Britons bold deſigns,
Or who ſuſtain their force, in union knit,
Sufficient to withſtand the powers combin'd
Of all this globe? At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk

Dreads

Dreads war from utmoſt Thule. Uncontrol'd
The Britiſh navy through the ocean vaſt
Shall wave her double croſs, t' extremeſt climes
Terrific, and return with odorous ſpoils
Of Araby well fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl, and barbaric gold: Meanwhile the ſwains
Shall unmoleſted reap what plenty ſtrows
From well-ſtor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, ſhall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whoſe liquid ſtore
Abundant, flowing in well-blended ſtreams,
The natives ſhall applaud; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
In other realms; where'er the Britiſh ſpread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd:
Diffuſive, to the utmoſt bounds of this
Wide univerſe, Silurian cyder borne
Shall pleaſe all taſtes, and triumph o'er the vine.

CONTENTS

OF

J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

THE Splendid Shilling - - - - - 5
Blenheim - - - - - - 9
Ode ad Henricum St. John, Armig. 1706 - - 28
An Ode to Henry St. John, Esquire, 1706 - - 29

CYDER. A POEM, IN TWO BOOKS.

Cyder. Book I. - - - - - 33
Book II. - - - - - - 62

THE END OF J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

MR. EDMUND SMITH.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS,

A TRAGEDY.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

AS ſoon as it was made known that your Lordſhip was not diſpleaſed with this Play, my friends began to value themſelves upon the intereſt they had taken in its ſucceſs; I was touched with a vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and began to dream of nothing leſs than the immortality of my Work.

And I had ſufficiently ſhewn this vanity in inſcribing this Play to your Lordſhip, did I only conſider you as one to whom ſo many admirable pieces, to whom the praiſes of Italy, and the beſt Latin poem ſince the Æneid, that on the peace of Ryſwick, are conſecrated. But it had been intolerable preſumption to have addreſſed it to you, my Lord, who are the niceſt judge of poetry, were you not alſo the greateſt encourager of it; to you who excel all the preſent age as a poet, did you not ſurpaſs all the preceding ones as a patron.

For in the times when the Muſes were moſt encouraged, the beſt writers were countenanced, but never advanced; they were admitted to the acquaintance of the greateſt men, but that was all they were to expect. The bounty of the patron is no where to be read of but in the works of the Poets, whereas your Lordſhip's will fill thoſe of the hiſtorians.

For what tranſactions can they write of, which have not been managed by ſome who were recommended by your Lordſhip? 'Tis by your Lordſhip's means, that the univerſities have been real nurſeries for the ſtate; that the courts abroad are charmed by the wit and learning, as well as the ſagacity, of our miniſters; that Germany, Switzerland, Muſcovy, and even Turkey itſelf begins to reliſh the politeneſs of the Engliſh; that the poets at home adorn that court which they formerly uſed only to divert; that abroad they travel, in a manner very unlike their predeceſſor Homer, and with an equipage he could not beſtow, even on the heroes he deſigned to immortalize.

And this, my Lord, ſhews your knowledge of men as well as writings, and your judgment no leſs than your generoſity. You have diſtinguiſhed between thoſe who by their inclinations or abilities were qualified for the pleaſure only, and thoſe that were fit for the ſervice of your country; you made the one eaſy, and the other uſeful: you have left the one no occaſion to wiſh for any preferment, and you have obliged the public by the promotion of the others.

And now, my lord, it may ſeem odd that I ſhould dwell

dwell on the topic of your bounty only, when I might enlarge on ſo many others; when I ought to take notice of that illuſtrious family from which you are ſprung and yet of the great merit which was neceſſary to ſet you on a level with it, and to raiſe you to that houſe of Peers which was already filled with your relations. When I ought to conſider the brightneſs of your wit in private converſation, and the ſolidity of your eloquence in public debates; when I ought to admire in you the politeneſs of a courtier, and the ſincerity of a friend; the openneſs of behaviour which charms all who addreſs themſelves to you, and yet that hidden reſerve which is neceſſary for thoſe great affairs in which you are concerned.

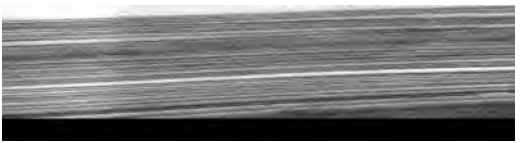
To paſs over all theſe great qualities, my lord, and inſiſt only on your generoſity, looks as if I ſolicited it for myſelf; but to that I quitted all manner of claim when I took notice of your lordſhip's great judgment in the choice of thoſe you advance; ſo that all at preſent my ambition aſpires to is, that your lordſhip would be pleaſed to pardon this preſumption, and permit me to profeſs myſelf with the moſt profound reſpect,

Your lordſhip's moſt humble,

and moſt obedient ſervant,

EDM. SMITH.

THE



THE PROLOGUE,

By Mr. ADDISON.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

ONG has a race of heroes fill'd the ſtage,
That rant by note, and through the gamut rage;
ngs and airs expreſs their martial fire,
bat in trills, and in a feuge expire;
le, lull'd by ſound, and undiſturb'd by wit,
n and ſerene you indolently ſit;
, from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
the facetious fiddles repartee:
home-ſpun authors muſt forſake the field,
Shakeſpeare to the ſoft Scarlatti yield.
your new taſte the poet of this day
by a friend adviſ'd to form his play;
Valentini, muſically coy,
n'd Phædra's arms, and ſcorn'd the proffer'd joy;
d not mov'd your wonder to have ſeen
unuch fly from an enamour'd queen.
would it pleaſe, ſhould ſhe in Engliſh ſpeak,
could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
he, a ſtranger to your modiſh way,
our old rules muſt ſtand or fall to-day;
hopes you will your foreign taſte command,
ear, for once, with what you underſtand.

EPI-

THE EPILOGUE,

By Mr. PRIOR.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore,
For one who never troubled you before:
An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Eu—ripides makes Phædra ſpeak;
And comes to town, to let us moderns know,
How women lov'd two thouſand years ago.
If that be all, ſaid I, ev'n burn your play,
Egad we know all that as well as they:
Shew us the youthful handſome charioteer,
Firm in his ſeat, and running his career;
Our ſouls would kindle with as generous flames,
As e'er inſpir'd the ancient Grecian dames:
Every Iſmena would reſign her breaſt,
And every dear Hippolitus be bleſt.
But, as it is, ſix flouncing Flanders mares
Are ev'n as good as any two of theirs;
And if Hippolitus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.
Now of the buſtle you have ſeen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this ſcholar's play;
Something, at laſt, in juſtice ſhould be ſaid,
But this Hippolitus ſo fills one's head.——

Well

Well! Phædra liv'd as chaſtely as ſhe could,
For ſhe was father Jove's own fleſh and blood;
Her aukward love, indeed, was odly fated,
She and her Polly were too near related.
And yet that ſcruple had been laid aſide,
If honeſt Theſeus had but fairly dy'd:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters ſtood *in ſtatu quo*:
There was no harm, you ſee; or grant there were,
She might want conduct, but he wanted care.
'Twas in a huſband little leſs than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude:
He ſhould have ſent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at ſuch an hour;
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jeſt,
Found every thing contribute to his reſt;
The picquet friend diſmiſs'd, the coaſt all clear,
And ſpouſe alone, impatient for her dear.
But if theſe gay reflections come too late
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
If your more ſerious judgment muſt condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
Yet, ye chaſte matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let love and innocence engage your care;
My ſpotleſs flames to your protection take,
And ſpare poor Phædra for Iſmena's ſake.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Theſeus King of Crete - -	Mr. Better
Hippolitus his ſon, in love with Iſmena - - - - -	Mr. Booth
Lycon miniſter of ſtate - -	Mr. Keen.
Cratander captain of the guards -	Mr. Corey.

WOMEN.

Phædra, Theſeus's Queen, in love with Hippolitus - - - -	Mrs. Barry
Iſmena, a captive Princeſs, in love with Hippolitus - - -	Mrs. Oldfi

GUARDS, ATTENDANTS.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter CRATANDER *and* LYCON.

LYCON.

'TIS ſtrange, Cratander, that the royal Phædra
Should ſtill continue reſolute in grief,
And obſtinately wretched:
That one ſo gay, ſo beautiful and young,
Of godlike virtue and imperial power,
Should fly inviting joys, and court deſtruction.

CRATANDER.

Is there not cauſe, when lately join'd in marriage,
To have the king her huſband call'd to war?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his abſence,
Nor know his fate?

LYCON.

The king may cauſe her ſorrow,
But not by abſence. Oft I've ſeen him hang
With greedy eyes, and languiſh o'er her beauties,
She from his wide, deceiv'd, deſiring arms
Flew taſteleſs, loathing; whilſt dejected Theſeus,
With mournful loving eyes purſu'd her flight,
And dropt a ſilent tear.

CRATANDER.

Ha! this is hatred,
This is averſion, horror, deteſtation:

Why

Why did the queen who might have call'd mankind,
Why did she give her person and her throne
To one she loath'd?

LYCON.

Perhaps she thought it juſt
That he ſhould wear the crown his valour ſav'd.

CRATANDER.

Could ſhe not glut his hopes with wealth and honour,
Reward his valour, yet reject his love?
Why, when a happy mother, queen, and widow,
Why did ſhe wed old Theſeus? While his ſon,
The brave Hippolitus, with equal youth,
And equal beauty, might have fill'd her arms.

LYCON.

Hippolitus (in diſtant Scythia born,
The warlike Amazon, Camilla's ſon)
Till our queen's marriage, was unknown to Crete;
And ſince the queen could with him ſtill unknown:
She loaths, deteſts him, flies his hated preſence,
And ſhrinks and trembles at his very name.

CRATANDER.

Well may ſhe hate the Prince ſhe needs muſt fear;
He may diſpute the crown with Phaedra's ſon.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful, and belov'd;
His courage charms the men, his form the women;
His very ſports are war.

LYCON.

O! he's all hero, ſcorns th' inglorious eaſe
Of lazy Crete, delights to ſhine in arms,

To wield the ſword, and launch the pointed ſpear:
To tame the generous horſe, that nobly wild
Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion:
To join the ſtruggling courſers to his chariot,
To make their ſtubborn necks the rein obey,
To turn, to ſtop, or ſtretch along the plain.
Now the queen 's ſick, there's danger in his courage.—
Be ready with your guards. — I fear Hippolitus.

[*Exit* Crat.

Fear him! for what? poor ſilly virtuous wretch,
Affecting glory, and contemning power:
Warm without pride, without ambition brave;
A ſenſeleſs hero, fit to be a tool
To thoſe whoſe godlike ſouls are turn'd for empire.
An open honeſt fool, that loves and hates,
And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,
He hates me too; weak boy, to make a foe
Where he might have a ſlave. I hate him too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
Let the queen live or die, the prince muſt fall.

Enter ISMENA.

What! ſtill attending on the queen, Iſmena?
O charming virgin! O exalted virtue!
Can ſtill your goodneſs conquer all your wrongs?
Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown?
Was not your royal father Pallas ſlain,
And all his wretched race, by conquering Theſeus?
And do you ſtill watch o'er his conſort Phædra,
And ſtill repay ſuch cruelty with love?

ISMENA.

Let them be cruel that delight in mischief,
I'm of a softer mould, poor Rhoden's sorrows
Pierce through my yielding heart, and wound my soul.

LYCON.

Now thrice the rising sun has chear'd the world,
Since she renew'd her strength with due refreshment;
Thrice has the night brought ease to man, to beast,
Since wretched Phædra clos'd her streaming eyes;
She flies all rest, all necessary food,
Resolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

ISMENA.

But now her grief has wrought her into frenzy;
The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed:
Sometimes she raves for musick, light and air,
Nor air, nor light, nor musick, calm her pains;
Then with ecstatic strength she springs aloft,
And moves and bounds with vigour not her own.

LYCON.

Then life is on the wing, then most she sinks
When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling water,
That foams and hisses o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then most wasting,
When most it swells.

ISMENA.

My lord, now try your art;
Her wild disorder may disclose the secret
Her cooler sense conceal'd; the Pythian goddess

Is dumb and ſullen, till with fury fill'd
She ſpreads, ſhe riſes, growing to the fight,
She ſtares, ſhe foams, ſhe raves; the awful ſecrets
Burſt from her trembling lips, and eaſe the tortur'd maid.
But Phædra comes, ye gods! how pale, how weak!

Enter PHÆDRA *and* Attendants.

PHÆDRA.

Stay, virgins, ſtay, I 'll reſt my weary ſteps;
My ſtrength forſakes me, and my dazled eyes
Ake with the flaſhing light, my looſen'd knees
Sink under their dull weight; ſupport me, Lycon.
Alas! I faint.

LYCON.

Afford her eaſe, kind Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Why blaze theſe jewels round my wretched head!
Why all this labour'd elegance of dreſs!
Why flow theſe wanton curls in artful rings!
Take, ſnatch them hence! alas! you all conſpire
To heap new ſorrows on my tortur'd ſoul:
All, all conſpire to make your queen unhappy!

ISMENA.

This you requir'd, and to the pleaſing taſk
Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
You bid them lead you from yon hideous darkneſs
To the glad chearing day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the light you ſought.

PHÆDRA.

Oh! my Lycon!
Oh! how I long to lay my weary head
On tender, flowery beds, and ſpringing graſs,
To ſtretch my limbs beneath the ſpreading ſhades
Of venerable oaks, to ſlake my thirſt
With the cool nectar of refreſhing ſprings.

LYCON.

I 'll ſooth her frenzy; come, Phædra, let's away,
Let 's to the woods, and lawns, and limpid ſtreams!

PHÆDRA.

Come, let 's away, and thou, moſt bright Diana,
Goddeſs of woods, immortal, chaſte Diana!
Goddeſs preſiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, O place me in the duſty ring
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory!
See how they mount and ſhake the flowing reins!
See from the goal the fiery courſers bound,
Now they ſtrain panting up the ſteepy hill,
Now ſweep along its top, now neigh along the vale!
How the car rattles! how its kindling wheels
Smoke in the whirl! The circling ſand aſcends,
And in the noble duſt the chariot's loſt!

LYCON.

What, madam!

PHÆDRA.

Ah, my Lycon! ah, what ſaid I!
Where was I hurry'd by my roving fancy!
My languid eyes are wet with ſudden tears,
And on my face unbidden bluſhes glow.

LYCON.

LYCON.

Bluſh then, but bluſh for your deſtructive ſilence,
That tears your ſoul, and weighs you down to death;
Oh! ſhould you die (ye powers forbid her death!)
Who then would ſhield from wrongs your helpleſs orphan!
O! he might wander, Phædra's ſon might wander,
A naked ſuppliant through the world for aid!
Then he may cry, invoke his mother's name:
He may be doom'd to chains, to ſhame, to death,
While proud Hippolitus ſhall mount his throne.

PHÆDRA.

O Heavens!

LYCON.

Ha! Phædra, are you touch'd at this!

PHÆDRA.

Unhappy wretch! what name was that you ſpoke?

LYCON.

And does his name provoke your juſt reſentments!
Then let it raiſe your fear, as well as rage:
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father wrong'd him!
Think how you drove him hence, a wandering exile
To diſtant climes! then think what certain vengeance
His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphan!
For his ſake then renew your drooping ſpirits,
Feed, with new oil, the waſting lamp of life,
That winks and trembles, now, juſt now expiring:
Make haſte, preſerve your life!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! too long,
Too long have I preſerv'd that guilty life.

LYCON.

Guilty! what guilt, has blood, has horrid murder,
Imbrued your hands!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my hands are guiltleſs:
But, oh! my heart 's defil'd!
I 've ſaid too much, forbear the reſt, my Lycon,
And let me die to ſave the black confeſſion.

LYCON.

Die, then, but not alone! old faithful Lycon
Shall be a victim to your cruel ſilence.
Will you not tell? Oh lovely, wretched queen!
By all the cares of your firſt infant years,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal, I 've ſhew'd you,
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden ſorrows,
And teach your Lycon how to bring you comfort.

PHÆDRA.

What ſhall I ſay, malicious, cruel powers!
O where ſhall I begin! O cruel Venus!
How fatal Love has been to all our race!

LYCON.

Forget it, madam; let it die in ſilence.

PHÆDRA.

O Ariadne! O unhappy ſiſter!

LYCON.

Ceaſe to record your ſiſter's grief and ſhame.

PHÆDRA,

PHÆDRA.

And ſince the cruel God of Love requires it,
I fall the laſt, and moſt undone of all.

LYCON.

Do you then love?

PHÆDRA.

Alas! I groan beneath
The pain, the guilt, the ſhame, of impious love.

LYCON.

Forbid it, Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Do not upbraid me, Lycon!
I love!—Alas! I ſhudder at the name,
My blood runs backward, and my faultering tongue
Sticks at the ſound!—I love!—O righteous Heaven!
Why was I born with ſuch a ſenſe of virtue,
So great abhorrence of the ſmalleſt crime,
And yet a ſlave to ſuch impetuous guilt!
Rain on me, gods, your plagues, your ſharpeſt tortures,
Afflict my ſoul with any thing but guilt,
And yet that guilt is mine!—I 'll think no more.
I 'll to the woods among the happier brutes:
Come, let 's away! hark the ſhrill horn reſounds,
The jolly huntſmens cries rend the wide Heavens!
Come, o'er the hills purſue the bounding Stag,
Come, chace the Lion and the foaming Boar,
Come, rouze up all the monſters of the wood,
For there, ev'n there, Hippolitus will guard me!

LYCON.

Hippolitus!

PHÆDRA.

Who 's he that names Hippolitus! Ah!
Ah! I 'm betray'd, and all my guilt diſcover'd!
Oh! give me poiſon, ſwords, I 'll not live, not hear it;
I 'll ſtop my breath!

ISMENA.

I 'm loſt, but what 's that loſs!
Hippolitus is loſt, or loſt to me:
Yet ſhould her charms prevail upon his ſoul,
Should he be falſe, I would not wiſh him ill,
With my laſt parting breath I 'd bleſs my lord;
Then in ſome lonely deſert place expire,
Whence my unhappy death ſhould never reach him,
Leſt it ſhould wound his peace, or damp his joys.
[Aſide.

LYCON.

Think ſtill the ſecret in your royal breaſt,
For by the awful majeſty of Jove,
By the All-ſeeing Sun, by righteous Minos,
By all your kindred gods, we ſwear, O Phædra,
Safe as our lives, we 'll keep the fatal ſecret.

ISMENA, &c.

We ſwear, all ſwear, to keep it ever ſecret.

PHÆDRA.

Keep it! from whom? why it 's already known,
The tale, the whiſper of the babling vulgar!
Oh! can you keep it from yourſelves, unknow it?
Or do you think I 'm ſo far gone in guilt,
That I can ſee, can bear the looks, the eyes,

Of

Of one who knows my black deteſted crimes,
Of one who knows that Phædra loves her ſon?

LYCON.

Unhappy queen! auguſt, unhappy race!
Oh! why did Theſeus touch this fatal ſhore!
Why did he ſave us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worſe ruin on us by his love?

PHÆDRA.

His love indeed! for that unhappy hour,
In which the prieſts join'd Theſeus' hand to mine,
Shew'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes.
Gods! how I ſhook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breaſt! how from the touch of Theſeus
My ſlack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Prieſts, altars, victims, ſwam before my ſight!
The God of Love, ev'n the whole God, poſſeſt me!

LYCON.

At once, at firſt poſſeſt you!

PHÆDRA.

Yes, at firſt!
That fatal evening we purſued the chace,
When from behind the wood, with ruſtling ſound,
A monſtrous boar ruſh'd forth; his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his ſtiff-pointed briſtles
Roſe high upon his back; at me he made,
Whetting his tuſks, and churning hideous foam;
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me;
Collecting all himſelf, and riſing to the blow,
He launch'd the whiſtling ſpear; the well-aim'd javelin

Pierc'd

Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monſter fell, and gnaſhing with huge tuſks
Plow'd up the crimſon earth. But then Hippolitus,
Gods! how he mov'd and look'd when he approach'd me!
When hot and panting from the ſavage conqueſt,
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,
His kindling cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
His lovely, ſparkling eyes ſhot martial fires:
Oh godlike form! oh extaſy and tranſport!
My breath grew ſhort, my beating heart ſprung upward,
And leap'd and bounded in my heaving boſom.
Alas! I 'm pleas'd, the horrid ſtory charms me.—
No more.—That night with fear and love I ſicken'd.
Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming viſits;
Then would he talk with ſuch an heavenly grace,
Look with ſuch dear compaſſion on my pains,
That I could wiſh to be ſo ſick for ever.
My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirſty ſoul,
Drank gorging in the dear delicious poiſon,
Till I was loſt, quite loſt in impious love:
And ſhall I drag an execrable life:
And ſhall I hoard up guilt, and treaſure vengeance?

LYCON.

No; labour, ſtrive, ſubdue that guilt and live.

PHÆDRA.

Did I not labour, ſtrive, all-ſeeing Powers!
Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid!
Burnt clouds of incenſe on your loaded altars?

Oh!

Oh! I call'd Heaven and earth to my aſſiſtance,
All the ambitious thirſt of fame and empire,
And all the honeſt pride of conſcious virtue:
I ſtruggled, rav'd; the new-born paſſion reign'd
Almighty in his birth.

LYCON.

Did you e'er try
To gain his love?

PHÆDRA.

Avert ſuch crimes, ye powers!
No, to avoid his love, I ſought his hatred;
I wrong'd him, ſhunn'd him, baniſh'd him from Crete,
I ſent him, drove him, from my longing ſight:
In vain I drove him, for his tyrant form
Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
I made to Heaven, were by my erring tongue,
Spoke to Hippolitus. If I try'd to ſleep,
Straight to my drowſy eyes my reſtleſs fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curſt my ſlumber.

LYCON.

Firſt let me try to melt him into love.

PHÆDRA.

No; did his hapleſs paſſion equal mine,
I would refuſe the bliſs I moſt deſir'd,
Conſult my fame, and ſacrifice my life.
Yes, I would die, Heaven knows, this very moment,
Rather than wrong my lord, my huſband Theſeus.

LYCON.

Perhaps that lord, that huſband, is no more;

He

A haſty farewell, a laſt dying kiſs!
Yet, ſtay, his ſight will melt my juſt reſolves;
But oh! I beg with my laſt ſallying breath;
Cheriſh my babe.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you muſt know—Your royal huſband's de

PHÆDRA.

Dead! oh ye powers!

LYCON.

O fortunate event!
Then earth-born Lycon may aſcend the throne,
Leave to his happy ſon the crown of Jove,
And be ador'd like him. [*Aſide.*] Mourn, mou
Cretans,
Since he is dead, whoſe valour ſav'd your iſle.

MESSENGER.

He dy'd as Theſeus ought,
In battle dy'd; Philotas, now a priſoner,
That, ruſhing on, fought next his royal perſon,
That ſaw his thundering arm beat ſquadrons down,
Saw the great rival of Alcides fall:
Theſe eyes beheld his well-known ſteed, beheld
A proud barbarian glittering in his arms,
Encumber'd with the ſpoil.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead?
Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theſeus, dead?
And don't I ſhed one tear upon his urn!
What, not a ſigh, a groan, a ſoft complaint!
Ah! theſe are tributes due from pious brides,
From a chaſte matron, and a virtuous wife.
But ſavage Love, the tyrant of my heart,
Claims all my ſorrows, and uſurps my grief.

LYCON.

Diſmiſs that grief, and give a looſe to joy:
He 's dead, the bar of all your bliſs is dead;
Live then, my Queen, forget the wrinkled Theſeus,
And take the youthful hero to your arms.

PHÆDRA.

I dare not now admit of ſuch a thought,
And bleſs'd be Heaven, that ſteel'd my ſtubborn heart,
That made me ſhun the bridal bed of Theſeus,
And give him empire, but refuſe him love.

LYCON.

Then may his happier ſon be bleſs'd with both;

Thes

Then rouze your ſoul, and muſter all your charms,
Sooth his ambitious mind with thirſt of empire,
And all his tender thoughts with ſoft allurements.

PHÆDRA.

But ſhould the youth refuſe my proffer'd love!
O ſhould he throw me from his loathing arms!
I fear the trial; for I know Hippolitus
Fierce in the right, and obſtinately good:
When round beſet, his virtue, like a flood,
Breaks with reſiſtleſs force th' oppoſing dams,
And bears the mounds along; they 're hurry'd on,
And ſwell the torrent they were rais'd to ſtop.
I dare not yet reſolve, I 'll try to live,
And to the awful gods I 'll leave the reſt.

LYCON.

Madam, your ſignet, that your ſlave may order
What 's moſt convenient for your royal ſervice.

PHÆDRA.

Take it, and with it take the fate of Phædra:
And thou, O Venus, aid a ſuppliant Queen,
That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy power:
O ſpare thy captives, and ſubdue thy foes.
On this cold Scythian let thy power be known,
And in a lover's cauſe aſſert thy own;
Then Crete, as Paphos, ſhall adore thy ſhrine;
This nurſe of Jove with grateful fires ſhall ſhine,
And with thy father's flames ſhall worſhip thine.

[*Exit* Phædra, &c.

LYCON *ſolus.*

If ſhe propoſes love, why then as ſurely
'Tis haughty ſoul refuſes it with ſcorn.——

Say I confine him!——If ſhe dies he's ſafe;
And if ſhe lives, I 'll work her raging mind.
A woman ſcorn'd, with eaſe I 'll work to vengeance:
With humble, fawning, wiſe, obſequious arts,
I 'll rule the whirl and tranſport of her ſoul;
Then, what her reaſon hates, her rage may act.

When barks glide ſlowly through the lazy main,
The baffled pilots turn the helms in vain;
When driven by winds, they cut the foamy way,
The rudders govern, and the ſhips obey. [*Exit.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Enter PHÆDRA, LYCON, *and* ISMENA.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

MAdam, the Prince Hippolitus attends.

PHÆDRA.

Admit him: Where, where Phædra 's now thy ſoul?
What——Shall I ſpeak? And ſhall my guilty tongue
Let this inſulting victor know his power?
Or ſhall I ſtill confine within my breaſt
My reſtleſs paſſions and devouring flames?
But ſee he comes, the lovely tyrant comes.——
He ruſhes on me like a blaze of light,
I cannot bear the tranſport of his preſence,
But ſink oppreſs'd with woe. [*Swoons.*

Enter

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Immortal gods!
What have I done to raiſe ſuch ſtrange [illegible]
What have I done to ſhake her ſhrinking [illegible]
With my approach, and kill her with my ſight?

LYCON.

Alas, another grief devours her ſoul,
And only your aſſiſtance can relieve her.

HIPPOLITUS.

Hah! Make it known, that I may [illegible] her

LYCON.

But promiſe firſt, my lord, to keep it ſecret.

HIPPOLITUS.

Promiſe! I ſwear, on this good ſword I [illegible]
This ſword, which firſt gain'd youthful Theſeus honor
Which oft has puniſh'd perjury and falſehood;
By thundering Jove, by Grecian Hercules,
By the majeſtic form of godlike heroes,
That ſhine around, and conſecrate the ſteel;
No racks, no ſhame, ſhall ever force it from me.

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus!

HIPPOLITUS.

Yes, 'tis that wretch who begs you to diſmiſs
This hated object from your eyes for ever.
Begs leave to march againſt the foes of Theſeus,
And to revenge or ſhare his father's fate.

PHÆDR

PHÆDRA.

Oh, Hippolitus!
I own I 've wrong'd you, moſt unjuſtly wrong'd you,
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your father;
The court, all Crete, deplor'd their ſuffering hero,
And I (the ſad occaſion) moſt of all.
Yet could you know relenting Phædra's ſoul,
Oh could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the hero, whom I wiſh'd to cheriſh!
Oh! you 'd confeſs me wretched, not unkind,
And own thoſe ills did moſt deſerve your pity,
Which moſt procur'd your hate.

HIPPOLITUS.

My hate to Phædra?
Ha! could I hate the royal ſpouſe of Theſeus,
My queen, my mother?

PHÆDRA.

Why your queen and mother?
More humble titles ſuit my loſt condition.
Alas! the iron hand of death is on me,
And I have only time t' implore your pardon.
Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,
And with compaſſion view her helpleſs orphan!
Would he receive him to his dear protection,
Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh, I 'll defend him! with my life defend him!
Heavens dart your judgments on this faithleſs head,
If I don't pay him all a ſlave's obedience,

And all a father's love.

PHÆDRA.

A father's love!
Oh doubtful sounds! oh vain deceitful hopes!
My grief 's much eas'd by this transcending goodness,
And Theseus' death lies lighter on my soul:
Death? He 's not dead! he lives, he breathes, he stands
He lives in you, he 's present to my eyes,
I see him, speak to him.——My heart! I rave
And all my folly 's known.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! glorious folly!
See Theseus, see, how much your Phædra lov'd you.

PHÆDRA.

Love him, indeed! dote, languish, die for him,
Forsake my food, my sleep, all joys for Theseus,
(But not that hoary venerable Theseus)
But Theseus, as he was, when mantling blood,
Glow'd in his lovely cheeks; when his bright eyes
Sparkled with youthful fires; when every grace
Shone in the father, which now crowns the son;
When Theseus was Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! Amazement strikes me!
Where will this end?

LYCON.

Is 't difficult to guess?
Does not her flying paleness that but now
ld and languid in her fading cheek,
e now succeeds a momentary lustre;)

Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,
Her wishing looks, her speech, her present silence,
All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you.

HIPPOLITUS.

What do I hear? What, does no lightning flash,
No thunder bellow, when such monstrous crimes,
Are own'd, avow'd, confest? All-seeing sun!
Hide, hide in shameful night, thy beamy head,
And cease to view the horrors of thy race.
Alas! I share th' amazing guilt; these eyes,
That first inspir'd the black incestuous flame,
These ears, that heard the tale of impious love,
Are all accurs'd, and all deserve your thunder.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my lord, believe me not so vile.
No: by thy goddess, by the chaste Diana,
None but my first, my much lov'd lord Arsamnes,
Was e'er receiv'd in these unhappy arms.
No! for the love of thee, of those dear charms,
Which now I see are doom'd to be my ruin,
I still deny'd my lord, my husband Theseus,
The chaste, the modest joys of spotless marriage;
That drove him hence to war, to stormy seas,
To rocks and waves less cruel than his Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

If that drove Theseus hence, then that kill'd Theseus,
And cruel Phædra kill'd her husband Theseus.

PHÆDRA.

Forbear, rash youth, nor dare to rouze my vengeance;
You need not urge, nor tempt my swelling rage

With black reproaches, ſcorn, and provocation,
To do a deed my reaſon would abhor.
Long has the ſecret ſtruggled in my breaſt,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd boſom;
But now 'tis out. Shame, rage, confuſion, tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes,
To murder thee, myſelf, and all that know it.
As when convulſions cleave the labouring earth,
Before the diſmal yawn appears, the ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding houſes craſh;
He 's ſafe, who from the dreadful warning flies,
But he that ſees its opening boſom, dies. [*Exit.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me take the warning and retire;
I 'd rather truſt the rough Ionian waves,
Than woman's fiercer rage.

[ISMENA *ſhews herſelf, liſtening.*

LYCON.

Alas! my Lord,
You muſt not leave the queen to her deſpair.

HIPPOLITUS.

Muſt not? From thee? From that vile upſtart Lycon.

LYCON.

Yes: From that Lycon who derives his greatneſs
From Phædra's race, and now would guard her life.
Then, Sir, forbear, and view this royal ſignet,
And in her faithful ſlave obey the queen.

[*Enter Guards.*

Guards, watch the prince, but at that awful diſtance,
With that reſpect, it may not ſeem confinement,

But

But only meant for honour.

HIPPOLITUS.

So, confinement is
The honour Crete beſtows on Theſeus' ſon.
Am I confin'd? And is 't ſo ſoon forgot,
When fierce Procruſtes' arms o'er-ran your kingdom?
When your ſtreets echo'd with the cries of orphans,
Your ſhricking maids clung round the hallow'd ſhrines,
When all your palaces and lofty towers
Smok'd on the earth, when the red ſky around
Glow'd with your city's flames (a dreadful luſtre):
Then, then my father flew to your aſſiſtance;
Then Theſeus ſav'd your lives, eſtates, and honours,
And do you thus reward the hero's toil?
And do you now confine the hero's ſon?

LYCON.

Take not an eaſy ſhort confinement ill,
Which your own ſafety and the queen's requires;
But fear not aught from one that joys to ſerve you.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, I diſdain thee, traitor, but not fear thee,
Nor will I hear of ſervices from Lycon.
Thy very looks are lies, eternal falſehood
Smiles in thy lips and flatters in thy eyes;
Ev'n in thy humble face I read my ruin,
In every cringing bow and fawning ſmile:
Why elſe d' you whiſper out your dark ſuſpicions?
Why with malignant elogies encreaſe
The people's fears, and praiſe me to my ruin?

Why through the troubled ſtreets of frighted Gnoſſus
Do bucklers, helms, and poliſh'd armour blaze?
Why ſounds the dreadful din of inſtant war?
Whilſt ſtill the foe 's unknown.

LYCON.

Then quit thy arts,
Put off the ſtateſman and reſume the judge.
Thou Proteus, ſhift thy various forms no more,
But boldly own the God. [*Aſide.*—
That foe 's too near, [*To Hip.*
The queen's diſeaſe, and your aſpiring mind,
Diſturb all Crete, and give a looſe to war.

HIPPOLITUS.

Gods! Dares he ſpeak thus to a monarch's ſon?
And muſt this earth-born ſlave command in Crete?
Was it for this my god-like father fought?
Did Theſeus bleed for Lycon? O ye Cretans,
See there your king, the ſucceſſor of Minos,
And heir of Jove.

LYCON.

You may as well provoke
That Jove you worſhip, as this ſlave you ſcorn.
Go ſeize Alcmæon, Nicias, and all
The black abettors of his impious treaſon.
Now o'er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls a
For know, on me depends thy inſtant doom.
Then learn (proud prince) to bend thy haughty ſoul,
And if thou think'ſt of life, obey the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then free from fear or guilt I 'll wait my doom:
Wha

What e'er 's my fault, no ſtain ſhall blot my glory.
I 'll guard my honour, you diſpoſe my life;
[*Exeunt* Lyc. & Crat.
Since he dares brave my rage, the danger's near.
The timorous hounds that hunt the generous lion
Bay afar off, and tremble in purſuit;
But when he ſtruggles in th' entangling toils,
Inſult the dying prey.——'Tis kindly done, Iſmena,
[Iſm. *enters.*
With all your charms to viſit my diſtreſs;
Soften my chains, and make confinement eaſy.
Is it then given me to behold thy beauties;
Thoſe bluſhing ſweets, thoſe lovely loving eyes!
To preſs, to ſtrain thee to my beating heart,
And grow thus to my love! What 's liberty to this?
What 's fame or greatneſs? Take them, take them,
Phædra,
Freedom and fame, and in the dear confinement
Encloſe me thus for ever.

ISMENA.

O Hippolitus!
O I could ever dwell in this confinement!
Nor wiſh for aught while I behold my lord;
But yet that wiſh, that only wiſh is vain.
When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you,
Drive from your God-like ſoul a wretched maid;
Take to your arms (aſſiſt me heaven to ſpeak it)
Take to your arms imperial Phædra,
And think of me no more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Not think of thee?
What! part, for ever part? Unkind Iſmena;
Oh! can you think that death is half ſo dreadful,
As it would be to live, and live without thee?
Say, ſhould I quit thee, ſhould I turn to Phædra,
Say, could'ſt thou bear it? Could thy tender ſoul
Endure the torment of deſpairing love,
And ſee me ſettled in a rival's arms?

ISMENA.

Think not of me: perhaps my equal mind
May learn to bear the fate the gods allot me.
Yet would you hear me; could your lov'd Iſmena
With all her charms o'er-rule your ſullen honour,
You yet might live, nor leave the poor Iſmena.

HIPPOLITUS.

Speak, if I can, I 'm ready to obey.

ISMENA.

Give the queen hopes.

HIPPOLITUS.

No more.——My ſoul diſdains it.
No, ſhould I try, my haughty ſoul would ſwell;
Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.
O! ſhould I ſtoop to cringe, to lye, forſwear?
Deſerve the ruin which I ſtrive to ſhun?

ISMENA.

O, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!
This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory
To liberty or life. O cruel man!
By theſe ſad ſighs, by theſe poor ſtreaming eyes,

By

By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near danger of that precious life,
Heaven knows I value much above my own.
What! Not yet mov'd? Are you reſolv'd on death?
Then, ere tis night, I ſwear by all the powers,
This ſteel ſhall end my fears and life together.

HIPPOLITUS.

You ſhan't be truſted with a life ſo precious.
No, to the court I 'll publiſh your deſign,
Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;
Lycon ſhall wrench the dagger from your boſom,
And raving Phædra will preſerve Iſmena.

ISMENA.

Phædra! Come on, I 'll lead you on to Phædra;
I 'll tell her all the ſecrets of our love,
Give to her rage her cloſe deſtructive rival;
Her rival ſure will fall, her love may ſave you.
Come ſee me labour in the pangs of death,
My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,
Dying, yet fixt in death on my Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

What 's your deſign? Ye powers! what means my love?

ISMENA.

She means to lead you in the road of fate;
She means to die with one ſhe can't preſerve.
Yet when you ſee me pale upon the earth,
This once lov'd form grown horrible in death,
Sure your relenting ſoul would wiſh you'd ſav'd me.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! I 'll do all, do any thing to ſave you,
Give up my fame and all my darling honour;
I 'll run, I 'll fly; what you 'll command I 'll ſay.

ISMENA.

Say, what occaſion, chance, or Heaven inſpires;
Say, that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say, that you 'll wed her, ſay that you 'll comply;
Say, to preſerve your life, ſay any thing. [*Exit Hip.*
Bleſs him, ye powers! and if it be a crime,
Oh! if the pious fraud offend your juſtice,
Aim all your vengeance on Iſmena's head;
Puniſh Iſmena, but forgive Hippolitus.
He's gone, and now my brave reſolves are ſtagger'd,
Now I repent, like ſome deſpairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
Then pants, and ſtruggles with the whirling waves;
And catches every ſlender reed to ſave him.

CHO.

But ſhould he do what your commands enjoin'd him,
Say, ſhould he wed her?

ISMENA.

Should he wed the queen!
Oh! I 'd remember that 'twas my requeſt,
And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.

CHO.

Die! does Iſmena then reſolve to die?

ISMENA.

Can I then live? Can I, who lov'd ſo well

To

To part with all my bliſs to ſave my lover?
Oh! can I drag a wretched life without him,
And ſee another revel in his arms?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

What a reverſe is this! Perfidious boy,
Is this thy truth? Is this thy boaſted honour?
Then all are rogues alike: I never thought
But one man honeſt, and that one deceives me. [*Aſide.*
Iſmena here!——
'Tis all agreed, and now the prince is ſafe
From the ſure vengeance of deſpairing love.
Now Phædra's rage is chang'd to ſoft endearments.
She doats, ſhe dies; and few, but tedious days,
With endleſs joys will crown the happy pair.

ISMENA.

Does he then wed the queen?

LYCON.

At leaſt I think ſo,
I, when the prince approach'd, not far retir'd
Pale with my doubts: he ſpoke; th' attentive queen
Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
Sparkled with gentler fires: he bluſhing bow'd,
She trembling, loſt in love, with ſoft confuſion
Receiv'd his paſſion, and return'd her own:
Then ſmiling turn'd to me, and bid me order
The pompous rites of her enſuing nuptials,
Which I muſt now purſue. Farewel, Iſmena. [*Exit.*

ISMENA.

ISMENA.

Then I 'll retire, and not diſturb their joys.

CHO.

Stay and learn more.

ISMENA.

Ah! wherefore ſhould I ſtay?
What! Shall I ſtay to rave, t' upbraid, to hold him?
To ſnatch the ſtruggling charmer from her arms?
For could you think that open generous youth
Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous woman?
Could he ſo ſoon grow artful in diſſembling?
Ah! without doubt his thoughts inſpir'd his tongue,
And all his ſoul receiv'd a real love.
Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes,
Perhaps ſoft pity charm'd his yielding ſoul,
Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd him;
Perhaps—Alas! how many things might charm him!

CHO.

Wait the ſucceſs: it is not yet decided.

ISMENA.

Not yet decided! Did not Lycon tell us
How he proteſted, ſigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd;
How the ſoft paſſion languiſh'd in his eyes?
Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on Phædra's charms.
Now, now he claſps her to his panting breaſt,
Now he devours her with his eager eyes,
Now graſps her hands, and now he looks, and vows
The dear falſe things that charm'd the poor Iſmena.
He comes: be ſtill, my heart, the tyrant comes,
Charming, though falſe, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why hangs that cloudy ſorrow on your brow?
Why do you ſigh? Why flow your ſwelling eyes,
Thoſe eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus?

ISMENA.

My lord, my ſoul is charm'd with your ſucceſs;
You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and ſince my death alone
Can make you ſafe, that ſoon ſhall make you happy.
Yet had you brought leſs love to Phædra's arms,
My ſoul had parted with a leſs regret,
Bleſt if ſurviving in your dear remembrance.

HIPPOLITUS.

Your death! My love! My marriage! And to Phædra!
Hear me, Iſmena.

ISMENA.

No, I dare not hear you.
But though you 've been thus cruelly unkind,
Though you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet ſtill my ſoul o'er-runs with fondneſs t'wards you;
Yet ſtill I die with joy to ſave Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Die to ſave me! Could I outlive Iſmena!

ISMENA.

Yes, you 'd outlive her in your Phædra's arms,
And may you there find every blooming pleaſure;
Oh, may the gods ſhower bleſſings on thy head!

Stay, hear me ſpeak, or by th' infernal powers
I 'll not ſurvive the minute you depart.

ISMENA.

What would you ſay? Ah! don't deceive my we
neſs.

HIPPOLITUS.

Deceive thee! Why, Iſmena, do you wrong me?
Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
Why wound my tender ſoul with harſh ſuſpicion!
Oh! by thoſe charming eyes, by thy dear love,
I neither thought nor ſpoke, deſign'd nor promis'd
To love, or wed the queen.

ISMENA.

Speak on, my lord,
My honeſt ſoul inclines me to believe thee;
And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd t

HIPPOLITUS.

Then thus. I came and ſpake, but ſcarce of lo

ISMENA.

Art thou then true? Thou art. Oh, pardon me,
Pardon the errors of a ſilly maid,
Wild with her fears, and mad with jealouſy;
For ſtill that fear, that jealouſy, was love.
Haſte then, my lord, and ſave yourſelf by flight;
And when you 're abſent, when your god-like form
Shall ceaſe to chear forlorn Iſmena's eyes,
Then let each day, each hour, each minute, bring
Some kind remembrance of your conſtant love;
Speak of your health, your fortune, and your friends
(For ſure thoſe friends ſhall have my tendereſt wiſhes);
Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
Speak much, ſpeak very much, and ſtill ſpeak on.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! thy dear love ſhall ever be my theme,
Of that alone I 'll talk the live-long day;
But thus I 'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
Taſting the odours of thy fragrant boſom.
Come then to crown me with immortal joys,
Come, be the kind companion of my flight,
Come haſte with me to leave this fatal ſhore.
The bark before prepar'd for my departure
Expects its freight, a hundred luſty rowers
Have wav'd their ſinewy arms, and call'd Hippolitus;
The looſen'd canvas trembles with the wind,
And the ſea whitens with auſpicious gales.

ISMENA.

Fly then, my lord, and may the gods
Fly, ere inſidious Lycon work thy ruin

Fly, ere my fondneſs talk thy life away;
Fly from the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

But not from my Iſmena.
Why do you force me from your heavenly ſight,
With thoſe dear arms that ought to claſp me to thee?

ISMENA.

Oh I could rave for ever at my fate!
And with alternate love and fear poſſeſs'd,
Now force thee from my arms, now ſnatch thee to my breaſt,
And tremble till you go, but die till you return.
Nay, I could go——Ye gods, if I ſhould go,
What would fame ſay? If I ſhould fly alone
With a young lovely prince that charm'd my ſoul?

HIPPOLITUS.

Say you did well to fly a certain ruin,
To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,
To crown with endleſs joys the youth that lov'd you.
O! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
By the bleſt hours I 've languiſh'd at your feet,
By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,
Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.

ISMENA.

Hide me, ye powers; I never ſhall reſiſt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Will you refuſe me? Can I leave behind me
All that inſpires my ſoul, and chears my eyes?
Will you not go? Then here I 'll wait my doom.
Come, raving Phædra, bloody Lycon come!

I offer

I offer to your rage this worthleſs life,
Since 'tis no longer my Iſmena's care.

ISMENA.

O! haſte away, my lord; I go, I fly
Through all the dangers of the boiſterous deep.
When the wind whiſtles through the crackling maſts,
When through the yawning ſhip the foaming ſea
Rowls bubbling in; then, then I'll claſp thee faſt,
And in tranſporting love forget my fear.
Oh! I will wander through the Scythian gloom,
O'er ice, and hills of everlaſting ſnow:
There, when the horrid darkneſs ſhall encloſe us,
When the bleak wind ſhall chill my ſhivering limbs,
Thou ſhalt alone ſupply the diſtant ſun,
And chear my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.

HIPPOLITUS.

Come, let's away, and like another Jaſon
I'll bear my beauteous conqueſt through the ſeas:
A greater treaſure, and a nobler prize
Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, ſleep in peace,
Ye monſters of the woods, on Ida's top
Securely roam; no more my early horn
Shall wake the lazy day. Tranſporting love
Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.
So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The bleſt Adonis languiſh'd in her arms;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows ſcatter'd, and his bow unſtrung:
Obſcure in coverts lye his dreaming hounds,
And bay the fancy'd boar with feeble ſou

For nobler ſports he quits the ſavage fields,
And all the hero to the lover yields.

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

HEAVEN is at laſt appeas'd: the pitying gods
Have heard our wiſhes, and auſpicious Jove
Smiles on his native iſle; for Phædra lives,
Reſtor'd to Crete, and to herſelf, ſhe lives;
Joy with freſh ſtrength inſpires her drooping limbs,
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks
Spreads a freſh roſy bloom, as kindly ſprings
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,
And paint its ſmiling face with gaudy flowers.
But ſee ſhe comes, the beauteous Phædra comes.

Enter PHÆDRA.

How her eyes ſparkle! How their radiant beams
Confeſs their ſhining anceſtor the ſun!
Your charms to-day will wound deſpairing crowds,
And give the pains you ſuffer'd: Nay, Hippolitus
The fierce, the brave, th' inſenſible Hippolitus
Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
And in his turn adore——

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

'Tis flattery all;
Yet when you name the prince, that flattery 's pleaſing.
You wiſh it ſo, poor good old man, you wiſh it.
The fertile province of Cydonia 's thine;
Is there aught elſe? Has happy Phædra aught,
In the wide circle of her far-ſtretch'd empire?
Aſk, take, my friend, ſecure of no repulſe.
Let ſpacious Crete through all her hundred cities
Reſound her Phædra's joy. Let altars ſmoke,
And richeſt gums, and ſpice, and incenſe, roll
Their fragrant wreaths to Heaven, to pitying Heaven,
Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms.
Set all at large, and bid the loathſome dungeons
Give up the meagre ſlaves that pine in darkneſs,
And waſte in grief, as did deſpairing Phædra:
Let them be chear'd, let the ſtarv'd priſoners riot,
And glow with generous wine.——Let ſorrow ceaſe.
Let none be wretched, none, ſince Phædra 's happy.
But now he comes, and with an equal paſſion
Rewards my flame, and ſprings into my arms!

Enter Meſſenger.

Say, where's the prince?

MESSENGER.

He's no where to be found.

PHÆDRA.

Perhaps he hunts.

MESSENGER.

He hunted not to-day.

PHÆDRA.

Ha! Have you ſearch'd the walks, the courts, the temples?

MESSENGER.

Search'd all in vain.

PHÆDRA.

Did he not hunt to-day?

Alas! you told me once before he did not;
My heart miſgives me.

LYCON.

So indeed doth mine.

PHÆDRA.

Could he deceive me? Could that god-like youth
Deſign the ruin of a queen that loves him?
Oh! he's all truth, his words, his looks, his eyes,
Open to view his inmoſt thoughts.——He comes!
Ha! Who art thou? Whence com'ſt thou? Where's Hippolitus?

MESSENGER.

Madam, Hippolitus with fair Iſmena
Drove toward the port——

PHÆDRA.

With fair Iſmena!

Curs'd be her cruel beauty, curſt her charms,
Curſt all her ſoothing, fatal, falſe endearments.
That heavenly virgin, that exalted goodneſs
Could ſee me tortur'd with deſpairing love,
With artful tears could mourn my monſtrous ſufferings,
While her baſe malice plotted my deſtruction.

LYCON.

LYCON.

A thouſand reaſons croud upon my ſoul,
That evidence their love.

PHÆDRA.

Yes, yes, they love;
Why elſe ſhould he refuſe my proffer'd bed?
Why ſhould one warm'd with youth, and thirſt of glory,
Diſdain a ſoul, a form, a crown like mine?

LYCON.

Where, Lycon, where was then thy boaſted cunning?
Dull, thoughtleſs wretch!

PHÆDRA.

O pains unfelt before!
The grief, deſpair, the agonies, and pangs,
All the wild fury of diſtracted love,
Are nought to this.—Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how, did their firſt paſſion riſe?
Where did they breathe their ſighs? What ſhady groves?
What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves?
Alas! they hid it not, the well-pleas'd ſun
With all his beams ſurvey'd their guiltleſs flame;
Glad Zephyrs wafted their untainted ſighs,
And Ida echo'd their endearing accents.
While I, the ſhame of nature, hid in darkneſs,
Far from the balmy air and chearing light,
Preſt down my ſighs, and dry'd my falling tears;
Searcht a retreat to mourn, and watcht to grieve.

LYCON.

Now ceaſe that grief, and let you

Contrive due vengeance; let majeſtic Phædra,
That lov'd the hero, ſacrifice the villain.
Then haſte, ſend forth your miniſters of vengeance,
To ſnatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
And force him trembling to your awful preſence.

PHÆDRA.

O rightly thought! — Diſpatch th' attending guards;
Bid them bring forth their inſtruments of death;
Darts, engines, flames, and launch into the deep,
And hurl ſwift vengeance on the perjur'd ſlave.
Where am I, gods? What is't my rage commands?
Ev'n now he's gone? Ev'n now the well-tim'd oars
With ſounding ſtrokes divide the ſparkling waves,
And happy gales aſſiſt their ſpeedy flight.
Now they embrace, and ardent love enflames
Their bluſhing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes.
Now they expoſe my weakneſs and my crimes:
Now to the ſporting crowd they tell my follies.

Enter CRATANDER.

CRATANDER.

Sir, as I went to ſeize the perſons order'd
I met the prince, and with him fair Iſmena;
I ſeiz'd the prince, who now attends without.

PHÆDRA.

Haſte, bring him in.

LYCON.

Be quick, and ſeize Iſmena.

Enter

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

PHÆDRA.

Couldſt thou deceive me? Could a ſon of Theſeus
Stoop to ſo mean, ſo baſe a vice as fraud?
Nay, act ſuch monſtrous perfidy, yet ſtart
From promis'd love?

HIPPOLITUS.

My ſoul diſdain'd a promiſe.

PHÆDRA.

But yet your falſe equivocating tongue,
Your looks, your eyes, your every motion promis'd.
But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falſhoods.
Look down, O Theſeus, and behold thy ſon,
As Sciron faithleſs, as Procruſtes cruel.
Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monſters,
From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth:
Behold them all in thy own ſon reviv'd.

HIPPOLITUS.

Touch not my glory, leſt you ſtain your own;
I ſtill have ſtrove to make my glorious father
Bluſh, yet rejoice to ſee himſelf outdone;
To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
As Theſeus juſt, and as Camilla chaſte.

PHÆDRA.

The godlike Theſeus never was thy parent.
No, 'twas ſome monthly Cappadocian drudge,
Obedient to the ſcourge, and beaten to her arms,
Begot thee, traitor, on the chaſte Camilla.
Camilla chaſte! An Amazon and chaſte!

That quits her ſex, and yet retains her virtue.
See the chaſte matron mount the neighing ſteed;
In ſtrict embraces lock the ſtruggling warrior,
And chooſe the lover in the ſturdy foe.

Enter MESSENGER, *and ſeems to talk earneſtly with* LYCON.

HIPPOLITUS.

No; ſhe refus'd the vows of godlike Theſeus,
And choſe to ſtand his arms, not meet his love;
And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermodon
Heard the huge ſtrokes reſound, its frighted waves
Convey'd the rattling din to diſtant ſhores,
Whilſt ſhe alone ſupported all his war:
Nor till ſhe ſunk beneath his thundering arm,
Beneath which, warlike nations bow'd, would yield
To honeſt wiſh'd for love.

PHÆDRA.

Not ſo her ſon;
Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
On one deſcended from the cruel Pallas,
Foe to thy father's perſon and his blood;
Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
The laſt of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce ſucceſſive hatred reign'd
Between your ſires: in vain, like Cadmus' race,
With mingled blood they dy'd the bluſhing earth.

HIPPOLITUS.

In vain indeed, ſince now the war is o'er;
We, like the Theban race, agree to love,

And

And by our mutual flames and future offspring,
Atone for ſlaughter paſt.

PHÆDRA.

Your future offspring.
Heavens! What a medly's this? What dark confuſion,
Of blood and death, of murder and relation?
What joy t' had been to old diſabled Theſeus,
When he ſhould take thy offspring in his arms?
Ev'n in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,
And he upbraided with his grandſire's fate.
Oh barbarous youth!

LYCON.

Too barbarous I fear.
Perhaps even now his faction 's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rds the palace,
And rend the city with tumultuous clamours!
Perhaps to murder Phædra and her ſon,
And give the crown to him and his Iſmena:
But I'll prevent it. [*Exit* Lycon.

ISMENA *brought in.*

PHÆDRA.

What! the kind Iſmena
That nurs'd me, watch'd my ſickneſs! Oh ſhe watch'd me,
As ravenous vultures watch the dying lion,
To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.
Hark! Hark, my little infant cries for juſtice!
Oh! be appeas'd my babe, thou ſhalt have juſtice.
Now all the ſpirits of my god-like race

Enflame

And ſhoots himſelf through all my kindlin
I have it here.—Now baſe perfidious wretch
Now ſigh, and weep, and tremble in thy tu
Yes, your Iſmena ſhall appeaſe my vengeai
Iſmena dies: And thou her pitying lover
Doom'dſt her to death.—Thou too ſhalt ſe
See her convulſive pangs, and hear her dyi
Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Iſmena,
And laugh at dying Phædra!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh Iſmena

ISMENA.

Alas! My tender ſoul would ſhrink at d
Shake with its fears, and ſink beneath its
In any cauſe but this.——But now I 'm ſte
And the near danger leſſens to my ſight.
Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus,
And with an equal joy I 'll die to ſave hin
Yes, for his ſake I 'll go a willing ſhade,
And wait his coming in th' Elyſian fields,

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh heavenly virgin! [*Aſide.*]—O imperial Phædra,
Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
But ſpare, oh! ſpare a guiltleſs virgin's life:
Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
Think, with what warm compaſſion ſhe bemoan'd you;
Think, how ſhe ſerv'd and watch'd you in your ſickneſs!
How ev'ry riſing and deſcending ſun
Saw kind Iſmena watching o'er the queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, ſhould feel your juſtice.

ISMENA.

Oh! by thoſe powers, to whom I ſoon muſt anſwer
For all my faults, by that bright arch of Heaven
I now laſt ſee, I wrought him by my wiles,
By tears, by threats, by every female art,
Wrought his diſdaining ſoul to falſe compliance.
The ſon of Theſeus could not think of fraud,
'Twas woman all.

PHÆDRA.

I ſee 'twas woman all.
And woman's fraud ſhould meet with woman's vengeance.
But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue ſhock me;
A love ſo warm, ſo firm, ſo like my own.
Oh! had the gods ſo pleas'd; had bounteous Heaven
Beſtow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
So had I ſtood the ſhock of angry fate;
So had I given my life with joy to ſave him.

HIPPOLITUS.

And can you doom her death? Can Minos' daughter
Condemn the virtue which her ſoul admires?
Are not you Phædra? Once the boaſt of fame,
Shame of our ſex, and pattern of your own.

PHÆDRA.

Am I that Phædra? No.—Another ſoul
Informs my alter'd frame. Could elſe Iſmena
Provoke my hatred, yet deſerve my love?
Aid me, ye gods, ſupport my ſinking glory,
Reſtore my reaſon, and confirm my virtue.
Yet, is my rage unjuſt? Then, why was Phædra
Reſcued for torment, and preſerv'd for pain?
Why did you raiſe me to the heighth of joy,
Above the wreck of clouds and ſtorms below,
To daſh and break me on the ground for ever?

ISMENA.

Was it not time to urge him to compliance?
At leaſt to feign it, when perfidious Lycon
Confin'd his perſon, and conſpir'd his death.

PHÆDRA.

Confin'd and doom'd to death——O cruel Lycon!
Could I have doom'd thy death?——Could theſe ſad eyes
That lov'd thee living e'er behold thee dead?
Yet thou could'ſt ſee me die without concern,
Rather than ſave a wretched queen from ruin.
Elſe could you chuſe to truſt the warring winds,
The ſwelling waves, the rocks, the faithleſs ſands,
And all the raging monſters of the deep!

Oh!

Oh! think you ſee me on the naked ſhore.
Thick how I ſcream and tear my ſcatter'd hair;
Break from the embraces of my ſhrieking maids,
And harrow on the ſand my bleeding boſom:
Then catch with wide-ſtretch'd arms the empty billows,
And headlong plunge into the gaping deep.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, diſmal ſtate! My bleeding heart relents,
And all my thoughts diſſolve in tendereſt pity.

PHÆDRA.

If you can pity, O! refuſe not love;
But ſtoop to rule in Crete, the ſeat of heroes,
And nurſery of gods——A hundred cities
Court thee for lord, where the rich buſy crouds
Struggle for paſſage through the ſpacious ſtreets;
Where thouſand ſhips o'erſhade the leſſening main,
And tire the labouring wind. The ſuppliant nations
Bow to its enſigns, and with lower'd ſails
Confeſs the ocean's queen. For thee alone
The winds ſhall blow, and the vaſt ocean roll.
For thee alone the fam'd Cydonian warriors
From twanging yews ſhall ſend their fatal ſhafts.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me march their leader, not their prince;
And at the head of your renown'd Cydonians,
Brandiſh this far-fam'd ſword of conquering Theſeus;
That I may ſhake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke
From Aſia's neck, and fix it on his own;
That willing nations may obey your laws,
And your bright anceſtor the ſun may ſhine

On nought but Phædra's empire.

PHÆDRA.

Why not thine [illegible]

Dost thou so far detest my proffer'd bed,
As to refuse my crown?——O, cruel youth!
By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd soul!
By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me;
O! ease, at least once more delude, my [illegible].
For your dear sake I've lost my darling honour;
For you, but now I gave my soul to death:
For you I'd quit my crown, and stoop beneath
The happy bondage of an humble wife.
With thee I'd climb the steepy Rhi's summits,
And in the scorching heat and chilling dews,
O'er hills, o'er wilds, pursue the shaggy lions;
Cruelest of danger and of wailing toils;
Or pinching hunger and impatient thirst;
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

O Heaven! O Minos! O imperial Jove!
Do ye not bluſh at my degenerate weakneſs!
Hence lazy, mean, ignoble paſſion, fly;
Hence from my ſoul—'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
And Heaven inſpires my thoughts with righteous vengeance.
Thou ſhalt no more deſpiſe my offer'd love;
No more Iſmena ſhall upbraid my weakneſs.
[*Catches* Hip. *ſword to ſtab herſelf.*
Now all ye kindred gods look down and ſee,
How I 'll revenge you, and myſelf, on Phædra.

Enter LYCON, *and ſnatches away the ſword.*

LYCON.

Horror on horror! Theſeus is return'd.

PHÆDRA.

Theſeus! Then what have I to do with life?
May I be ſnatch'd with winds, by earth o'erwhelm'd,
Rather than view the face of injur'd Theſeus.
Now wider ſtill my growing horrors ſpread,
My fame, my virtue, nay, my frenzy 's fled:
Then view thy wretched blood, imperial Jove,
If crimes enrage you, or misfortunes move;
On me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
Me if your anger ſpares, your pity ſhould deſtroy.
[*Runs off.*

LYCON.

This may do ſervice yet.
[*Exit* LYCON, *carries off the ſword.*

HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Is he return'd? Thanks to the pitying gods,
Shall I again behold his aweful eyes?
Again be folded in his loving arms?
Yet in the midſt of joy I fear for Phædra.
I fear his warmth and unrelenting juſtice.
O! ſhould her raging paſſion reach his ears,
His tender love, by anger fir'd, would turn
To burning rage; as ſoft Cydonian oil,
Whoſe balmy juice glides o'er th' untaſting tongue,
Yet touch'd with fire, with hotteſt flames will blaze.
But oh ye powers! I ſee his godlike form.
O extaſy of joy! He comes, he comes!
Is it my lord? My father? Oh! 'tis he:
I ſee him, touch him, feel his known embraces.
See all the father in his joyful eyes.

Enter THESEUS, *with others.*

Where have you been, my lord? What angry demon
Hid you from Crete? From me?—What god has ſav'd you?
Did not Philotas ſee you fall? O anſwer me!
And then I'll aſk a thouſand queſtions more.

THESEUS.

No: But to ſave my life I feign'd my death;
My horſe and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
And hinder'd farther ſearch. This honeſt Greek
Conceal'd me in his houſe, and cur'd my wounds;
Procur'd a veſſel; and, to bleſs me more,
Accompany'd my flight.——

But

But this at leiſure. Let me now indulge
A father's fondneſs; let me ſnatch thee thus;
Thus fold thee in my arms. Such, ſuch, was I
[*Embraces* Hippolitus.
When firſt I ſaw thy mother, chaſte Camilla;
And much ſhe lov'd me.—Oh! Did Phædra view me
With half that fondneſs!——But ſhe 's ſtill unkind;
Elſe haſty joy had brought her to theſe arms.
To welcome me to liberty, to life;
And make that life a bleſſing. Come, my ſon,
Let us to Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

Pardon me, my lord.

THESEUS.

Forget her former treatment; ſhe 's too good
Still to perſiſt in hatred to my ſon.

HIPPOLITUS.

O! Let me fly from Crete,——from you, [*Aſide.*
and Phædra.

THESEUS.

My ſon, what means this turn? this ſudden ſtart?
Why would you fly from Crete, and from your father?

HIPPOLITUS.

Not from my father, but from lazy Crete;
To follow danger, and acquire renown:
To quell the monſters that eſcap'd your ſword,
And make the world confeſs me Theſeus' ſon.

THESEUS.

What can this coldneſs mean? Retire, my ſon,
[*Exit* Hip.

While I attend the queen.——What ſhock is this?
Why tremble thus my limbs? why faints my heart?
Why am I thrill'd with fear, till now unknown?
Where 's now the joy, the extaſy, and tranſport,
That warm'd my ſoul, and urg'd me on to Phædra?
O! had I never lov'd her, I 'd been bleſt.
Sorrow and joy, in love, alternate reign;
Sweet is the bliſs, diſtracting is the pain.
So when the Nile its fruitful deluge ſpreads,
And genial heat informs its ſlimy beds;
Here yellow harveſts crown the fertile plain,
There monſtrous ſerpents fright the labouring ſwain:
A various product fills the fatten'd ſand,
And the ſame floods enrich and curſe the land.

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

Enter LYCON *ſolus.*

LYCON.

THIS may gain time till all my wealth 's embark'd,
To ward my foes revenge, and finiſh mine,
And ſhake that empire which I can't poſſeſs.
But then the queen——She dies——Why let her die;
Let wide deſtruction ſeize on all together,
So Lycon live.——A ſafe triumphant exile,

Great

Great in diſgrace, and envy'd in his fall.
The queen!—then try thy art, and work her paſſions.

Enter Phædra *and Attendants.*

Draw her to act what moſt her ſoul abhors,
Poſſeſs her whole, and ſpeak thyſelf in Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Off, let me looſe; why, cruel barbarous maids,
Why am I barr'd from death, the common refuge
That ſpreads its hoſpitable arms for all?
Why muſt I drag th' inſufferable load
Of foul diſhonour, and deſpairing love?
Oh! length of pain! Am I ſo often dying,
And yet not dead? Feel I ſo oft death's pangs,
Nor once can find its eaſe?

LYCON.

Would you now die?
Now quit the field to your inſulting foe?
Then ſhall he triumph o'er your blaſted name:
Ages to come, the univerſe, ſhall learn
The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
And the poor babe, the idol of your ſoul,
The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
Shall bear your ſhame, ſhall ſink beneath your faults;
Inherit your diſgrace, but not your crown.

PHÆDRA.

Muſt he too fall, involv'd in my deſtruction,
And only live to curſe the name of Phædra?

Oh dear, unhappy babe! muſt I bequeath thee
Only a ſad inheritance of woe?
Gods! cruel gods! can't all my pains atone,
Unleſs they reach my infant's guiltleſs head?
Oh loſt eſtate! when life 's ſo ſharp a torment,
And death itſelf can't eaſe! Aſſiſt me, Lycon,
Adviſe, ſpeak comfort to my troubled ſoul.

LYCON.

'Tis you muſt drive that trouble from your ſoul;
As ſtreams, when dam'd, forget their ancient current,
And wondering at their banks, in other channels flow;
So muſt you bend your thoughts from hopeleſs love,
So turn their courſe to Theſeus' happy boſom,
And crown his eager hopes with wiſh'd enjoyment:
Then with freſh charms adorn your troubled looks,
Diſplay the beauties firſt inſpir'd his ſoul,
Soothe with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.

PHÆDRA.

Impoſſible! What woo him with theſe eyes,
Still wet with tears that flow'd—but not for Theſeus?
This tongue ſo us'd to ſound another name;
What! take him to my arms! Oh awful Juno!
Touch, love, careſs him! while my wandering fancy
On other objects ſtrays? A lewd adultreſs
In the chaſte bed? And in the father's arms,
(Oh horrid thought! Oh execrable inceſt!)
Ev'n in the father's arms embrace the ſon?

LYCON.

Yet you muſt ſee him, leſt impatient love

Should

Should urge his temper to too nice a ſearch,
And ill-tim'd abſence ſhould diſcloſe your crime.

PHÆDRA.

Could I, when preſent to his awful eyes,
Conceal the wild diſorders of my ſoul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my ſpeech, betray me?
Betray thee, Phædra! then thou 'rt not betray'd!
Live, live ſecure, adoring Crete conceals thee:
Thy pious love, and moſt endearing goodneſs,
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to ſilence.
Oh wretched Phædra! oh ill-guarded ſecret!
To foes alone diſclos'd!

LYCON.

I needs muſt fear them.
Spight of their oaths, their vows, their imprecations.

PHÆDRA.

Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail!
I too have ſworn, ev'n at the altar ſworn
Eternal love and endleſs faith to Theſeus;
And yet am falſe, forſworn: The hallow'd ſhrine,
That heard me ſwear, is witneſs to my falſehood.
The youth, the very author of my crimes,
Ev'n he ſhall tell the fault himſelf inſpir'd;
The fatal eloquence, that charm'd my ſoul,
Shall laviſh all its art to my deſtruction.

LYCON.

Oh he will tell it all!—Deſtruction ſeize him!—
With ſeeming grief, and aggravating pity,
And more to blacken, will excuſe your folly;

False tears shall wet his unrelenting eyes,
And his glad heart with artful sighs shall heave:
Then Theseus—How will indignation swell
His mighty heart! How his majestic frame
Will shake with rage too fierce, too swift for vent!
How he 'll expose you to the public scorn,
And loathing crowds shall murmur out their horror!
Then the fierce Scythian——Now methinks I see
His fiery eyes with sullen pleasures glow,
Survey your tortures, and insult your pangs;
I see him, smiling on the pleas'd Ismena,
Point out with scorn the once proud tyrant Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Curst be his name! May infamy attend him!
May swift destruction fall upon his head,
Hurl'd by the hand of those he most adores!

LYCON.

By Heaven, prophetic truth inspires your tongue!
He shall endure the shame he means to give;
And all the torments which he heaps on you,
With just revenge, shall Theseus turn on him.

PHÆDRA.

Is 't possible? Oh Lycon! Oh my refuge!
Oh good old man! Thou oracle of wisdom!
Declare the means, that Phædra may adore thee.

LYCON.

Accuse him first.

PHÆDRA.

Oh Heavens! Accuse the guiltless!

LYCON.

LYCON.

Then be accus'd; let Theſeus know your crime;
Let laſting infamy o'erwhelm your glory;
Let your foe triumph, and your infant fall——
Shake off this idle lethargy of pity,
With ready war prevent th' invading foe,
Preſerve your glory, and ſecure your vengeance:
Be yours the fruit, ſecurity, and eaſe;
The guilt, the danger, and the labour, mine.

PHÆDRA.

Heavens! Theſeus comes!

Enter THESEUS.

LYCON.

Declare your laſt reſolves.

PHÆDRA.

Do you reſolve, for Phædra can do nothing.

[*Exit* Phædra.

LYCON.

Now, Lycon, heighten his impatient love,
Now raiſe his pity, now enflame his rage,
Quicken his hopes, then quaſh them with deſpair;
Work his tumultuous paſſions into frenzy;
Unite them all, then turn them on the foe.

THESEUS.

Was that my queen, my wife, my idol, Phædra?
Does ſhe ſtill ſhun me? Oh injurious Heaven!
Why did you give me back again to life?
Why did you ſave me from the rage of battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal hatred?

LYCON.

Her hatred! No, ſhe loves you with ſuch fondneſs,
As none but that of Theſeus e'er could equal;
Yet ſo the gods have doom'd, ſo Heaven will have it,
She ne'er muſt view her much-lov'd Theſeus more.

THESEUS.

Not ſee her! By my ſufferings but I will,
Though troops embattled ſhould oppoſe my paſſage,
And ready death ſhould guard the fatal way.
Not ſee her! Oh I 'll claſp her in theſe arms,
Break through the idle bands that yet have held me,
And ſeize the joys my honeſt love may claim.

LYCON.

Is this a time for joy? when Phædra's grief——

THESEUS.

Is this a time for grief? Is this my welcome
To air, to life, to liberty, and Crete?
Not this I hop'd, when, urg'd by ardent love,
I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms;
Then to my thoughts relenting Phædra flew,
With open arms, to welcome my return,
With kind endearing blame condemn'd my raſhneſs,
And made me ſwear to venture out no more.
Oh! my warm ſoul, my boiling fancy glow'd
With charming hopes of yet untaſted joys;
New pleaſures fill'd my mind, all dangers, paine,
Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were loſt.
And does ſhe now avoid my eager love,
Purſue me ſtill with unrelenting hatred,

Invent

Invent new pains, deteſt, loath, ſhun my ſight,
Fly my return, and ſorrow for my ſafety?

LYCON.

O think not ſo! for, by th' unerring gods,
When firſt I told her of your wiſh'd return,
When the lov'd name of Theſeus reach'd her ears,
At that dear name ſhe rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and watery eyes, to Heaven,
To bleſs the bounteous gods: at that dear name
The raging tempeſt of her grief was calm'd;
Her ſighs were huſh'd, and tears forgot to flow.

THESEUS.

Did my return bring comfort to her ſorrow?
Then haſte, conduct me to the lovely mourner:
O I will kiſs the pearly drops away;
Suck from her roſy lips the fragrant ſighs;
With other ſighs her panting breaſt ſhall heave,
With other dews her ſwimming eyes ſhall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart ſhall beat,
And all her ſorrows ſhall be loſt in love.

LYCON.

Does Theſeus burn with ſuch unheard-of paſſion?
And muſt not ſhe with out-ſtretch'd arms receive him,
And with an equal ardour meet his vows,
The vows of one ſo dear! O righteous gods!
Why muſt the bleeding heart of Theſeus bear
Such torturing pangs? while Phædra, dead to love,
Now with accuſing eyes on angry Heaven
Stedfaſtly gazes, and upbraids the gods;
Now with dumb piercing grief, and humble ſhame,

Fixes

Fixes her gloomy watry orbs to earth;
Now burſt with ſwelling anguiſh, rends the ſkies
With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs?

THESEUS.

Wrong'd! Is ſhe wrong'd? and lives he yet, who wrong'd her?

LYCON.

He lives, ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
That Phædra ſcarce can hope, ſcarce with revenge.

THESEUS.

Shall Theſeus live, and not revenge his Phædra?
Gods! ſhall this arm, renown'd for righteous vengeance,
For quelling tyrants, and redreſſing wrongs,
Now fail? now firſt, when Phædra 's injur'd, fail?
Speak, Lycon, haſte, declare the ſecret villain,
The wretch ſo meanly baſe to injure Phædra,
So raſhly brave to dare the ſword of Theſeus.

LYCON.

I dare not ſpeak; but ſure her wrongs are mighty;
The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her ſighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears,
Make me ſuſpect her monſtrous grief will end her.

THESEUS.

End her? end Theſeus firſt, and all mankind;
But moſt that villain, that deteſted ſlave,
That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch!

LYCON.

O noble heat of unexampled love!
This Phædra hop'd, when in the midſt of grief,

In

In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming ſorrows,
She, groaning, ſtill invok'd, ſtill call'd on Theſeus.

THESEUS.

Did ſhe then name me! Did the weeping charmer
Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theſeus?
Oh that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.
Why then this ſtay? I come, I fly, oh Phædra!
Lead on—Now, dark diſturber of my peace,
If now thou 'rt known, what luxury of vengeance—
Haſte, lead, conduct me.

LYCON.

Oh! I beg you ſtay.

THESEUS.

What! ſtay when Phædra calls?

LYCON.

Oh! on my knees,
By all the gods, my lord, I beg you ſtay;
As you reſpect your peace, your life, your glory:
As Phædra's days are precious to your ſoul;
By all your love, by all her ſorrows, ſtay.

THESEUS.

Where lies the danger? wherefore ſhould I ſtay?

LYCON.

Your ſudden preſence would ſurprize her ſoul,
Renew the galling image of her wrongs,
Revive her ſorrow, indignation, ſhame;
And all your ſon would ſtrike her from your eyes.

THESEUS.

My ſon!——But he 's too good, too brave to wrong her.

——Whence then that ſhocking change, that ſtrong ſurprize;
That fright that ſeiz'd him at the name of Phædra!

LYCON.

Was he ſurpriz'd? that ſhew'd at leaſt remorſe.

THESEUS.

Remorſe! for what? By Heavens, my troubled thoughts
Preſage ſome dire attempt.——Say, what remorſe?

LYCON.

I would not——yet I muſt.——This you command;
This Phædra orders; thrice her faultering tongue
Bad me unfold the guilty ſcene to Theſeus:
Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my ſpeed, and chid my raſh obedience,
Left the unwelcome tale ſhould wound your peace.
At laſt, with looks ſerenely ſad, ſhe cry'd,
Go, tell it all; but in ſuch artful words,
Such tender accents, and ſuch melting ſounds,
As may appeaſe his rage, and move his pity;
As may incline him to forgive his ſon
A grievous fault, but ſtill a fault of love.

THESEUS.

Of love! what ſtrange ſuſpicions rack my ſoul?
As you regard my peace, declare, what love!

LYCON.

So urg'd, I muſt declare; yet, pitying Heaven,
Why muſt I ſpeak? Why muſt unwilling Lycon
Accuſe the prince of impious love to Phædra?

Love

THESEUS.

Love to his mother! to the wife of Theſeus!

LYCON.

Yes, at the moment firſt he view'd her eyes,
Ev'n at the altar, when you join'd your hands,
His eaſy heart receiv'd the guilty flame,
And from that time he preſt her with his paſſion.

THESEUS.

Then 't was for this ſhe baniſh'd him from Crete;
I thought it hatred all: O righteous hatred!
Forgive me, Heaven; forgive me, injur'd Phædra,
That I in ſecret have condemn'd thy juſtice.
Oh! 't was all juſt, and Theſeus ſhall revenge,
Ev'n on his ſon, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.

LYCON.

What eaſy tools are theſe blunt honeſt heroes,
Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the ſtateſman's art prepares,
And poſt to ruin!——Go, believing fool,
Go act thy far-fam'd juſtice on thy ſon,
Next on thyſelf, and both make way for Lycon. [*Aſide.*

THESEUS.

Ha! am I ſure ſhe 's wrong'd? perhaps 't is malice.
Slave, make it clear, make good your accuſation,
Or treble fury ſhall revenge my ſon.

LYCON.

Am I then doubted! and can faithful Lycon
Be thought to forge ſuch execrable falſehoods?
Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,
Can you ſuſpect her truth? O godlike Theſeus!

Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra!
Is this her hop'd-for aid! Go, wretched matron,
Sigh to the winds, and rend th' unpitying heavens
With thy vain sorrows; since relentless Theseus,
Thy hope, thy refuge, Theseus, will not hear thee!

THESEUS.

Not hear my Phædra! Not revenge her wrongs!
Speak, make thy proofs, and then his doom 's as fix'd
As when Jove speaks, and high Olympus shakes,
And Fate his voice obeys.

LYCON.

Bear witness, Heaven!
With what reluctance I produce this sword,
This fatal proof against th' unhappy prince,
Lest it should work your justice to his ruin,
And prove he aim'd at force, as well as incest.

THESEUS.

Gods! 't is illusion all! Is this the sword
By which Procrustes, Scyron, Pallas fell?
Is this the weapon which my darling son
Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour?
Now, faithful youth, thou nobly hast fulfill'd
Thy generous promise. O most injur'd Phædra!
Why did I trust to his deceitful form?
Why blame thy justice, or suspect thy truth?

LYCON.

Had you this morn beheld his ardent eyes,
Seen his arm lock'd in her dishevel'd hair,
That weapon glittering o'er her trembling bosom,
Whilst she with screams refus'd his impious love,

Entreatie

Entreating death, and riſing to the wound.
Oh! had you ſeen her, when the frighted youth
Retir'd at your approach: had you then ſeen her,
In the chaſte tranſports of becoming fury,
Seize on the ſword to pierce her guiltleſs boſom,
Had you ſeen this, you could not doubt her truth.

THESEUS.

Oh impious monſter! Oh forgive me, Phædra!
And may the gods inſpire my injur'd ſoul
With equal vengeance that may ſuit his crimes.

LYCON.

For Phædra's ſake, forbear to talk of vengeance;
That with new pains would wound her tender breaſt:
Send him away from Crete, and by his abſence
Give Phædra quiet; and afford him mercy.

THESEUS.

Mercy! for what! Oh! well has he rewarded
Poor Phædra's mercy.——Oh moſt barbarous traitor!
To wrong ſuch beauty, and inſult ſuch goodneſs.
Mercy! what 's that? a virtue coin'd by villains;
Who praiſe the weakneſs which ſupports their crimes.
Be mute, and fly, leſt when my rage is rous'd,
Thou for thyſelf in vain implore my mercy.

LYCON.

Dull fool, I laugh at mercy more than thou doſt,
More than I do the juſtice thou 'rt ſo fond of.
Now come, young hero, to thy father's arms,
Receive the due reward of haughty virtue;
Now boaſt thy race, and laugh at earth-born Lycon.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

THESEUS.

Yet can it be?——Is this th' inceſtuous villain?
How great his preſence, how erect his look,
How every grace, how all his virtuous mother
Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes!
Oh Neptune! Oh, great founder of our race!
Why was he fram'd with ſuch a godlike look?
Why wears he not ſome moſt deteſted form,
Baleful to ſight, as horrible to thought;
That I might act my juſtice without grief,
Puniſh the villain, nor regret the ſon?

HIPPOLITUS.

May I preſume to aſk, what ſecret care
Broods in your breaſt, and clouds your royal brow?
Why dart your awful eyes thoſe angry beams,
And fright Hippolitus, they us'd to cheer?

THESEUS.

Anſwer me firſt: when call'd to wait on Phædra,
What ſudden fear ſurpriz'd your troubled ſoul?
Why did your ebbing blood forſake your cheeks?
Why did you haſten from your father's arms,
To ſhun the queen your duty bids you pleaſe?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, to pleaſe the queen, I 'm forc'd to ſhun her,
And keep this hated object from her ſight.

THESEUS.

Say, what 's the cauſe of her inveterate hatred?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, as yet I never gave her cauſe.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Oh were it ſo! [*Aſide.*] When laſt did you attend her?

HIPPOLITUS.

When laſt attend her?——Oh unhappy queen!
Your error 's known, yet I diſdain to wrong you,
Or to betray a fault myſelf have caus'd. [*Aſide.*
When laſt attend her?——

THESEUS.

Anſwer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, this very morn I ſaw the queen.

THESEUS.

What paſs'd?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aſk'd permiſſion to retire.

THESEUS.

And was that all?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, I humbly beg
With the moſt low ſubmiſſions, aſk no more.

THESEUS.

Yet you don't anſwer with your low ſubmiſſions.
Anſwer, or never hope to ſee me more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor queen's betray'd and loſt for ever. [*Aſide.*

THESEUS.

He changes, gods! and faulters at the queſtion;

His fears, his words, his looks declare him guilty.
Ajax.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why do you frown, my lord? Why turn away,
As from ſome loathſome monſter, not your ſon?

THESEUS.

Thou art that monſter, and no more my ſon.
Not one of thoſe of the moſt horrid form,
Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd earth,
Was half ſo ſhocking to my ſight as thou.

HIPPOLITUS.

Where am I, gods? Is that my father Theſeus?
Am I awake? Am I Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Thou art that fiend.—Thou art Hippolitus.
Thou art!——Oh fall! Oh fatal ſtain to honour!
How had my vain imagination form'd thee!
Brave as Alcides, and as Minos juſt!
Sometimes it led me through the maze of war;
There it ſurvey'd thee ranging through the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out deſtruction;
Sometimes with wholeſome laws reforming ſtates,
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty;
While you——

HIPPOLITUS.

With all my father's ſoul inſpir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirſt of early honour,
To hunt through bloody fields the chaſe of glory,
And bleſs your age with trophies like your own.
Gods! How that warm'd me! How my throbbing heart

Leapt

Leapt to the image of my father's joy,
When you ſhould ſtrain me in your folding arms,
And with kind raptures, and with ſobbing joys,
Commend my valour, and confeſs your ſon!
How did I think my glorious toil o'er-paid?
Then great indeed, and in my father's love,
With more than conqueſt crown'd? Go on, Hippolitus,
Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
Practiſe the ſtricteſt and auſtereſt virtue,
And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos;
Theſeus, thy father Theſeus, will reward thee.

THESEUS.

Reward thee?——Yes, as Minos would reward thee.
Was Minos then thy pattern? And did Minos,
The great, the good, the juſt, the righteous Minos,
The judge of hell, and oracle of earth,
Did he inſpire adultery, force, and inceſt?

ISMENA *appears.*

ISMENA.

Ha! What's this? [*Aſide.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Inceſt?——

THESEUS.

Inceſt with Phædra, with thy mother Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

This charge ſo unexpected, ſo amazing,
So new, ſo ſtrange, impoſſible to thought,
Stuns my aſtoniſh'd ſoul, and ties my voice.

THESEUS.

Then let this wake thee, this once glorious [illegible]
With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,
Not for this purpose. Oh abandon'd slave!
Oh early villain! Most detested coward!
With this my instrument of youthful glory!
With this?——Oh noble entrance into arms!
With this t' invade the spotless Phædra's honour!
Phædra! My life! My better half, my queen!
That very Phædra, for whose just defence
The gods would claim thy sword,

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Death!
Heavens! Durst I raise the far-fam'd sword of [illegible]
Against his queen, against my mother's bosom,

THESEUS.

If not, declare when, where, and how you left it:
How Phædra gain'd it? Oh all the gods! He's silent.
Why was it bar'd? Whose bosom was it aim'd at?
What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing cheeks,
Thy hand, heart, eyes? Oh villain! Monstrous villain!

HIPPOLITUS.

Is there no way, no thought, no beam of light?
No clue to guide me through this gloomy maze,
To clear my honour, yet preserve my faith?
None! None, ye powers! And must I groan beneath
This execrable load of foul dishonour?
Must Theseus suffer such unheard-of torture!
Theseus, my father! No, I'll break through all
All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations,

I give

I give them to the winds. Hear me, my lord!
Hear your wrong'd ſon. The ſword——Oh fatal vow!
Enſnaring oaths, and thou, raſh thoughtleſs fool,
To bind thyſelf in voluntary chains;
Yet to thy fatal truſt continue firm!
Beneath diſgrace, though infamous yet honeſt.
Yet hear me, father, may the righteous gods
Shower all their curſes on this wretched head.
Oh may they doom me!—

THESEUS.

Yes, the gods will doom thee.
The ſword, the ſword! Now ſwear, and call to witneſs
Heaven, hell, and earth. I mark it not from one,
That breathes beneath ſuch complicated guilt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Was that like guilt, when with expanded arms
I ſprang to meet you at your wiſh'd return?
Does this appear like guilt? When thus ſerene,
With eyes erect, and viſage unappall'd,
Fixt on that awful face, I ſtand the charge;
Amaz'd, not fearing: Say, if I am guilty:
Where are the conſcious looks, the face now pale,
Now flushing red, the down-caſt haggard eyes,
Or fixt on earth, or ſlowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then ſunk again with horror?

THESEUS.

This is for raw, untaught, unfiniſh'd villains.
Thou in thy bloom haſt reach'd th' abhorr'd perfection:
Thy even looks could wear a peaceful calm,
The beauteous ſtamp (oh Heavens!) of faultleſs virtue,

While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed,
Oh hardn'd fiend, can't ſuch tranſporting crimes
Diſturb thy ſoul, or ruffle thy ſmooth hours?
What no remorſe! No qualms! No pricking pangs!
No feeble ſtruggle of rebelling honour!
O 'twas thy joy! thy ſecret hoard of life,
To dream, to ponder, aft it o'er in thought;
To doat, to dwell on; as rejoicing miſers
Brood o'er their precious ſtores of ſecret gold.

HIPPOLITUS.

Muſt I not ſpeak? Then ſay, unerring Heavens,
Why was I born with ſuch a thirſt of glory?
Why did this morning dawn to my diſhonour?
Why did not pitying fate with ready death
Prevent the guilty day?

THESEUS.

Guilty indeed.
Ev'n at the time you heard your father's death,
And ſuch a father (Oh immortal gods!)
As held thee dearer than his life and glory;
When thou ſhould'ſt rend the ſkies with clamorous grief,
Beat thy ſad breaſt, and tear thy ſtarting hair;
Then to my bed to force your impious way;
With horrid luſt t' inſult my yet warm urn;
Make me the ſcorn of hell, and ſport for fiends!
Theſe are the funeral honours paid to Theſeus,
Theſe are the ſorrows, theſe the hallow'd rites,
To which you 'd call your father's hovering ſpirit.

Exit

Enter ISMENA.

ISMENA.

Hear me, my lord, ere yet you fix his doom:
[*Turning to* Theſeus.
Hear one that comes to ſhield his injur'd honour,
And guard his life with hazard of her own.

THESEUS.

Though thou 'rt the daughter of my hated foe,
Though ev'n thy beauty 's loathſome to my eyes,
Yet juſtice bids me hear thee.

ISMENA.

Thus I thank you. [*Kneels.*
Then know, miſtaken prince, his honeſt ſoul
Could ne'er be ſway'd by impious love to Phædra,
Since I before engag'd his early vows;
With all my wiles ſubdued his ſtruggling heart;
For long his duty ſtruggled with his love.

THESEUS.

Speak, is this true? On thy obedience, ſpeak.

HIPPOLITUS.

So charg'd, I own the dangerous truth; I own,
Againſt her will, I lov'd the fair Iſmena.

THESEUS.

Canſt thou be only clear'd by diſobedience,
And juſtify'd by crimes?——What! love my foe!
Love one deſcended from a race of tyrants,
Whoſe blood yet reaks on my avenging ſword!
I 'm curſt each moment I delay thy fate;

Haſte to the ſhades, and tell the happy Pallas
Iſmena's flames, and let him taſte ſuch joys
As thou giv'ſt me; go tell applauding Minos
The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
Tell it the chattering ghoſts, and hiſſing furies,
Tell it the grinning fiends, till hell ſound nothing
To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra and Iſmena.

Enter CRATANDER.

Seize him, Cratander; take this guilty ſword,
Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
And bid him die, at leaſt, like Theſeus' ſon.
Take him away, and execute my orders.

HIPPOLITUS.

Heavens! How that ſtrikes me! How it wounds my ſoul!
To think of your unutterable ſorrows,
When you ſhall find Hippolitus was guiltleſs!
Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
When you ſhall mourn your ſon's unhappy fate,
Oh, I beſeech you by the love you bore me,
With my laſt words (my words will then prevail)
Oh for my ſake forbear to touch your life,
Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theſeus.
Let all my virtues, all my joys, ſurvive
Freſh in your breaſt, but be my woes forgot;
The woes which fate, and not my father, wrought.
Oh! let me dwell for ever in your thoughts,
Let me be honour'd ſtill, but not deplor'd.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Then thy chief care is for thy father's life.
Oh blooming hypocrite! Oh young diſſembler!
Well haſt thou ſhewn the care thou tak'ſt of Theſeus.
Oh all ye gods! how this enflames my fury!
I ſcarce can hold my rage; my eager hands
Tremble to reach thee. No, diſhonour'd Theſeus!
Blot not thy fame with ſuch a monſter's blood.
Snatch him away.

HIPPOLITUS.

Lead on. Farewell, Iſmena.

ISMENA.

Oh! take me with him, let me ſhare his fate.
Oh awful Theſeus! Yet revoke his doom:
See, ſee the very miniſters of death,
Though bred to blood, yet ſhrink, and wiſh to ſave him.

THESEUS.

Slaves, villains, tear her from him, cut her arms off.

ISMENA.

Oh! tear me, cut me, till my ſever'd limbs
Grow to my lord, and ſhare the pains he ſuffers.

THESEUS.

Villains, away.

ISMENA.

O Theſeus! Hear me, hear me.

THESEUS.

Away, nor taint me with thy loathſome touch.
Off, woman.

ISMENA.

Stay, oh ſtay! I 'll tell you all. [*Exit* Theſeus.

Already

Already gone!——Tell it, ye conſcious walls;
Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
Reſound it, fame, with all your hundred tongues.
Oh hapleſs youth! All Heaven conſpires againſt you.
The conſcious walls conceal the fatal ſecret;
Th' untainted winds refuſe th' infecting loads;
And fame itſelf is mute.——Nay, ev'n Iſmena,
Thy own Iſmena 's ſworn to thy deſtruction.

But ſtill, whate'er the cruel gods deſign,
In the ſame fate our equal ſtars combine,
And he who dooms thy death pronounces mine.

THE END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

Enter PHÆDRA *and* LYCON.

LYCON.

ACCUSE yourſelf? Oh! on my knees I beg you,
By all the gods, recal the fatal meſſage.
Heavens! Will you ſtand the dreaded rage of Theſeus?
And brand your fame, and work your own deſtruction?

PHÆDRA.

By thee I 'm branded, and by thee deſtroy'd,
Thou boſom ſerpent, thou alluring fiend!
Yet ſhan't you boaſt the miſeries you cauſe,
Nor 'ſcape the ruin you have brought on all.

LYCON.

LYCON.

Was it not your command? Has faithful Lycon
E'er ſpoke, e'er thought, deſign'd, contriv'd, or acted?
Has he done aught without the queen's conſent?

PHÆDRA.

Plead'ſt thou conſent to what thou firſt inſpir'dſt?
Was that conſent? O ſenſeleſs politician!
When adverſe paſſions ſtruggled in my breaſt,
When anger, fear, love, ſorrow, guilt, deſpair,
Drove out my reaſon, and uſurp'd my ſoul,
Yet this conſent you plead, O faithful Lycon!
Oh! only zealous for the fame of Phædra!
With this you blot my name, and clear your own;
And what 's my frenzy, will be call'd my crime:
What then is thine? Thou cool deliberate villain,
Thou wife, fore-thinking, weighing politician!

LYCON.

Oh! 'twas ſo black, my frighten'd tongue recoil'd
At its own ſound, and horror ſhook my ſoul.
Yet ſtill, though pierc'd with ſuch amazing anguiſh,
Such was my zeal, ſo much I lov'd my queen,
I broke through all, to ſave the life of Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

What 's life? Oh all ye gods! Can life atone
For all the monſtrous crimes by which 'tis bought?
Or can I live? When thou, oh ſoul of honour!
Oh early hero! by my crimes art ruin'd.
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth
Falls by the ſordid hands of butchering villains;

Now, now he bleeds, he dies—Oh perjur'd traitor!
See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
And nature fullies in unbidden groans;
Now mortal pangs diſtort his lovely form;
His roſy beauties fade, his ſtarry eyes
Now darkling ſwim, and fix their cloſing beams;
Now in ſhort gaſps his labouring ſpirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his faultering tongue,
And ſtruggles into ſound. Hear, monſter, hear,
With his laſt breath he curſes perjur'd Phædra:
He ſummons Phædra to the bar of Minos;
Thou too ſhalt there appear; to torture thee,
Whole hell ſhall be employ'd, and ſuffering Phædra
Shall find ſome eaſe to ſee thee ſtill more wretched.

LYCON.

Oh all ye powers! Oh Phædra! Hear me, hear me,
By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,
By thoſe unhappy crimes I wrought to ſerve you,
By theſe old wither'd limbs and hoary hairs,
By all my tears!—Oh Heavens! She minds me not,
She hears not my complaints. Oh wretched Lycon!
To what art thou reſerv'd?

PHÆDRA.

Reſerv'd to all
The ſharpeſt, ſloweſt pains that earth can furniſh,
To all I wiſh——On Phædra——Guards, ſecure him.

LYCON *carried off.*

Ha! Theſeus, gods! My freezing blood congeals,
And all my thoughts, deſigns, and words are loſt.

Enter

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Doſt thou at laſt repent? Oh lovely Phædra!
At laſt with equal ardour meet my vows:
O dear-bought bleſſing! Yet I 'll not complain,
Since now my ſharpeſt grief is all o'erpaid,
And only heightens joy.——Then haſte, my charmer,
Let 's feaſt our famiſh'd ſouls with amorous riot,
With fierceſt bliſs atone for our delay,
And in a moment love the age we 've loſt.

PHÆDRA.

Stand off, approach me, touch me not; fly hence,
Far as the diſtant ſkies or deepeſt center.

THESEUS.

Amazement! Death! Ye gods who guide the world,
What can this mean? So fierce a deteſtation,
So ſtrong abhorrence!—Speak, exquiſite tormentor!
Was it for this your ſummons fill'd my ſoul
With eager raptures, and tumultuous tranſports?
Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliſs,
Did I for this obey my Phædra's call,
And fly with trembling haſte to meet her arms?
And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!
Was it for this you rouz'd my drowſy ſoul
From the dull lethargy of hopeleſs love?
And doſt thou only ſhew thoſe beauteous eyes
To wake deſpair, and blaſt me with their beams?

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Oh! were that all to which the gods have doom'd me;
But angry Heaven has laid in ſtore for Theſeus
Such perfect miſchief, ſuch tranſcendent woe,
That the black image ſhocks my frighted ſoul,
And the words die on my reluctant tongue.

THESEUS.

Fear not to ſpeak it; that harmonious voice
Will make the ſaddeſt tale of ſorrow pleaſing,
And charm the grief it brings.—Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy ſight; thus gazing on thoſe eyes,
I can ſupport the utmoſt ſpite of fate,
And ſtand the rage of Heaven.—Approach, my fair!

PHÆDRA.

Off, or I fly for ever from thy ſight:
Shall I embrace the father of Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Forget the villain, drive him from your ſoul.

PHÆDRA.

Can I forget? O drive from my ſoul:
Oh! he will ſtill be preſent to my eyes;
His words will ever echo in my ears;
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.

THESEUS.

And mine and all.—Oh moſt abandon'd villain!
Oh laſting ſcandal to our godlike race!
That could contrive a crime ſo foul as inceſt.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Inceſt! Oh name it not!——
The very mention ſhakes my inmoſt ſoul:
The gods are ſtartled in their peaceful manſions,
And nature ſickens at the ſhocking ſound,
Thou brutal wretch! Thou execrable monſter!
To break through all the laws that early flow
From untaught reaſon, and diſtinguiſh man;
Mix like the ſenſeleſs herd with beſtial luſt,
Mother and ſon prepoſterouſly wicked;
To baniſh from thy ſoul the reverence due
To honour, nature, and the genial bed,
And injure one ſo great, ſo good as Theſeus.

THESEUS.

To injure one ſo great, ſo good as Phædra;
Oh fraud! to wrong ſuch purity as thine,
Such dazzling brightneſs, ſuch exalted virtue.

PHÆDRA.

Virtue! All-ſeeing gods, you know my virtue!
Muſt I ſupport all this? O righteous Heaven!
Can't I yet ſpeak? Reproach I could have borne,
Pointed his ſatyrs ſtings, and edg'd his rage,
But to be prais'd——Now, Minos, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,
Stones, furies, wheels, are ſlight to what I ſuffer,
And hell itſelf 's relief.

THESEUS.

What 's hell to thee?
What crimes could'ſt thou commit? Or what reproaches
Could innocence ſo pure as Phædra's fear.

Oh,

Oh, thou 'rt the chaſteſt matron of thy ſex,
The faireſt pattern of excelling virtue.
Our lateſt annals ſhall record thy glory.
The maid's example, and the matron's theme.
Each ſkilful artiſt ſhall expreſs thy form,
In animated gold.——The threatening ſword
Shall hang for ever o'er thy ſnowy boſom;
Such heavenly beauty on thy face ſhall bloom,
As ſhall almoſt excuſe the villain's crime;
But yet that firmneſs, that unſhaken virtue,
As ſtill ſhall make the monſter more deteſted.
Where-e'er you paſs, the crouded way ſhall ſound
With joyful cries, and endleſs acclamations:
And when aſpiring bards, in daring ſtrains,
Shall raiſe ſome heavenly matron to the powers,
They 'll ſay, ſhe 's great, ſhe 's true, ſhe 's chaſte as Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

This might have been.——But now, oh cruel ſtars!
Now, as I paſs, the crouded way ſhall ſound
With hiſſing ſcorn, and murmuring deteſtation:
The lateſt annals ſhall record my ſhame;
And when th' avenging Muſe with pointed rage
Would ſink ſome impious woman down to hell,
She 'll ſay, ſhe 's falſe, ſhe 's baſe, ſhe 's foul as Phædra.

THESEUS.

Hadſt thou been foul, had horrid violation
Caſt any ſtains on purity like thine,
They 're waſh'd already in the villain's blood:
The very ſword, his inſtrument of horror,

Ere

Ere this time drench'd in his inceſtuous heart,
Has done thee juſtice, and aveng'd the crimes
He us'd it to perform.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Alas! my lord,
Ere this the prince is dead.——I ſaw Cratander
Give him a ſword.——I ſaw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breaſt,
With ſteady hands, and with diſdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but ſcorn'd to die,
And not in battle.——A loud clamour follow'd:
And the ſurrounding ſoldiers hid from ſight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead?

THESEUS.

Yes, yes, he's dead; and dead by my command;
And in this dreadful act of mournful juſtice,
I 'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought laurels.

PHÆDRA.

Then thou 'rt renown'd indeed.——Oh happy Theſeus!
Oh, only worthy of the love of Phædra!
Haſte then, let's join our well-met hands together;
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To ſhew a pair ſo eminently wretched.

THESEUS.

Wretched! For what? For what the world
praise me.
For what the nations shall adore my justice,
A villain's death?

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus a villain!
Oh, he was all his godlike sire could wish,
The pride of Theseus, and the hope of Crete.
Nor did the braveſt of his godlike race
Tread with such early hopes the paths of honour.

THESEUS.

What can this mean? Declare, ambiguous Phædra;
Say, whence these shifting gusts of clashing rage?
Why are thy doubtful speeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan seas when vext by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate passion,
Accus'd and prais'd, detested and deplor'd?

PHÆDRA.

Canst thou not guess?——
Canst thou not read it in my furious passions?
In all the wild disorders of my soul?
Could'st thou not see it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the daring youth to acts of honour?
Could'st thou not find it in the generous truth,
Which sparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his face?
Could'st not perceive it in the chaste reserve?
In every word and look, each godlike act,
Could'st thou not see Hippolitus was guiltless?

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Guiltleſs! Oh all ye gods! What can this mean?

PHÆDRA.

Mean! That the guilt is mine, that virtuous Phædra,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme
With beſtial paſſion woo'd your loathing ſon;
And when deny'd, with impious accuſation
Sully'd the luſtre of his ſhining honour;
Of my own crimes accus'd the faultleſs youth,
And, with enſnaring wiles deſtroy'd that virtue
I try'd in vain to ſhake.

THESEUS.

Is he then guiltleſs?
Guiltleſs! Then what art thou? And oh juſt Heaven!
What a deteſted parricide is Theſeus!

PHÆDRA.

What am I? What indeed, but one more black
Than earth or hell e'er bore! O horrid mixture
Of crimes and woes, of parricide and inceſt,
Perjury, murder; to arm the erring father
Againſt the guiltleſs ſon. O impious Lycon!
In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me.

THESEUS.

Lycon! Here, guards!—— Oh moſt abandon'd villain!
Secure him, ſeize him, drag him piece-meal hither.

Enter GUARDS.

GUARDS.

Who has, my lord, incurr'd your high diſpleaſure?

THESEUS.

Who can it be, ye gods, but perjur'd Lycon?
Who can inſpire ſuch ſtorms of rage, but Lycon?
Where has my ſword left one ſo black, but Lycon?
Where! Wretched Theſeus! in thy bed and heart,
The very darling of my ſoul and eyes!
Oh beauteous fiend! But truſt not to thy form,
You too, my ſon, was fair; your manly beauties
Charm'd every heart (O heavens!) to your deſtruction.
You too were good, your virtuous ſoul abhorr'd
The crimes for which you dy'd. Oh impious Phædra!
Inceſtuous fury! Execrable murth'reſs!
Is there revenge on earth, or pain in hell,
Can art invent, or boiling rage ſuggeſt,
Ev'n endleſs torture which thou ſhalt not ſuffer?

PHÆDRA.

And is there aught on earth I would not ſuffer?
Oh, were there vengeance equal to my crimes,
Thou need'ſt not claim it, moſt unhappy youth,
From any hands but mine: T' avenge thy fate,
I 'd court the fierceſt pains, and ſue for tortures;
And Phædra's ſufferings ſhould atone for thine:
Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my ſoul;
Ev'n now it curdles in my ſhrinking veins
The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

LYCON *brought in.*

THESEUS.

Haſt thou eſcap'd my wrath? Yet, impious Lycon,

Or

On thee I 'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
And glut my boundleſs rage.

LYCON.

O! mercy, mercy!

THESEUS.

Such thou ſhalt find as thy beſt deeds deſerve,
Such as thy guilty ſoul can hope from Theſeus;
Such as thou ſhew'dſt to poor Hippolitus.

LYCON.

Oh chain me! whip me! Let me be the ſcorn
Of ſordid rabbles, and inſulting crowds!
Give me but life, and make that life moſt wretched.

PHÆDRA.

Art thou ſo baſe, ſo ſpiritleſs a ſlave?
Not ſo the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd,
Not ſo he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

THESEUS.

Oh abject villain! Yet it gives me joy
To ſee the fears that ſhake thy guilty ſoul,
Enhance thy crimes, and antedate thy woes.
Oh, how thou 'lt howl thy fearful ſoul away;
While laughing crowds ſhall echo to thy cries,
And make thy pains their ſport! Haſte, hence, away with him,
Drag him to all the torments earth can furniſh;
Let him be rack'd and gaſh'd, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangled monſter, fix'd on high,
Grin o'er the ſhouting crowds, and glut their vengeance.
And is this all? And art thou now appeas'd?
Will this atone for poor Hippolitus!

Oh ungorg'd appetite! Oh ravenous thirst
Of a ſon's blood! What not a day, a moment
PHÆDRA.
A day! A moment! Oh! thou ſhould'ſt have ſtill
Years, ages, all the round of circling time,
Ere touch'd the life of that conſummate youth.
THESEUS.
And yet with joy I flew to his deſtruction,
Boaſted his fate, and triumph'd in his ruin.
Not this I promis'd to his dying mother,
When in her mortal pangs ſhe ſighing gave me
The laſt cold kiſſes from her trembling lips,
And reach'd her feeble wandering hands to mine;
When her laſt breath, now quivering at her noſtrils,
Implor'd my goodneſs to her lovely ſon;
To her Hippolitus. He, alas! deſcends
An early victim to the lazy ſhades,
(Oh heaven and earth!) by Theſeus doom'd, deſcends.
PHÆDRA.
He 's doom'd by Theſeus, but accus'd by Phædra,
By Phædra's madneſs, and by Lycon's hatred.
Yet with my life I expiate my frenzy,
And dye for thee, my headlong rage deſtroy'd:
Thee I purſue, (oh great ill-fated youth!)
Purſue thee ſtill, but now with chaſte deſires;
Thee through the diſmal waſte of gloomy death;
Thee through the glimmering dawn, and purer day,
Through all th' Elyſian plains: O righteous Minos!
Elyſian plains! There he and his Iſmena

Shall

Shall ſport for ever, ſhall for ever drink
Immortal love; while I far off ſhall howl
In lonely plains; while all the blackeſt ghoſts
Shrink from the baleful ſight of one more monſtrous,
And more accurs'd than they.

THESEUS.

I too muſt go;
I too muſt once more ſee the burning ſhore
Of livid Acheron and black Cocytus,
Whence no Alcides will releaſe me now.

PHÆDRA.

Then why this ſtay? Come on, let's plunge together:
See hell ſets wide its adamantine gates,
See through the ſable gates the black Cocytus
In ſmoky circles rowls its fiery waves:
Hear, hear the ſtunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rattling chains, of claſhing whips,
Of groans, of loud complaints, of piercing ſhrieks,
That wide through all its gloomy world reſound.
How huge Mægara ſtalks! what ſtreaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what ſerpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiſs around her head!
Now, now ſhe drags me to the bar of Minos.
See how the aweful judges of the dead
Look ſtedfaſt hate, and horrible diſmay!
See Minos turns away his loathing eyes,
Rage choaks his ſtruggling words: the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hand: O all ye gods!
What, Lycon here! Oh execrable villain!

Then am I ſtill on earth? By hell I am,
A fury now, a ſcourge preſerv'd for Lycon!
See, the juſt beings offer to my vengeance
That impious ſlave. Now, Lycon, for revenge;
Thanks, Heaven, 'tis here.——I 'll ſteal it to his heart.
[*Miſtaking* Theſeus *for* Lycon, *offers to ſtab him.*]

GUARDS.

Heavens! 'tis your lord.

PHÆDRA.

My lord! O equal Heaven!
Muſt each portentous moment riſe in crimes,
And ſallying life go off in parricide?
Then truſt not thy ſlow drugs. Thus ſure of death
[*Stabs herſelf.*]
Compleat thy horrors——And if this ſuffice not,
Thou, Minos, do the reſt.

THESEUS.

At length ſhe 's quiet,
And earth now bears not ſuch a wretch as Theſeus;
Yet I 'll obey Hippolitus, and live:
Then to the wars; and as the Corybantines,
With claſhing ſhields, and braying trumpets, drown'd
The cries of infant Jove.——I 'll ſtifle conſcience,
And nature's murmurs in the din of arms.
But what are arms to me? Is he not dead
For whom I fought? For whom my hoary age
Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle?
How then to drag a wretched life beneath,
An endleſs round of ſtill returning woes,
And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorſe?

What torment's this?—Therefore, O greatly thought
Therefore do juſtice on thyſelf——and live;
Live above all moſt infinitely wretched.
Iſmena too——Nay, then, avenging Heaven

ISMENA *enters.*

Has vented all its rage.——O wretched maid!
Why doſt thou come to ſwell my raging grief?
Why add to ſorrows, and embitter woes?
Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?
Why thus recal to my afflicted ſoul
The ſad remembrance of my god-like ſon,
Of that dear youth my cruelty has ruin'd?

ISMENA.

Ruin'd!——O all ye Powers! O awful Theſeus!
Say, where's my lord? ſay, where has fate diſpos'd him?
Oh ſpeak! the fear diſtracts me.

THESEUS.

Gods! Can I ſpeak?
Can I declare his fate to his Iſmena?
Oh lovely maid! Could'ſt thou admit of comfort,
Thou ſhould'ſt for ever be my only care,
Work of my life, and labour of my ſoul.
For thee alone, my ſorrows, lull'd, ſhall ceaſe;
Ceaſe for a while to mourn my murder'd ſon:
For thee alone my ſword once more ſhall rage,
Reſtore the crown of which it robb'd your race:
Then let your grief give way to thoughts of empire;
At thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd

Beneath

Beneath thy eaſy yoke with pleaſure bow,
And think in thee their own Minerva reigns.

ISMENA.

Muſt I then reign? Nay, muſt I live without him?
Not ſo, oh godlike youth! you lov'd Iſmena;
You for her ſake refus'd the Cretan empire,
And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.
Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,
From the relentleſs hand that doom'd thy death?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have eaſe.
And thus I find it. [*Offers to ſtab herſelf.*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

O forbear, Iſmena!
Forbear, chaſte maid, to wound thy tender boſom;
Oh heaven and earth! ſhould ſhe reſolve to die,
And ſnatch all beauty from the widow'd earth?
Was it for me, ye gods! ſhe 'd fall a victim?
Was it for me ſhe 'd die? O heavenly virgin!
See, ſee thy own Hippolitus, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.

ISMENA.

Hippolitus!
Am I alive or dead! is this Elyſium!
'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus——Ar 't well.
Ar 't thou not wounded?

THESEUS.

Oh unhop'd-for joy!
Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.
Speak, ſay, what god, what miracle preſerv'd thee?

Diſ-

Didſt thou not ſtrike thy father's cruel preſent,
My ſword, into thy breaſt?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aim'd it there,
But turn'd it from myſelf, and ſlew Cratander;
The guards, not truſted with his fatal orders,
Granted my will, and brought me to the king:
I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought
Of Theſeus' ſorrow, and Iſmena's loſs;
Therefore I haſten'd to your royal preſence,
Here to receive my doom.

THESEUS.

Be this thy doom,
To live for ever in Iſmena's arms.
Go, heavenly pair, and with your dazling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence, and love,
Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that empire,
For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

ISMENA.

Oh killing joy!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh extaſy of bliſs!
Am I poſſeſs'd at laſt of my Iſmena?
Of that cœleſtial maid, oh pitying gods!
How ſhall I thank your bounties for my ſufferings,
For all my pains, and all the pangs I 've born?
Since 't was to them I owe divine Iſmena,
To them I owe the dear conſent of Theſeus.
Yet there 's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the diſaſtrous fate of hapleſs Phædra.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Deep was her anguish; for the wrongs ſhe did yield
She choſe to die, and in her death deplor'd
Your fate, and not her own.

HIPPOLITUS.

I 've heard it all.
O! had not paſſion ſully'd her renown,
None e'er on earth had ſhone with equal luſtre;
So glorious liv'd, or ſo lamented dy'd.
Her faults were only faults of raging love,
Her virtues all her own.

ISMENA.

Unhappy Phædra!
Was there no other way, ye pitying Powers,
No other way to crown Iſmena's love?
Then muſt I ever mourn her cruel fate,
And in the midſt of my triumphant joy,
Ev'n in my hero's arms, confeſs ſome ſorrow.

THESEUS.

O tender maid! forbear, with ill-tim'd griefs,
To damp our bleſſings, and incenſe the gods:
But let 's away, and pay kind Heaven our thanks
For all the wonders in our favour wrought;
That Heaven, whoſe mercy reſcued erring Theſeus
From execrable crimes, and endleſs woes.
Then learn from me, ye kings that rule the world,
With equal poize let ſteady juſtice ſway,
And flagrant crimes, with certain vengeance pay,
But, till the proofs are clear, the ſtroke delay.

HIPPO-

HIPPOLITUS.

The righteous gods, that innocence require,
Protect the goodneſs which themſelves inſpire.
Unguarded virtue human arts defies,
Th' accus'd is happy, while th' accuſer dies.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

A POEM

A POEM

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

TO A FRIEND.

SIR,

SINCE our Iſis ſilently deplores
The Bard who ſpread her fame to diſtant ſhores;
Since nobler pens their mournful lays ſuſpend,
My honeſt zeal, if not my verſe, commend,
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.
Your care had long his fleeting life reſtrain'd,
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;
For his dear ſake long reſtleſs nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving veſſels tore,
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no ſummons from the noiſy gown
Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauſeous town,
Thy love had o'er the dull diſeaſe prevail'd,
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled phyſic fail'd;
But ſince the will of Heaven his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthleſs lines ſucceed;
Fruitleſs our hopes, though pious our eſſays,
Yours to preſerve a friend, and mine to praiſe.

Oh! might I paint him in Miltonian verſe,
With ſtrains like thoſe he ſung on Glo'ſter's herſe;

But

But with the meaner tribe I 'm forc'd to chime,
And, wanting ſtrength to riſe, deſcend to rhyme.

With other fire his glorious Blenheim ſhines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines;
His nervous verſe great Boileau's ſtrength tranſcends,
And France to Philips, as to Churchill, bends.

Oh! various bard, you all our powers control,
You now diſturb, and now divert the ſoul:
Milton and Butler in thy muſe combine,
Above the laſt thy manly beauties ſhine;
For as I 've ſeen, when rival wits contend,
One gayly charge, one gravely wiſe defend;
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
This with a look demure, and ſteady eyes,
With dry rebukes, or ſneering praiſe, replies.
So thy grave lines extort a juſter ſmile,
Reach Butler's fancy, but ſurpaſs his ſtyle;
He ſpeaks Scarron's low phraſe in humble ſtrains,
In thee the ſolemn air of great Cervantes reigns.

What ſounding lines his abject themes expreſs!
What ſhining words the pompous Shilling dreſs!
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins riſe.
In her beſt light the Comic Muſe appears,
When ſhe, with borrow'd pride, the buſkin wears.

So when nurſe Nokes, to act young Ammon tries,
With ſhambling legs, long chin, and fooliſh eyes;
With dangling hands he ſtrokes th' Imperial robe,
And, with a cuckold's air, commands the globe;

The pomp and ſound the whole buffoon diſplay'd,
And Ammon's ſon more mirth than Gomez made.

Forgive, dear ſhade, the ſcene my folly drawn,
Thy ſtrains divert the grief thy aſhes cauſe:
When Orpheus ſings, the ghoſts no more complain,
But, in his lulling muſic, loſe their pain:
So charm the ſallies of thy Georgic Muſe,
So calm our ſorrows, and our joys infuſe;
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inſpire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire,
Like that fair tree you praiſe, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.

Bleſt clime, which Vaga's fruitful ſtreams improve,
Etruria's envy, and her Coſmo's love;
Redſtreak he quaffs beneath the Chiant vine,
Gives Tuſcan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,
And ev'n his Taſſo would exchange for thine.
Riſe, riſe, Roſcommon, ſee the Blenheim Muſe,
The dull conſtraint of monkiſh rhyme refuſe;
See, o'er the Alps his towering pinions ſoar,
Where never Engliſh poet reach'd before:
See mighty Coſmo's counſellor and friend,
By turns on Coſmo and the Bard attend;
Rich in the coins and buſts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treaſure home;
In them he views her gods, and domes deſign'd,
In him the ſoul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty mind:
To him for eaſe retires from toils of ſtate,
Not half ſo proud to govern, as tranſlate.

Our

Our Spenſer, firſt by Piſan poets taught,
To us their tales, their ſtyle, and numbers brought.
To follow ours, now Tuſcan bards deſcend,
From Philips borrow, though to Spenſer lend,
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme diſdain;
They firſt on Engliſh bards impos'd the chain,
Firſt by an Engliſh bard from rhyme their freedom gain.

Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the ſoft, the florid, and ſublime;
Some ſay this chain the doubtful ſenſe decides,
Confines the fancy, and the judgement guides;
I 'm ſure in needleſs bonds it poets ties,
Procruſtes like, the ax or wheel applies,
To lop the mangled ſenſe, or ſtretch it into ſize:
At beſt a crutch, that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the ſtrong;
And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the cloſe,
Oft riſe to fuſtian, or deſcend to proſe.
Your judgement, Philips, rul'd with ſteady ſway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme, the Muſe to ſtay,
To ſtop her fury, or direct her way.
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigor bore,
To wanton freely, or ſecurely ſoar.

So the ſtretch'd cord the ſhackle-dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to riſe;
When freed he moves, the ſturdy cable bends
He mounts with pleaſure, and ſecure deſcends;

Now dropping ſeems to ſtrike the diſtant ground,
Now high in air his quivering foot rebound.

Rail on, ye triflers, who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, freſh cant, or modiſh air;
Rail on at Milton's ſon, who wiſely bold
Rejects new phraſes, and refinates the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenſer's ſtrains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns;
The ancient words the majeſty compleat,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit 's dreſt,
Old myſtic emblems grace th' imperial veſt,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna ſtands confeſt.

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's, and Batſon's, and through Smithfield, prais'd,
Cries out aloud——Bold Oxford bard, forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear;
Yet not like thee the heavy critic ſoars,
But paints in fuſtian, or in turn deplores;
With Bunyan's ſtyle prophanes heroic ſongs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs;
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels ſtrain,
And in low proſe dull Lucifer complain;
His envious Muſe, by native dulneſs curſt,
Damns the beſt poems, and contrives the worſt.

Beyond his praiſe or blame thy works prevail
Compleat where Dryden and thy Milton fail;

Great

Great Milton's wing on lower themes ſubſides,
And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakneſs hides;
You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
And yet, on humble ſubjects, great appear.
Thrice happy youth, whom noble Iſis crowns!
Whom Blackmore cenſures, and Godolphin owns:
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The liſtening nymphs and raviſh'd heroes hung:
But cits and fops the Heaven-born muſic blame,
And bawl, and hiſs, and damn her into fame;
Like her ſweet voice, is thy harmonious ſong,
As high, as ſweet, as eaſy, and as ſtrong.

Oh! had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
The towering bard had ſung in nobler lays,
How the laſt trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How ſaints aloft the croſs triumphant ſpread;
How opening Heavens their happy regions ſhow;
And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow;
And ſaints rejoice above, and ſinners howl below:
Well might he ſing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was ſure to wear.

Oh beſt of friends, will ne'er the ſilent urn
To our juſt vows the hapleſs youth return?
Muſt he no more divert the tedious day?
Nor ſparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmleſs irony deſcend,
To noiſy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?

No more in falſe pathetic phraſe complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her diſdain?
Who now ſhall godlike Anna's fame diffuſe?
Muſt ſhe, when moſt ſhe merits, want a Muſe?
Who now our Twyſden's glorious fate ſhall tell;
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
How, while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the ſtunning din reſound;
Through ſtreams of ſmoke, and adverſe fire, he rides,
While every ſhot is level'd at his ſides?
How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the firſt front, amidſt a ſlaughter'd pile,
High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyle.

Whom ſhall I find unbiaſs'd in diſpute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my ſoul diſcloſe,
Reveal my pleaſure, or diſcharge my woes?
Oh! in that heavenly youth for ever ends
The beſt of ſons, of brothers, and of friends.
He ſacred Friendſhip's ſtricteſt laws obey'd,
Yet more by Conſcience than by Friendſhip ſway'd;
Againſt himſelf his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours paſt, not future proſpects gain'd:
Not nicely chooſing, though by all deſir'd,
Though learn'd, not vain; and humble, though admir'd:
Candid to all, but to himſelf ſevere,
In humour pliant, as in life auſtere.

A wiſe

A wiſe content his even ſoul ſecur'd,
By want not ſhaken, nor by wealth allur'd.
To all ſincere, though earneſt to commend,
Could praiſe a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their ſpirits, and their ſtyles, his own:
Pleas'd the leaſt ſteps of famous men to view,
Our authors' works, and lives, and ſouls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the fame eſteem,
The one his pattern, and the one his theme:
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reaſon join'd.
Judicious phyſic's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas, in vain!
The drugs and plants their drooping maſter fail'd,
Nor goodneſs now, nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's ſoul they gave,
And made him ſcorn the life they could not ſave:

Elſe could he bear unmov'd, the fatal gueſt,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppreſt,
The coughs that ſtruggled from his weary breaſt?
Could he unmov'd approaching death ſuſtain?
Its ſlow advances, and its racking pain?
Could he ſerene his weeping friends ſurvey,
In his laſt hours his eaſy wit diſplay,
Like the rich fruit he ſings, delicious in decay?

Once on thy friends look down, lamented ſhade,
And view the honours to thy aſhes paid;

Some thy lov'd dust in Pæsian flowers enshrine,
Others immortal epitaphs design,
With wit, and strength, that only yields to [illegible]
Ev'n I, though slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
Thee, Philips, thee despairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Ilis soft complaints returns;
Dormer laments amidst the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms:
Thee, on the Po, kind Somerset deplores,
And ev'n that charming scene his grief restores;
He to thy loss each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But most at Virgil's tomb his swelling sorrows rise.

But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
Display his fame, and not his fate deplore;
And let no tears from erring pity flow,
Yet one that's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

CHARLETTUS

CHARLETTUS

PERCIVALLO SUO.

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

HORA dum nondum ſonuit ſecunda,
Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
Acer ad notos calamus labores
Spontè recurrit.
Quid prius noſtris potiùſve chartis
Elinam? Cuinam vigil ante noſtem
Sole depulſam redeunte Scriptor
Mitto ſalutem?
Tu meis chartis, *bene Percivalle*,
Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
Non minor noſtro novitatis ardor;
Tu quoque Scripter.
Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in ſylvis modo te dediſſe
Furibus prædam, mediumque belli impune ſtetiſſe.
Saucius num vivit adhuc Caballus
Anne? Iemeis potiora Gaſis,
An, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,
Scripta ſuperſunt?
Cui legis noſtras, relegiſque chartas?
Cui meam laudas generoſitatem?
Quem meis verbis, mea neſcientem,
Mane ſalutas.

Scribe

PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.

QUALIS ambabus capiendus ulnis
Limen attingit tibi gratus hoſpes
Quum ſacras primum ſubit aut relinquit
Iſidis arces,
Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
Læva, quùm cantu propriore ſtridet
Miſſiles, & jam moneant adeſſe
Cornua, chartas,
Tale per noſtrum jecur & medullas
Gaudium fluxit, ſimul ac recluſis
Vinculis vidi benè literati
Nomen amici.
Obvios fures, uti fama verax
Rettulit, ſenſi pavidus tremenſque;
Sed fui, ſumque, excipias timorem,
Cætera ſoſpes.
Scire ſi ſylvam cupias pericli
Conſciam, & triſtes nemoris tenebras,
Conſulas lentè tabulas parantem
Te duce *Colum*.
Flebilis legi miſeranda docti
Fata pictoris, ſed & hôc iniqua
Damna conſolor, ſupereſt perempto
Rixone Wildgooſe.

Scribe Securus, quid agit Senatus
Quid Caput ſtertit grave *Lambethanum*,
Quid *Comes Guildford*, quid habent novarum
*Davoks*que *Dyer*que.
Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis
Jenny jam viſit, lacrimanſque narrat,
Dum molit fucos, ſubito peremptum
Fu[illegible]
Narrat (avertat Deus [illegible] omen)
Hoſpitem notæ p[illegible]e;
Narrat immerſam [illegible]n urbis
Flumine cy[illegible]am.
Narrat——at portis m[illegible]*inton* aſtat,
Nuncius *Pricket* red[illegible]at me
Skerwin, & ſcribenor[illegible]equirunt
Mille t[illegible]

Quæ tamen metuam mulier labantem
Fulciet? munus vetulæ parentis,
Anna præſtabit, niſi fors Ierni
Hoſpita Cygni.
Lætus accepi celeres vigere
Pricketi plantas, ſimùl ambulanti
Plaudo *Sherwino*, pueroque *Davo*
Mitto ſalutem.
Jenny, poſt *Hinton*, comitum tuorum
Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,
Qui tibi totus vacat, & vacabit,
Nec vetat *Uxor*.
Hæc ego luſi properante Musâ
Leſbiæ vatis numeros ſecutus,
Si novi quid ſit, melius docebit
Sermo pedeſtris.
P. S.
" Cœnitant mecum Comites Iernæ,
" Multa qui de te memorant cululos
" Inter, & pulli, vice literarum,
" Crus tibi mittunt."

Adhuc ſtetiſſet, nec vibrato
Dextra Dei tonuiſſet igne.
Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
Immane opus, creſcentibúſque
Vertice ſideribus propinquum.
Nequicquam: Amici diſparibus ſonis
Eludit aures neſcius artifex,
Linguáſque miratur recentes
In patriis peregrinus oris.
Veſtitur hinc tot ſermo coloribus,
Quot tu, POCOCKI, diſſimilis tui
Orator effers, quot viciſſim
Te memores celebrare gaudent.
Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam ſenex
Percurrit æſtu raptus, ut arcibus
Non jam ſuperbis, & verendis
Indoluit Solimæ ruinis.
Quis corda pulſans tunc pavor hauſerat
Dolor quis arſit non ſine gaudio,
Cum buſta Chriſti provolutus
Ambiguis lacrymis rigaret!
Sacratur arbos multa POCOCKIO,
Locóſque monſtrans inquiet accola.
Hæc quercus Hoſeam ſupinum,
Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus.
Hîc audierunt gens venerabilem
Ebræa Moſen, inde POCOCKIUM
Non ore, non annis minorem,
Atque ſuam didicere linguam.

Ac

Ac ſicut albens perpetuâ nive
Simul favillas, & cineres ſimu
Eructat ardenti, & pruinis
Contiguas rotat Ætna flammas,
Sic te trementem, te nive candidum
Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
Sequi reluctantem Iocùlam
Per tonitru, aëreáſque nubes
Annon paveſcis, dum tuba pallidum
Ciet Sionem, dum tremulum polo
Caligat aſtrum, atque incubanti
Terra nigrans tegitur ſub umbrâ?
Quod agmen! heu quæ turma ſequacium
Tremenda flammis! quis ſtupitantium
Flictus rotarum eſt! O Rococei
Egregie, O animoſe Vatis
Interpres abſtruſi, O ſimili ferè
Correpte flammâ, te, quot imagine
Crucis notantur, te, ſubacto
Chriſticolæ gravis Ottomanno
Gemens requirit, te Babylonii
Narrant poëtæ, te pharetris Arabs
Plorat revulſis, & fragoſos
Jam gravior ferit horror agros.
Quà Geſta nondum cognita Cæſaris,
Quà nec Matronis ſcripta, Pocockeus
Ploratur ingens, & dolenda
Neſtoreæ brevitas ſenectæ.

ODE.

ODE,

FOR THE YEAR 1703.

I.

JANUS, did ever to thy wondering eyes,
So bright a ſcene of triumph riſe?
Did ever Greece or Rome ſuch laurels wear,
As crown'd the laſt auſpicious year?
When firſt at Blenheim ANNE her enſigns ſpread,
And Malborough to the field the ſhouting ſquadrons led.
In vain the hills and ſtreams oppoſe,
In vain the hollow ground in faithleſs hillocks roſe.
To the rough Danube's winding ſhore,
His ſhatter'd foes the conquering hero bore.

II.

They ſee with ſtaring haggard eyes
The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows riſe;
Amaz'd, aghaſt, they turn, but find,
In Malborough's arms, a ſurer fate behind.
Now his red ſword aloft impends,
Now on their ſhrinking heads deſcends:
Wild and diſtracted with their fears,
They juſtling plunge amidſt the ſounding deeps;
The flood away the ſtruggling ſquadrons ſweeps,
And men, and arms, and horſes, whirling bears.
The frighted Danube to the ſea retreats,
The Danube ſoon the flying ocean meets,
Flying the thunder of great ANNA's fleets.

III.

Rooke on the ſeas aſſerts her ſway,
Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
And clouds of ſmoke involve the day.
Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,
And Afric echoes from its diſtant ſhore.
The French, unequal in the fight,
In force ſuperior, take their flight.
Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
In vain the vanquiſh'd triumph, while they fly.

IV.

Now, Janus, with a future view,
The glories of her reign ſurvey,
Which ſhall o'er France her arms diſplay,
And kingdoms now her own ſubdue.
Lewis, for oppreſſion born;
Lewis in his turn, ſhall mourn,
While his conquer'd happy ſwains,
Shall hug their eaſy wiſh'd-for chains.
Others, enſlav'd by victory,
Their ſubjects, as their foes, oppreſs;
ANNA conquers but to free,
And governs but to bleſs.

CONTENTS

OF

SMITH'S POEMS.

PHædra and Hippolitus, a Tragedy - - 87
Epiſtle Dedicatory to Charles Lord Halifax ibid.
A Poem to the Memory of Mr. John Philips. To a Friend - - - - - - - - 190
Charlettus Percivallo ſuo - - - - 200
Percivallus Charletto ſuo - - - - 201
Pocockius - - - - - - - - 204
Ode for the Year 1705 - - - - 207

THE END OF SMITH'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

MR. POMFRET.

THE

PREFACE.

IT will be to little purpoſe, the Author preſumes, to offer any reaſons, why the following poems appear in public; for it is ten to one whether he gives the true; and if he does, it is much greater odds, whether the gentle reader is ſo courteous as to believe him. He could tell the world, according to the laudable cuſtom of Prefaces, that it was through the irreſiſtible importunity of friends, or ſome other excuſe of ancient renown, that he ventured them to the preſs; but he thought it much better to leave every man to gueſs for himſelf, and then he would be ſure to ſatisfy himſelf: for, let what will be pretended, people are grown ſo very apt to fancy they are always in the right, that, unleſs it hit their humour, it is immediately condemned for a ſham and hypocriſy.

In ſhort, that which wants an excuſe for being in print, ought not to have been printed at all; but whether the enſuing poems deſerve to ſtand in that claſs, the world muſt have leave to determine. What faults the true judgment of the Gentleman may find out, it is to be hoped his candour and good-humour will eaſily pardon; but thoſe which the peeviſhneſs and ill-nature of the Critic may diſcover, muſt expect to be unmercifully uſed: Though, methinks, it is a very prepoſterous pleaſure, to ſcratch other perſons till the blo comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

Some perſons, perhaps, may wonder, how Things of this Nature dare come into the world without the protection of ſome great name, as they call it, and a fulſome Epiſtle Dedicatory to his Grace, or Right Honourable: for, if a Poem ſtruts out under my Lord's Patronage, the Author imagines it is no leſs than *ſcandalum magnatum* to diſlike it; eſpecially if he thinks fit to tell the world, that this ſame Lord is a perſon of wonderful Wit and Underſtanding, a notable judge of Poetry, and a very conſiderable poet himſelf. But if a Poem have no intrinſic excellencies, and real beauties, the greateſt name in the world will never induce a man of ſenſe to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my Lord Duke's; the only difference is, Tom claps half an ounce of ſnuff into the poet's hand, and his Grace twenty guineas: for, indeed there lies the ſtrength of a great name, and the greateſt protection an Author can receive from it.

To pleaſe every one, would be a new thing; and to write ſo as to pleaſe nobody, would be as new: for even Quarles and Withers have their admirers. The Author is not ſo fond of fame, to deſire it from the injudicious Many; nor of ſo mortified a temper, not to wiſh it from the diſcerning Few. It is not the multitude of applauſes, but the good ſenſe of the applauders, which eſtabliſhes a valuable reputation; and if a Rymer or a Congreve ſay it is well, he will not be at all ſolicitous how great the majority may be to the contrary.

LONDON, Anno 1699.

POEMS

POEMS
BY MR. POMFRET.

THE CHOICE.

IF Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might chooſe my method how to live;
And all thoſe hours propitious Fate ſhould lend,
In bliſsful eaſe and ſatisfaction ſpend;
Near ſome fair town I 'd have a private ſeat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a riſing ground it ſtood;
On this ſide fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It ſhould within no other things contain,
But what are uſeful, neceſſary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauſeous; and I 'd ne'er endure
The needleſs pomp of gaudy furniture,
A little garden, grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:
On whoſe delicious banks a ſtately row
Of ſhady limes, or ſycamores, ſhould grow.
At th' end of which a ſilent ſtudy plac'd,
Should be with all the nobleſt authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whoſe mighty lines
Immortal wit, and ſolid learning, ſhines;

Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's ſoft paſſion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which ſtrong art with ſtronger nature joins,
Muſt grant his fancy does the beſt excel;
His thoughts ſo tender, and expreſs'd ſo well:
With all thoſe moderns, men of ſteady ſenſe,
Eſteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
In ſome of theſe, as fancy ſhould adviſe,
I 'd always take my morning exerciſe:
For ſure no minutes bring us more content,
Than thoſe in pleaſing, uſeful ſtudies ſpent.
I 'd have a clear and competent eſtate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great;
As much as I could moderately ſpend;
A little more, ſometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor ſhould the ſons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they ſhould taſte of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could ſpare:
For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty ſhould my table ſpread;
With healthy, not luxurious, diſhes ſpread:
Enough to ſatisfy, and ſomething more,
To feed the ſtranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diſeaſes, and inflames the blood.
But what 's ſufficient to make nature ſtrong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,

I'd

I 'd freely take; and, as I did poſſeſs,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bleſs.
I 'd have a little vault, but always ſtor'd
With the beſt wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleaſant flavour to diſcourſe:
By making all our ſpirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the ſediment of care.
But as the greateſt bleſſing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and ſerve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreſhing juice
Does many miſchievous effects produce.
My houſe ſhould no ſuch rude diſorders know,
As from high drinking conſequently flow;
Nor would I uſe what was ſo kindly given,
To the diſhonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he ſhould be free,
Us'd with reſpect, and not uneaſy be,
In my retreat, or to himſelf or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reaſon gave,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the leaſt ſwerving from their rule 's too much;
For what 's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.
That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, ſincere, and great;
I 'd chooſe two friends, whoſe company would be
A great advance to my felicity:
Well-born, of humours ſuited to my own,
Diſcreet, and men as well as books have known;

Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
From looſe behaviour, or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in diſcerning, and in judging right:
Secret they ſhould be, faithful to their truſt;
In reaſoning cool, ſtrong, temperate, and juſt:
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
Briſk in gay talking, and in ſober, grave:
Cloſe in diſpute, but not tenacious; try'd
By ſolid reaſon, and let that decide:
Not prone to luſt, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor buſy medlers with intrigues of ſtate:
Strangers to ſlander, and ſworn foes to ſpite;
Not quarrelſome, but ſtout enough to fight;
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæſar; true,
As dying martyrs, to their Maker too.
In their ſociety I could not miſs
A permanent, ſincere, ſubſtantial bliſs.
Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I 'd [chooſe
(For who would ſo much ſatisfaction loſe,
As witty nymphs, in converſation, give)
Near ſome obliging modeſt fair to live:
For there 's that ſweetneſs in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
That, by a ſecret, but a powerful art,
Winds up the ſpring of life, and does impart
Freſh vital heat to the tranſported heart.
I 'd have her reaſon all her paſſion ſway:
Eaſy in company, in private gay:
Coy to a fop, to the deſerving free;
Still conſtant to herſelf, and juſt to me.

Still

A ſoul ſhe ſhould have for great actions fit;
Prudence and wiſdom to direct her wit:
Courage to look bold danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or baſe;
Quick to adviſe, by an emergence preſt,
To give good counſel, or to take the beſt.
I 'd have th' expreſſion of her thoughts be ſuch,
She might not ſeem reſerv'd, nor talk too much:
That ſhews a want of judgment, and of ſenſe;
More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd;
Civil to ſtrangers, to her neighbours kind:
Averſe to vanity, revenge, and pride;
In all the methods of deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No cenſure might upon her actions fall:
Then would ev'n envy be compell'd to ſay,
She goes the leaſt of womankind aſtray.

To this fair creature I 'd ſometimes retire;
Her converſation would new joys inſpire;
Give life an edge ſo keen, no ſurly care
Would venture to aſſault my ſoul, or dare,
Near my retreat, to hide one ſecret ſnare.
But ſo divine, ſo noble a repaſt
I 'd ſeldom, and with moderation, taſte:
For higheſt cordials all their virtue loſe,
By a too frequent and too bold a uſe;
And what would cheer the ſpirits in diſtreſs,
Ruins our *health, when taken* to exceſs.

I 'd

I 'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er aſſiſtance I had power to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to ſerve my king,
Whene'er they call, I 'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counſel, or my ſword.
Law-ſuits I 'd ſhun, with as much ſtudious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who 'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge ſo dear a rate:
For what do we by all our buſtle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain?

If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I 'd in pleaſure, eaſe, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I 'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilſt I did for a better ſtate prepare.
Then I 'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But by a ſilent and a peaceful death,
Without a ſigh, reſign my aged breath.
And when committed to the duſt, I 'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave,
Then would my exit ſo propitious be,
All men would wiſh to live and die like me.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

A VISION.

THO' gloomy thoughts diſturb'd my anxious breaſt
All the long night, and drove away my reſt;
Juſt as the dawning day began to riſe,
A grateful ſlumber clos'd my waking eyes;
But active fancy to ſtrange regions flew,
And brought ſurprizing objects to my view.
Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,
The ſoft retreat of gods, when gods make love.
Each beauteous object my charm'd ſoul amaz'd,
And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd;
Nor knew which moſt delighted: all was fine;
The noble product of ſome Power Divine.
But as I travers'd the obliging ſhade,
Which myrtle, jeſſamine, and roſes, made.
I ſaw a perſon whoſe celeſtial face
At firſt declar'd her goddeſs of the place:
But I diſcover'd, when approaching near,
An aſpect full of beauty, but ſevere.
Bold and majeſtic; every awful look
Into my ſoul a ſecret horror ſtruck.
Advancing farther on, ſhe made a ſtand,
And beckon'd me; I, kneeling, kiſs'd her hand:
Then thus began——Bright Deity! (for ſo
You are, no mortals ſuch perfections know)

I may

I may intrude; but how I was convey'd
To this ſtrange place, or by what powerful aid,
I 'm wholly ignorant; nor know I more,
Or where I am, or whom I do adore.
Inſtruct me then, that I no longer may
In darkneſs ſerve the goddeſs I obey.
Youth! ſhe reply'd, this place belongs to one,
By whom you 'll be, and thouſands are undone.
Theſe pleaſant walks, and all theſe ſhady bowers,
Are in the government of dangerous powers.
Love 's the capricious maſter of this coaſt;
This fatal labyrinth, where fools are loſt.
I dwell not here amidſt theſe gaudy things,
Whoſe ſhort enjoyment no true pleaſure brings;
But have an empire of a nobler kind:
My regal ſeat 's in the celeſtial mind;
Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,
I rule, and make thoſe happy I command.
For, while I govern, all within 's at reſt;
No ſtormy paſſion revels in my breaſt:
But when my power is deſpicable grown,
And rebel appetites uſurp the throne,
The ſoul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys;
But all is tumult, and eternal noiſe.
Know, youth! I 'm Reaſon, which you 've oft deſpis'd;
I am that Reaſon, which you never priz'd:
And though my argument ſucceſsleſs prove,
(For Reaſon ſeems impertinence in love)
Yet I 'll not ſee my charge (for all mankind
Are to my guardianſhip by Heaven aſſign'd)

Into

Into the graſp of any ruin run,
That I can warn them of, and they may ſhun.
Fly, youth, theſe guilty ſhades; retreat in time,
Ere your miſtake 's converted to a crime:
For ignorance no longer can atone,
When once the error and the fault is known.
You thought perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,
Imprudently to value all that ſhines,
In theſe retirements freely to poſſeſs
True joy, and ſtrong ſubſtantial happineſs:
But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here,
In crowds, her tributary fops appear;
Who, blindly laviſh of their golden days,
Conſume them all in her fallacious ways.
Pert Love with her, by joint commiſſion, rules
In this capacious realm of idle fools;
Who, by falſe hearts, and popular deceits,
The careleſs, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.
'Tis eaſy to deſcend into the ſnare,
By the pernicious conduct of the fair;
But ſafely to return from this abode,
Requires the wit, the prudence of a god:
Though you, who have not taſted that delight,
Which only at a diſtance charms your ſight,
May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart:
Which loſt is ſubject to eternal ſmart.
Bright Delia's beauty, I muſt needs confeſs,
Is truly great; nor would I make it leſs:
That were to wrong her, where ſhe merits moſt;
But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coaſt.

And

And who would run, that 's moderately wise,
A certain danger, for a doubtful prize?
If you miscarry, you are loft ſo far
(For there 's no erring twice in love and war)
You 'll ne'er recover, but muſt always wear
Thoſe chains you 'll find it difficult to bear.
Delia has charms, I own; ſuch charms would move
Old age, and frozen impotence to love:
But do not venture, where ſuch danger lies;
Avoid the ſight of thoſe victorious eyes,
Whoſe poiſonous rays do to the ſoul impart
Delicious ruin, and a pleaſing ſmart.
You draw, inſenſibly, deſtruction near;
And love the danger, which you ought to fear.
If the light pains you labour under now,
Deſtroy your eaſe, and make your ſpirits bow;
You 'll find them much more grievous to be borne,
When heavier made by an imperious ſcorn:
Nor can you hope, ſhe will your paſſion hear
With ſofter notions, or a kinder ear,
Than thoſe of other ſwains; who always found,
She rather widen'd than clos'd up the wound.
But grant, ſhe ſhould indulge your flame, and give
Whate'er you 'd aſk, nay, all you can receive;
The ſhort-liv'd pleaſure would ſo quickly cloy,
Bring ſuch a weak, and ſuch a feeble joy,
You 'd have but ſmall encouragement to boaſt
The tinſel rapture worth the pains it coſt,
Conſider, Strephon, ſoberly of things,
What ſtrange inquietudes Love always brings!

The

The fooliſh fears, vain hopes, and jealouſies,
Which ſtill attend upon this fond diſeaſe:
How you muſt cringe and bow, ſubmit and whine;
Call every feature, every look, divine:
Command each ſentence with an humble ſmile;
Though nonſenſe, ſwear it is a heavenly ſtyle:
Servilely rail at all ſhe diſapproves;
And as ignobly flatter all ſhe loves:
Renounce your very ſenſe, and ſilent ſit,
While ſhe puts off impertinence for wit:
Like ſetting-dog, new whipp'd for ſpringing game,
You muſt be made, by due correction, tame.
But if you can endure the nauſeous rule
Of woman, do; love on, and be a fool.
You know the danger, your own methods uſe;
The good or evil 's in your power to chooſe:
But who 'd expect a ſhort and dubious bliſs
On the declining of a precipice;
Where if he ſlips, not fate itſelf can ſave
The falling wretch from an untimely grave?

Thou great directreſs of our minds, ſaid I,
We ſafely on your dictates may rely;
And that which you have now ſo kindly preſt,
Is true, and, without contradiction, beſt:
But with a ſteady ſentence to control
The heat and vigour of a youthful ſoul,
While gay temptations hover in our ſight,
And daily bring new objects of delight,
Which on us with ſurprizing beauty ſmile,
Is *difficult; but is a noble* toil.

The beſt may ſlip, and the moſt cautious fall;
He 's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.
And though fair Delia has my ſoul poſſeſt,
I 'll chace her bright idea from my breaſt,
At leaſt, I 'll make one eſſay. If I fail,
And Delia's charms o'er Reaſon do prevail,
I may be, ſure, from rigid cenſures free,
Love was my foe; and Love 's a deity.

Then ſhe rejoin'd; may you ſucceſsful prove,
In your attempt to curb impetuous Love:
Then will proud paſſion on her rightful throne,
You to yourſelf, I to my throne reſtor'd,
But to confirm your courage, and inſpire
Your reſolution with a bolder fire,
Follow me, youth! I 'll ſhew you that muſt move
Your ſoul to curſe the tyranny of Love.

Then ſhe convey'd me to a diſmal ſhade,
Which melancholy yew and cypreſs made;
Where I beheld an antiquated pile
Of rugged building in a narrow iſle;
The water round it gave a nauſeous ſmell,
Like vapours ſteeming from a ſulphurous cell.
The ruin'd wall, compos'd of ſtinking mud,
O'er-grown with hemlock, on ſupporters ſtood;
As did the roof, ungrateful to the view:
'T was both an hoſpital and bedlam too.
Before the entrance, mouldering bones were ſpread,
Some ſkeletons entire, ſome lately dead;
A little rubbiſh looſely ſcatter'd o'er
Their bodies uninterr'd, lay round the door.

No funeral rites to any here were paid,
But dead like dogs into the duſt convey'd.
From hence, by Reaſon's conduct, I was brought,
Through various turnings to a ſpacious vault,
Where I beheld, and 't was a mournful ſight,
Vaſt crowds of wretches all debarr'd from light,
But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had;
Which made the proſpect more amazing ſad.
Some wept, ſome rav'd, ſome muſically mad:
Some ſwearing loud, and others laughing: Some
Were always talking; others always dumb.
Here one, a dagger in his breaſt, expires,
And quenches with his blood his amorous fires:
There hangs a ſecond; and, not far remov'd,
A third lies poiſon'd, who falſe Celia lov'd.
All ſorts of madneſs, every kind of death,
By which unhappy mortals loſe their breath,
Were here expos'd before my wandering eyes,
The ſad effects of female treacheries;
Others I ſaw, who were not quite bereft
Of ſenſe, though very ſmall remains were left,
Curſing the fatal folly of their youth,
For truſting to perjurious woman's truth.
Theſe on the left.——Upon the right a view
Of equal horror, equal miſery too;
Amazing! all employ'd my troubled thoughts,
And, with new wonder, new averſion brought.
There I beheld a wretched, numerous throng
Of pale, lean mortals; ſome lay ſtretch'd along

On beds of ſtraw, diſconſolate and poor;
Others extended naked on the floor;
Exil'd from human pity, here they lie,
And know no end of miſery till they die,
But death, which comes in gay and proſperous dreſs
Too ſoon, in time of miſery delays.
These dreadful ſpectacles had ſo much power,
I vow'd, and ſolemnly, to love no more:
For ſure that flame is kindled from below,
Which breeds ſuch ſad variety of woe.
Then we deſcended, by ſome few degrees,
From this ſtupendous ſcene of miſeries;
Bold Reaſon brought me to another cave,
Dark as the inmoſt chambers of the grave.
Here, youth, ſhe cry'd, in the acuteſt pain,
Thoſe villains lie, who have their fathers ſlain,
Stabb'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to pleaſe
Ambitious, proud, revengeful miſtreſſes;
Who, after all their ſervices, preferr'd
Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd
Before thoſe wretches; who, deſpairing, dwell
In agonies no human tongue can tell.
Darkneſs prevents the too amazing ſight;
And you may bleſs the happy want of light.
But my tormented ears were fill'd with ſighs,
Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,
So very ſad I could endure no more;
Methought I felt the miſeries they bore.

Then

Then to my guide ſaid I, For pity now
Conduct me back; here I confirm my vow.
Which, if I dare infringe, be this my fate,
To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
The charms of beauty I 'll no more purſue:
Delia, farewell, farewell for ever too.
Then we return'd to the delightful grove;
Where Reaſon ſtill diſſuaded me from Love.
You ſee, ſhe cry'd, what miſery attends
On Love, and where too frequently it ends;
And let not that unweildy paſſion ſway
Your ſoul, which none but whining fools obey.
The maſculine, brave ſpirit ſcorns to own
The proud uſurper of my ſacred throne;
Nor with idolatrous devotion pays
To the falſe god, or ſacrifice, or praiſe.
The Syren's muſic charms the ſailor's ear;
But he is ruin'd if he ſtops to hear:
And, if you liſten, Love's harmonious voice
As much delights, as certainly deſtroys.
Ambroſia mix'd with Aconite may have
A pleaſant taſte, but ſends you to the grave:
For though the latent poiſon may be ſtill
A while, it very ſeldom fails to kill.
But who 'd partake the food of gods, to die
Within a day, or live in miſery?
Who 'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head
A poniard hung but by a ſingle thread *?

* The feaſt of Democles.

Love's banquets are extravagantly ſweet,
And either kill, or ſurfeit, all that eat;
Who, when the ſated appetite is tir'd,
E'en loath the thoughts of what they once admir'd.
You 've promis'd, Strephon, to forſake the charms
Of Delia, though ſhe courts you to her arms:
And ſure I may your reſolution truſt;
You 'll never want temptation, but be juſt.
Vows of this nature, youth, muſt not be broke;
You 're always bound, though 't is a gentle yoke.
Would men be wiſe, and my advice purſue,
Love's conqueſts would be ſmall, his triumphs few;
For nothing can oppoſe his tyranny,
With ſuch a proſpect of ſucceſs as I.
Me he deteſts, and from my preſence flies,
Who knows his arts, and ſtratagems deſpiſe,
By which he cancels mighty Wiſdom's rules,
To make himſelf the deity of fools:
Him dully they adore, him blindly ſerve,
Some while they 're ſots, and others while they ſtarve;
For thoſe who under his wild conduct go,
Either come coxcombs, or he makes them ſo;
His charms deprive, by their ſtrange influence,
The brave of courage, and the wiſe of ſenſe:
In vain philoſophy would ſet the mind
At liberty, if once by him confin'd:
The ſcholar's learning, and the poet's wit,
A while may ſtruggle, but at laſt ſubmit:
Well-weigh'd reſults and wiſe concluſions ſeem
But empty chat, impertinence to him;

His

His opiates ſeize ſo ſtrongly on the brain,
They make all prudent application vain:
If, therefore, you reſolve to live at eaſe,
To taſte the ſweetneſs of internal peace;
Would not for ſafety to a battle fly,
Or chooſe a ſhipwreck, if afraid to die;
Far from theſe pleaſurable ſhades remove,
And leave the fond, inglorious toil of Love.

This ſaid, ſhe vaniſh'd, and methought I foun
Myſelf tranſported to a riſing ground;
From whence I did a pleaſant vale ſurvey,
Large was the proſpect, beautiful, and gay,
There I beheld th' apartments of delight,
Whoſe curious forms oblig'd the wondering ſight;
Some in full view upon the champain plac'd,
With lofty walls and cooling ſtreams embrac'd:
Others, in ſhady groves, retir'd from noiſe,
The ſeat of private and exalted joys.
At a great diſtance I perceiv'd there ſtood
A ſtately building in a ſpacious wood,
Whoſe gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads
High in the air, to view the neighbouring meads,
Where vulgar lovers ſpend their happy days,
In ruſtic dancing, and delightful plays.
But while I gaz'd with admiration round,
I heard from far cœleſtial muſic ſound:
So ſoft, ſo moving, ſo harmonious, all
The artful charming notes did riſe and fall;
My ſoul, tranſported with the graceful airs,
Shook off the preſſures of its former fears;

I felt afreſh the little god begin
To ſtir himſelf, and gentle move within.
Then I repented I had vow'd no more
To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.
Why am I now condemn'd to baniſhment,
And made an exile, by my own conſent?
I ſighing cry'd, why ſhould I live in pain
Thoſe fleeting hours which ne'er return again?
O Delia! what can wretched Strephon do?
Inhuman to himſelf, and falſe to you!
'T is true, I 've promis'd Reaſon to remove
From theſe retreats, and quit bright Delia's love;
But is not Reaſon partially unkind?
Are all her votaries, like me, confin'd?
Muſt none, that under her dominion live,
To Love and Beauty veneration give?
Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace
With a majeſtic mien, and charming face?
Why did ſhe give her that ſurprizing air;
Make her ſo gay, ſo witty, and ſo fair;
Miſtreſs of all that can affection move,
If Reaſon will not ſuffer us to love?
But, ſince it muſt be ſo, I 'll haſte away;
'T is fatal to return, and death to ſtay.
From you, bleſt ſhades! (if I may call you ſo
Inculpable) with mighty pain I go:
Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here;
I may find ſafety, but I buy it dear.
Then turning round, I ſaw a beauteous boy,
Such as of old were meſſengers of joy.

Who

Who art thou, or from whence? if ſent, ſaid I,
To me, my haſte requires a quick reply.
I come, he cry'd, from yon cœleſtial grove,
Where ſtands the temple of the God of Love;
With whoſe important favour you are grac'd,
And juſtly in his high protection plac'd:
Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god,
Whoſe ſceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod:
That god, to whom the haughty and the proud,
The bold, the braveſt, nay, the beſt, have bow'd:
That god, whom all the leſſer gods adore;
Firſt in exiſtence, and the firſt in power.
From him I come, on embaſſy divine,
To tell thee, Delia, Delia may be thine;
To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay;
Delia, the young, the lovely, and the gay.
If you dare puſh your fortune, if you dare
But be reſolv'd, and preſs the yielding fair,
Succeſs and glory will your labours crown;
For Fate does rarely on the valiant frown.
But, were you ſure to be unkindly us'd,
Boldly receiv'd, and ſcornfully refus'd;
He greater glory and more fame obtains,
Who loſes Delia, than who Phyllis gains.
But, to prevent all fears that may ariſe,
(Though fears ne'er move the daring and the wiſe)
In the dark volumes of eternal doom,
Where all things paſt, and preſent, and to come,
Are writ, I ſaw theſe words—"It is decreed,
"That Strephon's love to Delia ſhall ſucceed."

What

What would you more? While youth and vigour last,
Love, and be happy; they decline too fast.
In youth alone you 're capable to prove
The mighty tranſports of a generous love:
For dull old-age, with fumbling labour, climbs
Before the bliſs, or gives but wither'd joys.
Youth 's the beſt time for action mortals have;
That paſt, they touch the confines of the grave.
Now, if you hope to lie in Delia's arms,
To die in raptures, or diſſolve in charms,
Quick to the bliſsful, happy manſion fly,
Where all is one continu'd extaſy.
Delia impatiently expects you there:
And ſure you will not diſappoint the fair.
None but the impotent or old would ſtay,
When Love invites, and Beauty calls away.

Oh! you convey, ſaid I, dear charming boy,
Into my ſoul a ſtrange diſorder'd joy.
I would, but dare not, your advice purſue;
I 've promis'd Reaſon, and I muſt be true,
Reaſon 's the rightful empreſs of the ſoul;
Does all exhorbitant deſires controul;
Checks every wild excurſion of the mind,
By her wiſe dictates happily confin'd:
And he that will not her commands obey,
Leaves a ſafe convoy in a dangerous ſea.
True, I love Delia to a vaſt exceſs,
But I muſt try to make my paſſion leſs:
Try if I can, if poſſible, I will,
For I have vow'd, and muſt that vow fulfil.

Oh! had I not, with what a vigorous flight
Could I purſue the quarries of delight!
How could I preſs fair Delia in theſe arms,
Till I diſſolv'd in love, and ſhe in charms!
But now no more muſt I her beauties view;
Yet tremble at her thoughts to leave her too.
What would I give, I might my flame allow!
But 'tis forbid by Reaſon, and a vow;
Two mighty obſtacles: though Love of old
Has broke through greater, ſtronger powers control'd.
Should I offend, by high example taught,
'T would not be an inexpiable fault,
The crimes of malice have found grace above,
And ſure kind Heaven will ſpare the crimes of Love.
Could'ſt thou, my angel, but inſtruct me how
I might be happy, and not break my vow;
Or, by ſome ſubtle art, diſſolve the chain;
You 'd ſoon revive my dying hopes again.
Reaſon and Love, I know, could ne'er agree;
Both would command, and both ſuperior be.
Reaſon 's ſupported by the ſinewy force
Of ſolid argument, and wiſe diſcourſe:
But Love pretends to uſe no other arms
Than ſoft impreſſions, and perſuaſive charms.
One muſt be diſobey'd; and ſhall I prove
A rebel to my Reaſon, or to Love?
But then, ſuppoſe I ſhould my flame purſue,
Delia may be unkind, and faithleſs too;
Reject my paſſion with a proud diſdain,
And ſcorn the love of ſuch an humble ſwain:

Than

Then ſhould I labour under mighty grief,
Beyond all hopes or proſpect of relief.
So that, methinks, 't is ſafer to obey
Right Reaſon, though ſhe bears a rugged ſway,
Than Love's ſoft rule, whoſe ſubjects undergo,
Early or late, too ſad a ſhare of woe.
Can I ſo ſoon forget that wretched crew,
Reaſon juſt now expos'd before my view?
If Delia ſhould be cruel, I muſt be
A ſad partaker of their miſery.
But your encouragements ſo ſtrongly move,
I 'm almoſt tempted to purſue my love:
For ſure no treacherous deſigns ſhould dwell
In one that argues and perſuades ſo well;
For what could Love by my deſtruction gain?
Love 's an immortal god, and I a ſwain;
And ſure I may without ſuſpicion truſt
A god, for gods can never be unjuſt.

Right you conclude, reply'd the ſmiling boy;
Love ruins none, 't is men themſelves deſtroy:
And thoſe vile wretches which you lately ſaw,
Tranſgreſs'd his rules, as well as Reaſon's law.
They 're not Love's ſubjects, but the ſlaves of Luſt;
Nor is their puniſhment ſo great as juſt.
For Love and Luſt eſſentially divide,
Like day and night, Humility and Pride;
One darkneſs hides, t' other does always ſhine;
This of infernal make, and that divine.
Reaſon no generous paſſion does oppoſe;
'T is Luſt (not Love) and Reaſon that are foes.

ds you ſcorn a baſe inglorious flame,
as the gloomy ſhade from whence it came:
; her precepts ſhould obedience find;
ours is not of that ignoble kind.
r in thinking ſhe would diſapprove
rave purſuit of honourable love:
herefore judge what 's harmleſs an offence;
her meaning, and miſtake her ſenſe.
uld not ſuch inſipid counſel give,
t to love at all; 'tis not to live;
where bright virtue and true beauty lies,
hat in Delia, charming Delia's eyes.
you contented ſee th' angelic maid
l Alexis' dull embraces laid?
igh-hewn Tityrus poſſeſs thoſe charms,
h are in heaven, the heaven of Delia's arms?
ler, youth, what tranſport you forego,
oſt intire felicity below;
h is by fate alone reſerv'd for you:
rchs have been deny'd; for monarchs ſue.
't is difficult to gain the prize;
would be cheap and low in noble eyes:
ere is one ſoft minute, when the mind
unguarded, waiting to be kind;
h the wiſe lover underſtanding right,
in like day upon the wings of light.
rge your vow, but can thoſe vows prevail,
e firſt foundation and whoſe reaſon fail?
ow'd to leave fair Delia; but you thought
paſſion was a crime, your flame a fault.

But

But ſince your judgment err'd, it has no force
To bind at all, but is diſſolv'd of courſe;
And therefore heſitate no longer here,
But baniſh all the dull remains of fear.
Dare you be happy, youth? but dare, and be;
I 'll be your convoy to the charming ſhe.
What! ſtill irreſolute? debating ſtill?
View her, and then forſake her if you will.
I 'll go, ſaid I; once more I 'll venture all;
'T is brave to periſh by a noble fall.
Beauty no mortal can reſiſt; and Jove
Laid by his grandeur, to indulge his love.
Reaſon, if I do err, my crime forgive;
Angels alone without offending live.
I go aſtray but as the wiſe have done;
And act a folly which they did not ſhun.
Then we, deſcending to a ſpacious plain,
Were ſoon ſaluted by a numerous train
Of happy lovers, who conſum'd their hours,
With conſtant jollity, in ſhady bowers.
There I beheld the bleſt variety
Of joy, from all corroding troubles free;
Each follow'd his own fancy to delight;
Though all went different ways, yet all went right.
None err'd, or miſs'd the happineſs he ſought;
Love to one centre every twining brought.
We paſs'd through numerous pleaſant fields and glad
by murmuring fountains, and by peaceful ſhades;
Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,
Where mighty Love's immortal temple ſtood;

Round the cœleſtial fane, in goodly rows,
And beauteous order, amorous myrtle grows;
Beneath whoſe ſhade expecting lovers wait
For the kind minute of indulgent fate:
Each had his guardian Cupid, whoſe chief care,
By ſecret motions, was to warm the fair;
To kindle eager longings for the joy;
To move the ſlow, and to incline the coy.
The glorious fabric charm'd my wondering ſight;
Of vaſt extent, and of prodigious height:
The caſe was marble, but the poliſh'd ſtone
With ſuch an admirable luſtre ſhone,
As if ſome architect divine had ſtrove
T' outdo the palace of imperial Jove;
The ponderous gates of maſſy gold were made,
With di'monds of a mighty ſize inlaid;
Here ſtood the winged guards, in order plac'd,
With ſhining darts and golden quivers grac'd:
As we approach'd, they clapp'd their joyful wings,
And cry'd aloud, Tune, tune your warbling ſtrings;
The grateful youth is come, to ſacrifice
At Delia's altar to bright Delia's eyes:
With harmony divine his ſoul inſpire,
That he may boldly touch the ſacred fire;
And ye that wait upon the bluſhing fair,
Cœleſtial incenſe and perfumes prepare;
While our great god her panting boſom warms,
Refines her beauties, and improves her charms.
Entering the ſpacious dome, my raviſh'd eyes
A wondrous ſcene of glory did ſurprize:

The

The riches, ſymmetry, and brightneſs, all
Did equally for admiration call;
But the deſcription is a labour fit
For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.

Amidſt the temple was an altar made
Of ſolid gold, where adoration 's paid;
Here I perform'd the uſual rites with fear,
Not daring boldly to approach too near;
Till from the god a ſmiling Cupid came,
And bid me touch the conſecrated flame:
Which done, my guide my eager ſteps convey'd
To the apartment of the beauteous maid.
Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,
On pedeſtals of poliſh'd marble plac'd,
By it her guardian Cupid always ſtands,
Who troops of miſſionary Loves commands:
To him, with ſoft addreſſes all repair:
Each for his captive humbly begs the fair:
Though ſtill in vain they importun'd; for he
Would give encouragement to none but me.
There ſtands the youth, he cry'd, muſt take a bliſs,
The lovely Delia can be none but his:
Fate has ſelected him; and mighty Love
Confirms below what that decrees above.
Then preſs no more; there 's not another ſwain
On earth, but Strephon, can bright Delia gain.
Kneel, youth, and with a grateful mind renew
Your vows; ſwear you 'll eternally be true.
But if you dare be falſe, dare perjur'd prove,
You 'll find, in ſure revenge, affronted Love
As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove.

He

Hear me, ye gods, ſaid I, now hear me ſwear,
By all that 's ſacred, and by all that 's fair!
If I prove falſe to Delia, let me fall
The common obloquy, condemn'd by all!
Let me the utmoſt of your vengeance try;
Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die!
Then he expos'd the lovely ſleeping maid,
Upon a couch of new-blown roſes laid.
The bluſhing colour in her cheeks expreſs'd
What tender thoughts inſpir'd her heaving breaſt.
Sometimes a ſigh half-ſmother'd ſtole away;
Then ſhe would Strephon, charming Strephon, ſay;
Sometimes ſhe, ſmiling, cry'd, You love 'tis true;
But will you always, and be faithful too?
Ten thouſand graces play'd about her face;
Ten thouſand charms attending every grace:
Each admirable feature did impart
A ſecret rapture to my throbbing heart.
The nymph * impriſon'd in the brazen tower,
When Jove deſcended in a golden ſhower,
Leſs beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes
Brought down that god from the neglected ſkies.
So moving, ſo tranſporting was the ſight;
So much a goddeſs Delia ſeem'd, ſo bright;
My raviſh'd ſoul, with ſecret wonder fraught,
Lay all diſſolv'd in extaſy of thought.
Long time I gaz'd: but, as I trembling drew
Nearer, to make a more obliging view,
It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noiſe
Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys.

* Danae.

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

AS Strephon, in a wither'd cypreſs ſhade,
For anxious thought and ſighing lovers made,
Revolving lay upon his wretched ſtate,
And the hard uſage of too partial Fate;
Thus the ſad youth complain'd: Once happy ſwain,
Now the moſt abject ſhepherd of the plain!
Where 's that harmonious concert of delights,
Thoſe peaceful days, and pleaſurable nights,
That generous mirth and noble jollity,
Which gaily made the dancing minutes flee?
Diſpers'd and baniſh'd from my troubled breaſt;
Nor leave me one ſhort interval of reſt.
Why do I proſecute a hopeleſs flame,
And play in torment ſuch a loſing game?
All things conſpire to make my ruin ſure:
When wounds are mortal, they admit no cure.
But Heaven ſometimes does a miraculous thing,
When our laſt hope is juſt upon the wing;
And in a moment drives thoſe clouds away,
Whoſe ſullen darkneſs hid a glorious day.
Why was I born, or why do I ſurvive;
To be made wretched only, kept alive?
Fate is too cruel in the harſh decree,
That I muſt live, yet live in miſery.
Are all its pleaſing happy moments gone?
Muſt Strephon be unfortunate alone?

On

On other ſwains it laviſhly beſtows;
On them each nymph neglected favour throws:
They meet compliance ſtill in every face,
And lodge their paſſions in a kind embrace;
Obtaining from the ſoft incurious maid
True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.
Succeſs on Mævius always does attend;
Inconſtant fortune is his conſtant friend:
He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit;
And owes the victory to chance, not wit.
But, let him conquer ere one blow he ſtruck;
I 'd not be Mævius, to have Mævius's luck.
Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains
For all the trophies purring Mævius gains;
But rather ſtill live Delia 's ſlave, than be
Like Mævius ſilly, and like Mævius free.
But he is happy loves the common road;
And, pack-horſe like, jogs on beneath his load.
If Phillis peeviſh or unkind does prove,
It ne'er diſturbs his grave mechanic love.
A little joy his languid flame contents,
And makes him eaſy under all events.
But when a paſſion 's noble and ſublime,
And higher ſtill would every moment climb;
If 't is accepted with a juſt return,
The fire 's immortal, will for ever burn;
And with ſuch raptures fills the lover's breaſt,
That ſaints in paradiſe are ſcarce more bleſt.
But I lament my miſeries in vain;
For Delia hears me, pitileſs, complain.

Suppoſe ſhe pities, and believes me true,
What ſatisfaction can from thence accrue,
Unleſs her pity makes her love me too?
Perhaps ſhe loves ('t is but perhaps, I fear,
For that's a bleſſing can't be bought too dear)
If ſhe has ſcruples that oppoſe her will,
I muſt, alas! be miſerable ſtill.
Though, if ſhe loves, thoſe ſcruples ſoon will fly
Before the reaſoning of the Deity:
For, where Love enters, he will rule alone,
And ſuffer no copartner in his throne;
And thoſe falſe arguments that would repel
His high injunctions, teach us to rebel.
What method can poor Strephon then propound,
To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound,
If ſhe, who guided the vexatious dart,
Reſolves to cheriſh and increaſe the ſmart?
Go, youth, from theſe unhappy plains remove,
Leave the purſuit of unſucceſsful love:
Go, and to foreign ſwains thy griefs relate,
Tell them the cruelty of frowning Fate;
Tell them the noble charms of Delia's mind,
Tell them how fair, but tell them how unkind.
And when few years thou haſt in ſorrow ſpent
(For ſure they cannot be of large extent);
In prayers for her thou lov'ſt, reſign thy breath,
And bleſs the minute gives thee eaſe and death.
Here paus'd the ſwain—when Delia driving by
Her bleating flock to ſome freſh paſture nigh,

By Love directed, did her ſteps convey
Where Strephon, wrapp'd in ſilent ſorrow, lay,
As ſoon as he perceiv'd the beauteous maid,
He roſe to meet her, and thus, trembling, ſaid:
When humble ſuppliants would the gods appeaſe,
And in ſevere afflictions beg for eaſe,
With conſtant importunity they ſue,
And their petitions every day renew;
Grow ſtill more earneſt as they are deny'd,
Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untry'd,
Till Heaven thoſe bleſſings they enjoy'd before,
Not only does return, but gives them more.
O, do not blame me, Delia! if I preſs
So much, and with impatience, for redreſs.
My ponderous griefs no eaſe my ſoul allow;
For they are next t' intolerable now:
How ſhall I then ſupport them, when they grow
To an exceſs, to a diſtracting woe?
Since you 're endow'd with a celeſtial mind,
Relieve like Heaven, and like the gods be kind.
Did you perceive the torments I endure,
Which you firſt caus'd, and you alone can cure,
They would your virgin ſoul to pity move,
And pity may at laſt be chang'd to love.
Some ſwains, I own, impoſe upon the fair,
And lead th' incautious maid into a ſnare;
But let them ſuffer for their perjury,
And do not puniſh others crimes with me.
If there 's *ſo many of* our ſex untrue,
Yours ſhould more kindly uſe the faithful few;

Though innocence too oft incurs the fate
Of guilt, and clears itſelf ſometimes too late.
Your nature is to tenderneſs inclin'd;
And why to me, to me alone unkind?
A common love, by other perſons ſhewn,
Meets with a full return; but mine has none:
Nay, ſcarce believ'd, though from deceit as free
As angels flames can for archangels be.
A paſſion feign'd, at no repulſe is griev'd,
And values little if it ben't receiv'd:
But, love ſincere reſents the ſmalleſt ſcorn,
And the unkindneſs does in ſecret mourn.
Sometimes I pleaſe myſelf, and think you are
Too good to make me wretched by deſpair:
That tenderneſs, which in your ſoul is plac'd,
Will move you to compaſſion ſure at laſt.
But, when I come to take a ſecond view
Of my own merits, I deſpond of you:
For what can Delia, beauteous Delia, ſee,
To raiſe in her the leaſt eſteem for me:
I 've nought that can encourage my addreſs;
My fortune 's little, and my worth is leſs:
But, if a love of the ſublimeſt kind
Can make impreſſion on a generous mind;
If all has real value that 's divine,
There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.
Perhaps you pity me; I know you muſt,
And my affection can no more diſtruſt:
But what, alas! will helpleſs pity do?
You pity, but you may deſpiſe me too.

Still

Still I am wretched if no more you give,
The ſtarving orphan can't on pity live:
He muſt receive the food for which he cries,
Or he conſumes; and, though much pity'd, dies.
My torments ſtill do with my paſſion grow;
The more I love, the more I undergo.
But ſuffer me no longer to remain
Beneath the preſſure of ſo vaſt a pain.
My wound requires ſome ſpeedy remedy:
Delays are fatal, when deſpair is nigh.
Much I 've endur'd, much more than I can tell;
Too much, indeed, for one that loves ſo well.
When will the end of all my ſorrows be?
Can you not love? I 'm ſure you pity me.
But, if I muſt new miſeries ſuſtain,
And be condemn'd to more and ſtronger pain,
I 'll not accuſe you, ſince my fate is ſuch,
I pleaſe too little, and I love too much.

Strephon, no more; the bluſhing Delia ſaid,
Excuſe the conduct of a timorous maid:
Now I 'm convinc'd your love 's ſublime and true,
Such as I always wiſh'd to find in you.
Each kind expreſſion, every tender thought,
A mighty tranſport in my boſom wrought:
And though in ſecret I your flame approv'd,
I ſigh'd, and griev'd, but durſt not own I lov'd.
Though now—O Strephon! be ſo kind to gueſs,
What ſhame will not allow me confeſs.

The youth, encompaſs'd with a joy ſo bright,
Had hardly ſtrength to bear the vaſt delight.

By too ſublime an extaſy poſſeſt,
He trembled, gaz'd, and claſp'd her to his breaſt;
Ador'd the nymph that did his pain remove,
Vow'd endleſs truth, and everlaſting love.

STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA JUSTIFIED.

IN AN EPISTLE TO CELADON.

ALL men have follies which they blindly trace
Through the dark turnings of a dubious maze.
But happy thoſe, who, by a prudent care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious ſnare.
The eldeſt ſons of Wiſdom were not free
From the ſame failure you condemn in me:
They lov'd, and, by that glorious paſſion led,
Forgot what Plato and themſelves had ſaid.
Love triumph'd o'er thoſe dull, pedantic rules,
They had collected from the wrangling ſchools,
And made them to his noble ſway ſubmit,
In ſpite of all their learning, art, and wit:
Their grave, ſtarch'd morals, then unuſeful prov'd;
Theſe duſty characters he ſoon remov'd;
For, when his ſhining ſquadrons came in view,
Their boaſted reaſon murmur'd, and withdrew;
Unable to oppoſe their mighty force
With phlegmatic reſolves, and dry diſcourſe.
If, as the wiſeſt of the wiſe have err'd,
I go aſtray, and am condemn'd unheard;
My faults you too ſeverely reprehend,
More like a rigid cenſor than a friend.

Love

Love is the monarch paſſion of the mind,
Knows no ſuperior, by no laws confin'd,
But triumphs ſtill, impatient of control,
O'er all the proud endowments of the ſoul.
You own'd my Delia, friend, divinely fair,
When in the bud her native beauties were;
Your praiſe did then her early charms confeſs,
Yet you 'd perſuade me to adore her leſs.
You but the non-age of her beauty ſaw,
But might from thence ſublime ideas draw,
And what ſhe is, by what ſhe was, conclude;
For now ſhe governs thoſe ſhe then ſubdued.
Her aſpect noble and mature is grown,
And every charm in its full vigour known.
There we may wondering view, diſtinctly writ,
The lines of goodneſs, and the marks of wit:
Each feature, emulous of pleaſing moſt,
Does juſtly ſome peculiar ſweetneſs boaſt;
And her compoſure 's of ſo fine a frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.
When the immortal Beauties of the ſkies
Contended naked for the golden prize,
The apple had not fall'n to Venus' ſhare,
Had I been Paris, and my Delia there;
In whom alone we all their graces find,
The moving gaiety of Venus, join'd
With Juno's aſpect, and Minerva's mind.
View both thoſe nymphs whom other ſwains adore,
You 'll value charming Delia ſtill the more.

Dorinda's

Dorinda's mien 's majeſtic, but her mind
Is to revenge and peeviſhneſs inclin'd:
Myrtylla 's fair; and yet Myrtylla 's proud:
Chloe has wit; but noiſy, vain, and loud:
Melania doats upon the fillyeſt things;
And yet Melania like an angel ſings.
But in my Delia all endowments meet,
All that is juſt, agreeable, or ſweet;
All that can praiſe and admiration move,
All that the wiſeſt and the braveſt love.
In all diſcourſe ſhe 's appoſite and gay,
And ne'er wants ſomething pertinent to ſay;
For, if the ſubject 's of a ſerious kind,
Her thoughts are manly, and her ſenſe refin'd;
But if divertive, her expreſſion 's fit,
Good language, join'd with inoffenſive wit;
So cautious always, that ſhe ne'er affords
An idle thought the charity of words.
The vices common to her ſex can find
No room, ev'en in the ſuburbs of her mind;
Concluding wiſely ſhe 's in danger ſtill,
From the mere neighbourhood of induſtrious ill.
Therefore at diſtance keeps the ſubtle foe,
Whoſe near approach would formidable grow;
While the unwary virgin is undone,
And meets the miſery which ſhe ought to ſhun.
Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay;
But let true judgment and right reaſon ſway;
Modeſtly bold, and quick to apprehend;
Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.

Her darts are keen, but level'd with ſuch care,
They ne'er fall ſhort, and ſeldom fly too far:
For when ſhe raillies 't is with ſo much art,
We bluſh with pleaſure, and with rapture ſmart.
O, Celadon! you would my flame approve,
Did you but hear her talk of love.
That tender paſſion to her fancy brings
The prettieſt notions, and the ſofteſt things;
Which are by her ſo movingly expreſt,
They fill with extaſy my throbbing breaſt.
'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart
Their native glories unimprov'd by art:
By what ſhe ſays I meaſure things above,
And gueſs the language of ſeraphic love.
To the cool boſom of a peaceful ſhade,
By ſome wild beech or lofty poplar made,
When evening comes, we ſecretly repair
To breathe in private, and unbend our care:
And while our flocks in fruitful paſtures feed,
Some well-deſign'd, inſtructive poem read;
Where uſeful morals, with ſoft numbers join'd,
At once delight and cultivate the mind:
Which are by her to more perfection brought,
By wiſe remarks upon the poet's thought;
So well ſhe knows the ſtamp of eloquence,
The empty ſound of words from ſolid ſenſe.
The florid fuſtian of a rhyming ſpark,
Whoſe random arrow ne'er comes near the mark,
Can't on her judgment be impos'd, and paſs
For ſtandard gold, when 't is but gilded braſs.

Oft in the walks of an adjacent grove,
Where firſt we mutually engag'd to love,
She ſmiling aſk'd me, Whether I 'd prefer
An humble cottage on the plains with her,
Before the pompous building of the great;
And find content in that inferior ſtate?
Said I, The queſtion you propoſe to me,
Perhaps a matter of debate might be,
Were the degrees of my affection leſs
Than burning martyrs to the gods expreſs.
In you I 've all I can deſire below,
That earth can give me, or the gods beſtow;
And, bleſt with you, I know not where to find
A ſecond choice, you take up all my mind.
I 'd not forſake that dear, delightful plain,
Where charming Delia, Love and Delia reign,
For all the ſplendor that a court can give,
Where gaudy fools and buſy ſtateſmen live.
Though youthful Paris, when his birth was known
(Too fatally related to a throne)
Forſook Oenone, and his rural ſports,
For dangerous greatneſs, and tumultuous courts;
Yet Fate ſhould ſtill offer its power in vain;
For what is power to ſuch an humble ſwain?
I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,
Though half the globe ſhould be aſſign'd my ſhare.
And would you have me, friend, reflect again,
Become the baſeſt and the worſt of men?
O, do not urge me, Celadon; forbear;
I cannot leave her, ſhe 's too charming fair!

So

Should I your counſel in this caſe purſue,
You might ſuſpect me for a villain too:
For ſure that perjur'd wretch can never prove
Juſt to his friend, who 's faithleſs to his love.

EPISTLE TO DELIA.

AS thoſe who hope hereafter heaven to ſhare,
A rigorous exile here can calmly bear,
And, with collected ſpirits, undergo
The ſad variety of pain below;
Yet, with intenſe reflections, antedate
The mighty raptures of a future ſtate;
While the bright proſpect of approaching joy
Creates a bliſs no trouble can deſtroy:
So, though I 'm toſs'd by giddy Fortune's hand,
Ev'n to the confines of my native land;
Where I can hear the ſtormy ocean roar,
And break its waves upon the foaming ſhore:
Though from my Delia baniſh'd; all that 's dear,
That 's good, or beautiful, or charming here:
Yet flattering hopes encourage me to live,
And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give;
That the dark treaſury of times contains
A glorious day, will finiſh all my pains:
And, while I contemplate on joys to come,
My griefs are ſilent, and my ſorrows dumb.
Believe me, nymph, believe me, charming fair,
(*When truth 's conſpicuous*, we need not ſwear;

Oaths

Oaths will ſuppoſe a diffidence in you,
That I am falſe, my flame fictitious too;
Were I condemn'd by Fate's imperial power,
Ne'er to return to your embraces more,
I 'd ſcorn whate'er the buſy world could give;
'T would be the worſt of miſeries to live:
For all my wiſhes and deſires purſue,
All I admire, or covet here, is you.
Were I poſſeſs'd of your ſurprizing charms,
And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms;
Then would my joys aſcend to that degree,
Could angels envy, they would envy me.
Oft, as I wander in a ſilent ſhade,
When bold vexations would my ſoul invade,
I baniſh the rough thought, and none purſue,
But what inclines my willing mind to you.
The ſoft reflections on your ſacred love,
Like ſovereign antidotes, all cares remove;
Compoſing every faculty to reſt,
They leave a grateful flavour in my breaſt.
Retir'd ſometimes into a lonely grove,
I think o'er all the ſtories of our love.
What mighty pleaſure have I oft poſſeſs'd,
When, in a maſculine embrace, I preſs
The lovely Delia to my heaving breaſt!
Then I remember, and with vaſt delight,
The kind expreſſions of the parting night:
Methought the ſun too quick return'd again,
And day ſeem'd ne'er impertinent till then.

Strong

; and contracted was our eager bliſs;
e of pleaſure in each generous kiſs:
of delight in moments we compriz'd;
eaven itſelf was there epitomiz'd.
, when the glories of the eaſtern light
ow'd the twinkling tapers of the night;
ell, my Delia, O farewell! ſaid I,
tmoſt period of my time is nigh:
ruel Fate forbids my longer ſtay,
vretched Strephon is compell'd away.
hough I muſt my native plains forego,
ce theſe fields, forſake my Delia too;
ange of fortune ſhall for ever move
ettled baſe of my immortal love.
d muſt my Strephon, muſt my faithful ſwain,
c'd, you cry'd, to a remoter plain!
arling of my ſoul ſo ſoon remov'd!
nly valued, and the beſt belov'd!
gh other ſwains to me themſelves addreſs'd,
ion was ſtill diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
nd inſipid all their courtſhip ſeem'd;
themſelves, their paſſions leſs, eſteem'd:
y averſion with their flames increas'd,
none but Strephon partial Delia pleas'd.
gh I 'm depriv'd of my kind ſhepherd's ſight,
f the day, and bleſſing of the night;
vill you, Strephon, will you love me ſtill?
ver, flatter me and ſay you will.
hould you entertain a rival love;
d you unkind to me, or faithleſs prove;

No mortal e'er could half ſo wretched be:
For ſure no mortal ever lov'd like me.
Your beauty, nymph, ſaid I, my faith ſecures;
Thoſe you once conquer, muſt be always yours:
For, hearts ſubdued by your victorious eyes,
No force can ſtorm, no ſtratagem ſurprize;
Nor can I of captivity complain,
While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.
The Cyprian queen, in young Adonis' arms,
Might fear, at leaſt, he would deſpiſe her charms;
But I can never ſuch a monſter prove,
To ſlight the bleſſings of my Delia's love.
Would thoſe who at celeſtial tables ſit,
Bleſt with immortal wine, immortal wit;
Chooſe to deſcend to ſome inferior board,
Which nought but ſcum and nonſenſe can afford?
Nor can I e'er to thoſe gay nymphs addreſs,
Whoſe pride is greater, and whoſe charms are leſs:
Their tinſel beauty may, perhaps, ſubdue
A gaudy coxcomb, or a fulſome beau;
But ſeem at beſt indifferent to me,
Who none but you with admiration ſee.
Now, would the rolling orbs obey my will,
I 'd make the ſun a ſecond time ſtand ſtill,
And to the lower world their light repay,
When conquering Joſhua robb'd them of a day:
Though our two ſouls would different paſſions prove;
His was a thirſt of glory, mine of love.
It will not be; the ſun makes haſte to riſe,
And take poſſeſſion of the eaſtern ſkies;

Yet

Yet one more kiſs, though millions are too few;
And, Delia, ſince we muſt, muſt part, adieu.
As Adam, by an injur'd Maker driven
From Eden's groves, the vicinage of Heaven;
Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
The harſh impreſſions of a ruder air;
With mighty ſorrow, and with weeping eyes,
Look'd back, and mourn'd the loſs of paradiſe:
With a concern like his did I review
My native plains, my charming Delia too;
For I left paradiſe in leaving you.
If, as I walk, a pleaſant ſhade I find,
It brings your fair idea to my mind:
Such was the happy place, I, ſighing, ſay,
Where I and Delia, lovely Delia, lay;
When firſt I did my tender thoughts impart,
And made a grateful preſent of my heart.
Or, if my friend, in his apartment, ſhews
Some piece of Van Dyck's, or of Angelo's,
In which the artiſt has, with wondrous care,
Deſcrib'd the face of one exceeding fair;
Though, at firſt ſight, it may my paſſion raiſe,
And every feature I admire and praiſe;
Yet ſtill, methinks, upon a ſecond view,
'Tis not ſo beautiful, ſo fair as you.
If I converſe with thoſe whom moſt admit
To have a ready, gay, vivacious, wit;
They want ſome amiable, moving grace,
Some turn of fancy that my Delia has:

For ten good thoughts amongſt the crowd they meet,
Methinks ten thouſand are impertinent.
Let other ſhepherds, that are prone to range,
With each caprice, their giddy humours change,
They from variety leſs joys receive,
Than you alone are capable to give.
Nor will I envy thoſe ill-judging ſwains
(What they enjoy 's the refuſe of the plains).
If, for my ſhare of happineſs below,
Kind Heaven upon me Delia would beſtow;
Whatever bleſſings it can give beſide,
Let all mankind among themſelves divide.

A PASTORAL ESSAY ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY, ANNO 1694.

AS gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd
A wandering lamb, which from the flocks had ſtray'd,
Beneath a mournful cypreſs ſhade he found
Coſmelia weeping on the dewy ground.
Amaz'd, with eager haſte he ran to know
The fatal cauſe of her intemperate woe;
And, claſping her to his impatient breaſt,
In theſe ſoft words his tender care expreſt.

STREPHON.

Why mourns my dear Coſmelia? Why appears
My life, my ſoul, diſſolv'd in briny tears?
Has ſome fierce tiger thy lov'd heifer ſlain,
While I was wandering on the neighbouring plain?
Or, has ſome greedy wolf devour'd thy ſheep?
What ſad misfortune makes Coſmelia weep?

Speak,

Speak, that I may prevent thy grief's increaſe,
Partake thy ſorrows, or reſtore thy peace.

COSMELIA.

Do you not hear from far that mournful bell?
'Tis for——I cannot the ſad tidings tell.
Oh, whither are my fainting ſpirits fled;
'Tis for Cæleſtia—Strephon, Oh—She 's dead!
The brighteſt nymph, the princeſs of the plain,
By an untimely dart, untimely ſlain!

STREPHON.

Dead! 'Tis impoſſible! She cannot die:
She 's too divine, too much a Deity:
'Tis a falſe rumour ſome ill ſwains have ſpread,
Who wiſh, perhaps, the good Cæleſtia dead.

COSMELIA.

Ah! No; the truth in every face appears;
For every face you meet 's o'erflow'd with tears.
Trembling, and pale, I ran through all the plain,
From flock to flock, and aſk'd of every ſwain,
But each, ſcarce lifting his dejected head,
Cry'd, Oh, Coſmelia! Oh, Cæleſtia 's dead?

STREPHON.

Something was meant by that ill-broading croak
Of the prophetic raven from the oak,
Which ſtrait by lightning was in ſhivers broke.
But we our miſchief feel, before we ſee;
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with miſery.

COSMELIA.

Since then we have no trophies to beſtow,
No pompous things to make a glorious ſhew

(For all the tribute a poor ſwain can bring,
In rural numbers, is to mourn and ſing)
Let us, beneath the gloomy ſhade, rehearſe
Cæleſtia's ſacred name in no leſs ſacred verſe.

STREPHON.

Cæleſtia dead! Then 'tis in vain to live;
What 's all the comfort that the plains can give;
Since ſhe, by whoſe bright influence alone
Our flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone;
Since ſhe, who round ſuch beams of goodneſs ſpread
As gave new life to every ſwain, is dead?

COSMELIA.

In vain we wiſh for the delightful ſpring;
What joys can flowery May or April bring,
When ſhe, for whom the ſpacious plains were ſpread
With early flowers and chearful greens, is dead?
In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,
To give to ſummer fruits a winter birth;
In vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields
With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields;
Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundleſs ſtore
Of nature was preſerv'd, is now no more.

STREPHON.

Farewell for ever then to all that 's gay:
You will forget to ſing, and I to play.
No more with chearful ſongs, in cooling bowers,
Shall we conſume the pleaſurable hours:
All joys are baniſh'd, all delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair Cæleſtia 's dead.

COSMELIA.

COSMELIA.

If e'er I ſing, they ſhall be mournful lays
Of great Cæleſtia's name, Cæleſtia's praiſe:
How good ſhe was, how generous, how wiſe!
How beautiful her ſhape, how bright her eyes!
How charming all; how much ſhe was ador'd,
Alive; when dead, how much her loſs deplor'd!
A noble theme, and able to inſpire
The humbleſt Muſe with the ſublimeſt fire.
And ſince we do of ſuch a princeſs ſing,
Let ours aſcend upon a ſtronger wing;
And, while we do the lofty numbers join,
Her name will make the harmony divine.
Raiſe then thy tuneful voice; and be the ſong
Sweet as her temper, as her virtue ſtrong.

STREPHON.

When her great lord to foreign wars was gone,
And left Cæleſtia here to rule alone;
With how ſerene a brow, how void of fear,
When ſtorms aroſe, did ſhe the veſſel ſteer!
And when the raging of the waves did ceaſe,
How gentle was her ſway in times of peace!
Juſtice and mercy did their beams unite,
And round her temples ſpread a glorious light;
So quick ſhe eas'd the wrongs of every ſwain,
She hardly gave them leiſure to complain:
Impatient to reward, but ſlow to draw
Th' avenging ſword of neceſſary law:
Like Heaven, ſhe took no pleaſure to deſtroy;
With grief ſhe puniſh'd, and ſhe ſav'd with joy.

COSMELIA.

When godlike Belliger, from war's alarms,
Return'd in triumph to Cæleſtia's arms,
She met her hero with a full deſire;
But chaſte as light, and vigorous as fire:
Such mutual flames, ſo equally divine,
Did in each breaſt with ſuch a luſtre ſhine,
His could not ſeem the greater, her's the leſs;
Both were immenſe, for both were in exceſs.

STREPHON.

Oh, godlike princeſs! Oh, thrice happy ſwains!
Whilſt ſhe preſided o'er the fruitful plains!
Whilſt ſhe, for ever raviſh'd from our eyes,
To mingle with the kindred of the ſkies,
Did for your peace her conſtant thoughts employ;
The nymph's good angel, and the ſhepherd's joy!

COSMELIA.

All that was noble beautify'd her mind;
There wiſdom ſat, with ſolid reaſon join'd:
There too did piety and greatneſs wait;
Meekneſs on grandeur, modeſty on ſtate:
Humble amidſt the ſplendors of a throne;
Plac'd above all, and yet deſpiſing none.
And when a crown was forc'd on her by fate,
She with ſome pains ſubmitted to be great.

STREPHON.

Her pious ſoul with emulation ſtrove
To gain the mighty Pan's important love:
To whoſe myſterious rites ſhe always came,
With ſuch an active, ſo intenſe a flame;

The

The duties of religion ſeem'd to be
No more her care than her felicity.

COSMELIA.

Virtue unmix'd, without the leaſt allay,
Pure as the light of a celeſtial ray,
Commanded all the motions of the ſoul
With ſuch a ſoft, but abſolute control,
That, as ſhe knew what beſt great Pan would pleaſe,
She ſtill perform'd it with the greateſt eaſe.
Him for her high exemplar ſhe deſign'd,
Like him, benevolent to all mankind.
Her foes ſhe pity'd, not deſir'd their blood;
And, to revenge their crimes, ſhe did them good:
Nay, all affronts ſo unconcern'd ſhe bore,
(Maugre that violent temptation, Power)
As if ſhe thought it vulgar to reſent,
Or wiſh'd forgiveneſs their worſt puniſhment.

STREPHON.

Next mighty Pan, was her illuſtrious lord,
His high vicegerent, ſacredly ador'd:
Him with ſuch piety and zeal ſhe lov'd,
The noble paſſion every hour improv'd:
Till it aſcended to that glorious height,
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite.
This made her ſo entire a duty pay,
She grew at laſt impatient to obey;
And met his wiſhes with as prompt a zeal
As an archangel his Creator's will.

In which, Elijah like, he pass'd the spheres;
Brought joy to Heaven, but left the world in te

STREPHON.

Methinks I see her on the plains of light,
All glorious, all incomparably bright!
While the immortal minds around her gaze
On the excessive splendor of her rays;
And scarce believe a human soul could be
Endow'd with such stupendous majesty.

COSMELIA.

Who can lament too much! O, who can mo
Enough o'er beautiful Cælestia's urn!
So great a loss as this deserves excess
Of sorrows; all 's too little that is less.
But, to supply the universal woe,
Tears from all eyes, without cessation, flow:
All that have power to weep, or voice to groan,
With throbbing breasts, Cælestia's fate bemoan
While marble rocks the common grief partake

Let mournful cypreſs, with each noxious weed,
And baneful venoms, in their place ſucceed!
Ye purling, querulous brooks, o'ercharg'd with grief,
Haſte ſwiftly to the ſea for more relief;
Then tiding back, each to his ſacred head,
Tell your aſtoniſh'd ſprings, Cæleſtia 's dead!

COSMELIA.

Well have you ſung, in an exalted ſtrain,
The faireſt nymph e'er grac'd the Britiſh plain.
Who knows but ſome officious angel may
Your grateful numbers to her ears convey!
That ſhe may ſmile upon us from above,
And bleſs our mournful pains with peace and love!

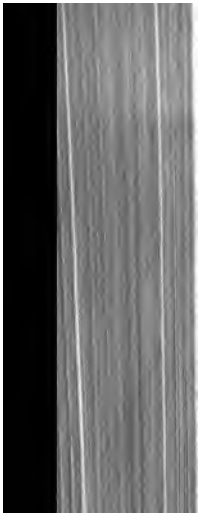
STREPHON.

But ſee, our flocks do to their fold repair;
For night with ſable clouds obſcures the air:
Cold damps deſcend from the unwholſome ſky,
And ſafety bids us to our cottage fly.
Though with each morn our ſorrows will return;
Each ev'n, like nightingales, we 'll ſing and mourn,
Till death conveys us to the peaceful urn.

TO HIS FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION,

NONE lives in this tumultuous ſtate of things,
Where every morning ſoon new troubles brings,
But bold inquietudes will break his reſt,
And gloomy thoughts diſturb his anxious breaſt.

Angeli



For those who seek beneath mortality.
If in the body there was but one part
Subject to pain, and sensible of smart,
And but one passion could torment the mind
That part, that passion, busy fate would find
But, since infirmities in both abound,
Since sorrow both so many ways can wound
'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve
Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.
The happiest man that ever breath'd on ea
With all the glories of estate and birth,
Had yet some anxious care, to make him kn
No grandeur was above the reach of woe.
To be from all things that disquiet, free,
Is not consistent with humanity.
Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming t
O'er which, if affluence spreads her gaudy wi
We think the person who enjoys so much,
No care can move, and no affliction touch :

But if ſhe muſt not be allow'd to ſway
Though all without appears ſerene and gay,
A cankerous venom on the vitals preys,
And poiſons all the comforts of his days.
External pomp and viſible ſucceſs
Sometimes contribute to our happineſs:
But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
Is a good conſcience and a ſoul reſign'd.
Then, to whatever end affliction 's ſent,
To try our virtues, or for puniſhment,
We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And ſtill adore the hand that gives the blow:
For, in misfortunes this advantage lies;
They make us humble, and they make us wiſe;
And he that can acquire ſuch virtues, gains
An ample recompence for all his pains.
Too ſoft careſſes of a proſperous fate
The pious fervours of the ſoul abate;
Tempt to luxurious eaſe our careleſs days
And gloomy vapour round the ſpirits raiſe.
Thus lull'd into a ſleep, we dozing lie,
And find our ruin in ſecurity;
Unleſs ſome ſorrow comes to our relief,
And breaks th' inchantment by a timely grief.
But as we are allow'd, to chear our ſight,
In blackeſt days, ſome glimmerings of light;
So, in the moſt dejected hours we may
The ſecret pleaſure have to weep and pray;
And thoſe requeſts the ſpeedieſt paſſage find
To Heaven, which flow from an afflicted mind:

And while to him we open our diſtreſs,
Our pains grow lighter, and our ſorrows leſs.
The fineſt muſic of the grove we owe
To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe;
And while her grief 's in charming notes expreſs'd,
A thorny bramble pricks her tender breaſt;
In warbling melody ſhe ſpends the night,
And moves at once compaſſion and delight.
No choice had e'er ſo happy an event,
But he that made it did that choice repent.
So weak 's our judgment, and ſo ſhort 's our ſight,
We cannot level our own wiſhes right:
And if ſometimes we make a wiſe advance,
T' ourſelves we little owe, but much to chance.
So that when Providence, for ſecret ends,
Corroding cares, or ſharp affliction, ſends;
We muſt conclude it beſt it ſhould be ſo,
And not deſponding or impatient grow.
For he that will his confidence remove
From boundleſs wiſdom and eternal love,
To place it on himſelf, or human aid,
Will meet thoſe woes he labours to evade.
But, in the keeneſt agonies of grief,
Content 's a cordial that ſtill gives relief:
Heaven is not always angry when he ſtrikes,
But moſt chaſtiſes thoſe whom moſt he likes;
And, if with humble ſpirits they complain,
Relieves the anguiſh, or rewards the pain.

TO ANOTHER FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

SINCE the firſt man by diſobedience fell
An eaſy conqueſt to the powers of hell,
There 's none in every ſtage of life can be
From the inſults of bold affliction free.
If a ſhort reſpite gives us ſome relief,
And interrupts the ſeries of our grief,
So quick the pangs of miſery return,
We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.

Reaſon refin'd, and to perfection brought,
By wiſe philoſophy, and ſerious thought,
Support the ſoul beneath the ponderous weight
Of angry ſtars, and unpropitious fate;
Then is the time ſhe ſhould exert her power,
And make us practice what ſhe taught before.
For why are ſuch volumnious authors read,
The learned labours of the famous dead,
But to prepare the mind for its defence,
By ſage reſults, and well-digeſted ſenſe;
That, when the ſtorm of miſery appears,
With all its real or fantaſtic fears,
We either may the rolling danger fly,
Or ſtem the tide before it ſwells too high.

But though the theory of wiſdom 's known
With eaſe, what ſhould, and what ſhould not be done;

Yet

Yet all the labour in the practice lies,
To be, in more than words and notion, wiſe;
The ſacred truth of ſound philoſophy
We ſtudy early, but we late apply.
When ſtubborn anguiſh ſeizes on the ſoul,
Right reaſon would its haughty rage control;
But, if it may n't be ſuffer'd to endure,
The pain is juſt, when we reject the cure.
For many men, cloſe obſervation finds,
Of copious learning, and exalted minds,
Who tremble at the ſight of daring woes,
And ſtoop ignobly to the vileſt foes;
As if they underſtood not how to be
Or wiſe, or brave, but in felicity;
And by ſome action, ſervile or unjuſt,
Lay all their former glories in the duſt.
For wiſdom firſt the wretched mortal flies,
And leaves him naked to his enemies:
So that, when moſt his prudence ſhould be ſhewn,
The moſt imprudent, giddy things are done.
For when the mind 's ſurrounded with diſtreſs,
Fear or inconſtancy the judgment preſs,
And render it incapable to make
Wiſe reſolutions, or good counſels take.
Yet there 's a ſteadineſs of ſoul and thought,
By reaſon bred, and by religion taught,
Which, like a rock amidſt the ſtormy waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.
In ſharp misfortunes, ſome will ſearch too deep
What Heaven prohibits, and would ſecret keep:

But thoſe events 'tis better not to know,
Which known, ſerve only to increaſe our woe.
Knowledge forbid ('tis dangerous to purſue)
With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too.
For, had our earlieſt parents been content
Not to know more than to be innocent,
Their ignorance of evil had preſerv'd
Their joys entire; for then they had not ſwerv'd.
But they imagin'd (their deſires were ſuch)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.
E'er ſince my folly moſt to wiſdom riſe;
And few are, but by ſad experience, wiſe.
  Conſider, Friend! who all your bleſſings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have;
And do not murmur when you are bereft
Of little, if you have abundance left:
Conſider too, how many thouſands are
Under the worſt of miſeries, deſpair;
And do n't repine at what you now endure;
Cuſtom will give you eaſe, or time will cure:
Once more conſider, that the preſent ill,
Though it be great, may yet be greater ſtill;
And be not anxious; for, to undergo
One grief, is nothing to a numerous woe.
But ſince it is impoſſible to be
Human, and not expos'd to miſery,
Bear it, my friend, as bravely as you can:
You are not more, and be not leſs than man!
  Afflictions paſt can no exiſtence find,
But in the wild ideas of the mind:

And why should we for those misfortunes [illegible]
Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return?
Those that have weather'd a tempestuous night,
And find a calm approaching with the light,
Will not, unless their reason they disown,
Still make those dangers present that are gone.
What is behind the curtain none can see,
It may be joy, suppose it misery;
'T is future still; and that which is not here,
May never come, or we may never be.
Therefore the present ill alone we ought
To view, in reason, with a troubled thought:
But, if we may the sacred pages trust,
He 's always happy, that is always just.

TO HIS FRIEND INCLINED TO MARRY.

I Would not have you, Strephon, choose a mate,
From too exalted, or too mean a state;
For in both these we may expect to find
A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.
Who moves within the middle region, shares
The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.
Let her extraction with true lustre shine;
If something brighter, not too bright for thine:
Her education liberal, not great;
Neither inferior, nor above her state.
Let her have wit; but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, and pedantry:

For the effect of woman's wit is ſuch,
Too little is as dangerous as too much.
But chiefly let her humour cloſe with thine;
Unleſs where yours does to a fault incline;
The leaſt diſparity in this deſtroys,
Like ſulphurous blaſts, the very buds of joys.
Her perſon amiable, ſtraight and free
From natural, or chance, deformity.
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine;
For women paſt their vigor, ſoon decline,
Her fortune competent; and, if thy ſight
Can reach ſo far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
If thine 's enough, then hers may be the leſs:
Do not aſpire to riches in exceſs.
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
Is a genteel ſufficiency and love.

TO A PAINTER DRAWING DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAinter, the utmoſt of thy judgment ſhew;
Exceed ev'n Titian, and great Angelo:
With all the livelineſs of thought expreſs
The moving features of Dorinda's face.
Thou canſt not flatter, where ſuch beauty dwells;
Her charms thy colours, and thy art, excells.
Others leſs fair, may from thy pencil have
Graces, which ſparing Nature never gave:
But in Dorinda's aſpect thou wilt ſee
Such as will poſe thy famous art, and thee;

So great, ſo many in her face unite,
So well proportion'd, and ſo wondrous bright,
No human ſkill can e'er expreſs them all,
But muſt do wrong to th' fair original.
An angel's hand alone the pencil fits,
To mix the colours when an angel ſits.
Thy picture may as like Dorinda be
As art of man can paint a deity;
And juſtly may perhaps, when ſhe withdraws,
Excite our wonder, and deſerve applauſe:
But when compar'd, you 'll be oblig'd to own,
No art can equal what 's by Nature done.
Great LELY's noble hand, excell'd by few,
The picture fairer than the perſon drew:
He took the beſt that Nature could impart,
And made it better by his powerful art.
But had he ſeen that bright, ſurprizing grace,
Which ſpreads itſelf o'er all Dorinda's face,
Vain had been all the eſſays of his ſkill;
She muſt have been confeſt the faireſt ſtill.
Heaven in a landſcape may be wondrous fine,
And look as bright as painted light can ſhine;
But ſtill the real glories of the place
All art, by infinite degrees, ſurpaſs.

TO THE PAINTER, AFTER HE HAD FINISHED DORINDA's PICTURE.

PAINTER, thou haſt perform'd what man can do;
Only Dorinda's ſelf more charms can ſhew.
Bold are thy ſtrokes, and delicate each touch;
But ſtill the beauties of her face are ſuch
As cannot juſtly be deſcrib'd; though all
Confeſs 't is like the bright original.
In her, and in thy picture, we may view
The utmoſt Nature, or that Art, can do;
Each is a maſter-piece, deſign'd ſo well,
That future times may ſtrive to parallel;
But neither Art nor Nature 's able to excel.

CRUELTY AND LUST.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY*.

WHERE can the wretched'ſt of all creatures fly,
To tell the ſtory of her miſery?
Where, but to faithful Celia, in whoſe mind
A manly bravery 's with ſoft pity join'd.
I fear, theſe lines will ſcarce be underſtood,
Blurr'd with inceſſant tears, and writ in blood;

* This piece was occaſioned by the barbarity of Kirke, a commander in the Weſtern Rebellion, 1685, who debauched a *young* lady with a promiſe to ſave *her huſband's life, but hanged* him the *next morning.*

But if you can the mournful pages read,
The ſad relation ſhews you ſuch a deed,
As all the annals of th' infernal reign
Shall ſtrive to equal, or exceed in vain.
Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your ears,
Whoſe cruelty has caus'd a ſea of tears;
Fill'd each lamenting town with funeral ſighs,
Deploring widows ſhrieks, and orphans cries.
At every health the horrid monſter quaff'd,
Ten wretches dy'd, and as they dy'd he laugh'd:
Till, tir'd with acting devil, he was led,
Drunk with exceſs of blood and wine, to bed.
Oh, curſed place!——I can no more command
My pen: ſhame and confuſion ſhake my hand:
But I muſt on, and let my Celia know
How barbarous are my wrongs, how vaſt my woe.
Amongſt the crowds of Weſtern youths who ran
To meet the brave, betray'd unhappy man *,
My huſband, fatally uniting, went;
Unus'd to arms, and thoughtleſs of th' event.
But when the battle was by treachery won,
The chief, and all but his falſe friend, undone;
Though, in the tumult of that deſperate night,
He 'ſcap'd the dreadful ſlaughter of the fight;
Yet the ſagacious bloodhounds, ſkill'd too well
In all the murdering qualities of hell,
Each ſecret place ſo regularly beat,
They ſoon diſcover'd his unſafe retreat.

* The Duke of Monmouth.

As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey,
To ſure deſtruction hurry them away;
So the purveyors of fierce Moloc's ſon
With Charion to the common butchery run;
Where proud Neronior by his gibbet ſtood,
To glut himſelf with freſh ſupplies of blood.
Our friends, by powerful interceſſion, gain'd
A ſhort reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,
To try all ways might to compaſſion move
The ſavage general; but in vain they ſtrove.
When I perceiv'd that all addreſſes fail'd,
And nothing o'er his ſtubborn ſoul prevail'd;
Diſtracted almoſt, to his tent I flew,
To make the laſt effort, what tears could do.
Low on my knees I fell; then thus began:
Great genius of ſucceſs, thou more than man!
Whoſe arms to every clime have terror hurl'd,
And carry'd conqueſt round the trembling world!
Still may the brighteſt glories Fame can lend,
Your ſword, your conduct, and your cauſe, attend.
Here now the arbiter of fate you ſit,
While ſuppliant ſlaves their rebel heads ſubmit.
Oh, pity the unfortunate! and give
But this one thing: Oh, let but Charion live!
And take the little all that we poſſeſs.
I 'll bear the meagre anguiſh of diſtreſs
Content, nay, pleas'd, to beg or earn my bread;
Let Charion live, no matter how I 'm fed.

The fall of ſuch a youth no luſtre brings
To him whoſe ſword performs ſuch wondrous things
As ſaving kingdoms, and ſupporting kings.
That triumph only with true grandeur ſhines,
Where godlike courage, godlike pity joins.
Cæſar, the eldeſt favourite of war,
Took not more pleaſure to ſubmit, than ſpare:
And ſince in battle you can greater be,
That over, be n't leſs merciful than he.
Ignoble ſpirits by revenge are known,
And cruel actions ſpoil the conqueror's crown?
In future hiſtories fill each mournful page
With tales of blood, and monuments of rage:
And, while his annals are with horror read,
Men curſe him living, and deteſt him dead.
Oh! do not fully with a ſanguine dye
(The fouleſt ſtain) ſo fair a memory!
Then, as you 'll live the glory of our iſle,
And Fate on all your expeditions ſmile:
So when a noble courſe you 've bravely ran,
Die the beſt ſoldier, and the happieſt man.
None can the turns of Providence foreſee,
Or what their own cataſtrophe may be;
Therefore, to perſons labouring under woe,
That mercy they may want, ſhould always ſhew:
For in the chance of war the ſlighteſt thing
May loſe the battle, or the victory bring.
And how would you that general's honour prize,
Should in cool blood his captive ſacrifice?

He

He that with rebel arms to fight is led,
To juſtice forfeits his opprobrious head:
But 't is unhappy Charion's firſt offence,
Seduc'd by ſome too plauſible pretence,
To take the injuring ſide by error brought;
He had no malice, though he has the fault.
Let the old tempters find a ſhameful grave,
But, the half-innocent, the tempted, ſave;
Vengeance divine, though for the greateſt crime,
But rarely ſtrikes the firſt or ſecond time:
And he that beſt follows th' Almighty's will,
Who ſpares the guilty he has power to kill.
When proud rebellions would unhinge a ſtate,
And wild diſorders in a land create,
'Tis requiſite the firſt promoters ſhould
Put out the flames they kindled with their blood:
But ſure 't is a degree of murder all
That draw their ſwords ſhould undiſtinguiſh'd fall.
And ſince a mercy muſt to ſome be ſhewn,
Let Charion 'mongſt the happy few be one:
For as none guilty has leſs guilt than he,
So none for pardon has a fairer plea.
When David's general had won the field,
And Abſalom, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd.
The trumpets ſounding made all ſlaughter ceaſe,
And miſled Iſraelites return'd in peace.
The action paſt, where ſo much blood was ſpilt,
We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt;
But all concludes with the deſir'd event,
The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.

As great example your great courage warms,
And to illuſtrious deeds excites your arms;
So when you inſtances of mercy view,
They ſhould inſpire you with compaſſion too:
For he that emulates the truly brave,
Would always conquer, and ſhould always ſave.
Here, interrupting, ſtern Neronior cry'd,
(Swell'd with ſucceſs, and blubber'd up with pride)
Madam, his life depends upon my will,
For every rebel I can ſpare or kill.
I 'll think of what you 've ſaid: this night return
At ten, perhaps you 'll have no cauſe to mourn.
Go, ſee your huſband, bid him not deſpair;
His crime is great, but you are wondrous fair.
When anxious miſeries the ſoul amaze,
And dire confuſion in the ſpirits raiſe,
Upon the leaſt appearance of relief,
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief;
Impatience makes our wiſhes earneſt grow,
Which through falſe optics our deliverance ſhew,
For while we fancy danger does appear
Moſt at a diſtance, it is oft too near,
And many times, ſecure from obvious foes,
We fall into an ambuſcade of woes.
Pleas'd with the falſe Neronior's dark reply,
I thought the end of all my ſorrows nigh,
And to the main-guard haſten'd, where the prey,
Of this blood-thirſty fiend, in durance lay.
When Charion ſaw me, from his turfy bed
With eagerneſs he rais'd his drooping head;

Or

Oh! fly, my dear, this guilty place, he cry'd,
And in ſome diſtant clime thy virtue hide!
Here nothing but the fouleſt dæmons dwell,
The refuge of the damn'd, and mob of hell.
The air they breathe is every atom curſt:
There 's no degree of ills, for all are worſt.
In rapes and murders they alone delight,
And villanies of leſs importance ſlight:
Act them indeed, but ſcorn they ſhould be nam'd,
For all their glory 's to be more than damn'd.
Neronior 's chief of this infernal crew,
And ſeems to merit that high ſtation too:
Nothing but rage and luſt inſpire his breaſt,
By Aſmodai and Moloc both poſſeſt,
When told you went to intercede for me,
It threw my ſoul into an agony,
Not that I would not for my freedom give
What 's requiſite, or do not with to live;
But for my ſafety I can ne'er be baſe,
Or buy a few ſhort years with long diſgrace;
Nor would I have your yet unſpotted fame
For me expos'd to an eternal ſhame.
With ignominy to preſerve my breath,
Is worſe, by infinite degrees, than death.
But if I can't my life with honour ſave,
With honour I 'll deſcend into the grave.
For though revenge and malice both combine
(As both to fix my ruin ſeem to join)
Yet, maugre all their violence and ſkill,
I *can die juſt, and I 'm reſolv'd I will.*

But what is death we ſo unwiſely fear?
An end of all our buſy tumults here;
The equal lot of poverty and ſtate,
Which all partake of by a certain fate.
Whoe'er the proſpect of mankind ſurveys,
At divers ages, and by divers ways,
Will find them from this noiſy ſcene retire;
Some the firſt minute that they breathe, expire;
Others, perhaps, ſurvive to talk, and go;
But die, before they good or evil know.
Here one to puberty arrives; and then
Returns lamented to the duſt again:
Another there maintains a longer ſtrife
With all the powerful enemies of life;
Till, with vexation tir'd, and threeſcore years,
He drops into the dark, and diſappears.
I 'm young indeed, and might expect to ſee
Times future, long and late poſterity,
'Tis what with reaſon I could wiſh to do,
If to be old, were to be happy too.
But ſince ſubſtantial grief ſo ſoon deſtroys
The guſt of all imaginary joys,
Who would be too importunate to live,
Or more for life, than it can merit, give!
Beyond the grave ſtupendous regions lie,
The boundleſs realms of vaſt eternity;
Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies, dwell;
But who their government or laws can tell?
What 's their employment till the final doom,
And time 's eternal period ſhall come?

Thus much the ſacred oracles declare;
That all are bleſs'd or miſerable there;
Though, if there 's ſuch variety of fate,
None good expire too ſoon, nor bad too late.
For my own part, with reſignation, ſtill
I can ſubmit to my Creator's will?
Let him recall the breath from him I drew,
When he thinks fit, and when he pleaſes too.
The way of dying is my leaſt concern;
That will give no diſturbance to my urn.
If to the ſeats of happineſs I go,
There end all poſſible returns of woe:
And when to thoſe bleſt manſions I arrive,
With pity I 'll behold thoſe that ſurvive.
Once more I beg, you 'd from theſe tents retreat,
And leave me to my innocence and fate.
Charion, ſaid I, Oh, do not urge my flight!
I 'll ſee the event of this important night:
Some ſtrange preſages in my ſoul forebode,
The worſt of miſeries, or the greateſt good.
Few hours will ſhew the utmoſt of my doom;
A joyful ſafety, or a peaceful tomb.
If you miſcarry, I 'm reſolv'd to try
If gracious Heaven will ſuffer me to die:
For, when you are to endleſs raptures gone,
If I ſurvive, 'tis but to be undone.
Who will ſupport an injur'd widow's right,
From ſly injuſtice, or oppreſſive might?
Protect her perſon, or her cauſe defend?
She rarely wants a foe, or finds a friend:

I 've no diſtruſt of Providence; but ſtill
'Tis beſt to go beyond the reach of ill:
And thoſe can have no reaſon to repent,
Who, though they die betimes, die innocent.
But to a world of everlaſting bliſs
Why would you go, and leave me here in this?
'Tis a dark paſſage; but our foes ſhall view,
I 'll die as calm, though not ſo brave, as you:
That my behaviour to the laſt may prove
Your courage is not greater than my love.
The hour approach'd; as to Neronior's tent,
With trembling, but impatient ſteps, I went,
A thouſand horrors, throng'd into my breaſt,
By ſad ideas and ſtrong fears poſſeſt:
Where'er I paſs'd, the glaring lights would ſhew
Freſh objects of deſpair, and ſcenes of woe.
Here, in a crowd of drunken ſoldiers, ſtood
A wretched, poor, old man, beſmear'd with blood;
And at his feet, juſt through the body run,
Struggling for life, was laid his only ſon;
By whoſe hard labour he was daily fed,
Dividing ſtill, with pious care, his bread:
And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,
The ſole ſupport of his decrepid years,
The barbarous mob, whoſe rage no limit knows,
With blaſphemous deriſion, mock'd his woes.
There, under a wide oak, diſconſolate,
And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow ſate.
High in the boughs the murder'd father hung;
Beneath, the children round the mother clung:

They cry'd for food, but 'twas without relief:
For all they had to live upon, was grief.
A ſorrow ſo intenſe, ſuch deep deſpair,
No creature, merely human, long could bear.
Firſt in her arms her weeping babes ſhe took,
And, with a groan, did to her huſband look:
Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, ſighing, cry'd,
Pity me, Saviour of the world! and dy'd.
From this ſad ſpectacle my eyes I turn'd,
Where ſons their fathers, maids their lovers, mourn'd;
Friends for their friends, ſiſters for brothers, wept,
Priſoners of war, in chains, for ſlaughter kept:
Each every hour did the black meſſage dread,
Which ſhould declare the perſon lov'd was dead.
Then I beheld, with brutal ſhouts of mirth,
A comely youth, and of no common birth,
To execution led; who hardly bore
The wounds in battle, he receiv'd before:
And, as he paſs'd, I heard him bravely cry,
I neither wiſh to live, nor fear to die.
At the curs'd tent arriv'd, without delay,
They did me to the general convey:
Who thus began ———
Madam! by freſh intelligence, I find,
That Charion's treaſon 's of the blackeſt kind;
And my commiſſion is expreſs to ſpare
None that ſo deeply in rebellion are:
New meaſures therefore 'tis in vain to try;
No pardon can be granted; he muſt die.

Muſt

Muſt, or I hazard all: which yet I 'd do
To be oblig'd in *one* requeſt by you:
And, maugre all the dangers I foreſee,
Be mine this night, I 'll ſet your huſband free.
Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope ſucceſs
By ſupple flattery, and by ſoft addreſs;
The pert, gay coxcomb, by theſe little arts,
Gains an aſcendant o'er the ladies hearts.
But I can no ſuch whining methods uſe:
Conſent, he lives; he dies, if you refuſe.
Amaz'd at this demand; ſaid I, The brave,
Upon ignoble terms, diſdain to ſave:
They let their captives ſtill with honour live,
No more require, than what themſelves would give.
For, generous victors, as they ſcorn to do
Diſhoneſt things, ſcorn to propoſe them too.
Mercy, the brighteſt virtue of the mind,
Should with no devious appetite be join'd:
For if, when exercis'd, a crime it coſt,
Th' intrinſic luſtre of the deed is loſt.
Great men their actions of a piece ſhould have;
Heroic all, and each intirely brave:
From the nice rules of honour none ſhould ſwerve;
Done, becauſe good, without a mean reſerve.
The crimes new charg'd upon the unhappy youth,
May have revenge, and malice, but no truth.
Suppoſe the accuſation juſtly brought,
And clearly prov'd to the minuteſt thought;
Yet mercies next to infinite abate
Offences next to infinitely great.

And 'tis the glory of a noble mind,
In full forgiveneſs not to be confin'd.
Your prince's frowns if you have cauſe to fear,
This act will more illuſtrious appear;
Though his excuſe can never be withſtood,
Who diſobeys, but only to be good.
Perhaps the hazard 's more than you expreſs;
The glory would be, were the danger leſs.
For he that, to his prejudice, will do
A noble action, and a generous too,
Deſerves to wear a more reſplendent crown
Than he that has a thouſand battles won.
Do not invert divine compaſſion ſo,
As to be cruel, and no mercy ſhew!
Of what renown can ſuch an action be,
Which ſaves my huſband's life, but ruins me?
Though, if you finally reſolve to ſtand
Upon ſo vile, inglorious a demand,
He muſt ſubmit; if 'tis my fate to mourn
His death, I 'll bathe with virtuous tears his urn.
Well, madam, haughtily, Neronior cry'd,
Your courage and your virtue ſhall be try'd.
But to prevent all proſpect of a flight,
Some of my * lambs ſhall be your guard to-night:
By them, no doubt, you 'll tenderly be us'd;
They ſeldom aſk a favour that 's refus'd:
Perhaps you 'll find them ſo genteely bred,
They 'll leave you but few virtuous tears to ſhed.

* Kirke uſed to call the moſt inhuman of his ſoldiers his lambs.

Surrounded

Surrounded with ſo innocent a throng,
The night muſt paſs delightfully along:
And in the morning, ſince you will not give
What I require, to let your huſband live,
You ſhall behold him ſigh his lateſt breath,
And gently ſwing into the arms of death.
His fate he merits, as to rebels due:
And yours will be as much deſerv'd by you.
Oh Cælia, think! ſo far as thought can ſhew,
What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,
At this dire reſolution, ſeiz'd my breaſt!
By all things ſad and terrible poſſeſt.
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
For all my prayers were to a tiger made:
A tiger! worſe; for, 'tis beyond diſpute,
No fiend 's ſo cruel as a reaſoning brute.
Encompaſs'd thus, and hopeleſs of relief,
With all the ſquadrons of deſpair and grief?
Ruin——it was not poſſible to ſhun:
What could I do? Oh! what would you have done?
The hours that paſs'd, till the black morn return'd,
With tears of blood ſhould be for ever mourn'd.
When, to involve me with conſummate grief,
Beyond expreſſion, and above belief,
Madam, the monſter cry'd, that you may find
I can be grateful to the fair that 's kind;
Step to the door, I 'll ſhew you ſuch a ſight,
Shall overwhelm your ſpirits with delight.
Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his king,
Become the gibbet, and adorn the ſtring?

You

need not now an injur'd huſband dread;
ıg he might, he 'll not upbraid you dead.
ıs for your ſake I ſeiz'd upon his life;
/ould perhaps have ſcorn'd ſo chaſte a wife.
, madam, you 'll excuſe the zeal I ſhew,
:eep that ſecret none alive ſhould know.
ırs'd of all creatures! for, compar'd with thee,
devils, ſaid I, are dull in cruelty.
may that tongue eterna[illegible] breed,
waſteleſs their eternal
'es too hot for ſalaman
burning earneſt of a h
that vile lump of exec
upt alive, and rot into
'ſt thou, deſpairing at [illegible] f death,
oaths and blaſphemies refi[illegible] my breath;
the worſt torments that the damn'd ſhould ſhare,
ine own perſon all united bear!
Cælia! Oh my friend! what age can ſhew
ws like mine, ſo exquiſite a woe?
:d it does not infinite appear,
uſe it can't be everlaſting here:
t 's ſo vaſt, that it can ne'er increaſe;
ſo confirm'd, it never can be leſs.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF A— WITH THE COUNTESS OF S——.

TRiumphant beauty never looks ſo gay,
As on the morning of a nuptial day,
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces adds, and every charm improves:
While Hymen does his ſacred rites prepare,
The buſy nymphs attend the trembling fair;
Whoſe veins are ſwell'd with an unuſual heat,
And eager pulſes with ſtrange motions beat:
Alternate paſſions various thoughts impart,
And painful joys diſtend her throbbing heart:
Her fears are great, and her deſires are ſtrong:
The minutes fly too faſt—yet ſtay too long:
Now ſhe is ready—the next moment not;
All things are done—then ſomething is forgot:
She fears—yet wiſhes the ſtrange work were done;
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.
Diſorders thus from every thought ariſe;
What love perſuades, I know not what denies.
Achates' choice does his firm judgment prove,
And ſhews at once he can be wiſe and love;
Becauſe it from no ſpurious paſſion came,
But was the product of a noble flame:
Bold, without rudeneſs; without blazing, bright;
Pure as fix'd ſtars, and uncorrupt as light:
By juſt degrees it to perfection grew;
An early ripeneſs, and a laſting too.

› the bright ſun aſcending to his noon,
loves not too ſlowly, nor is there too ſoon.
But, though Achates was unkindly driven
rom his own land, he 's baniſh'd into heaven:
or ſure the raptures of Coſmelia's love,
re next, if only next, to thoſe above.
hus Power Divine does with his foes engage;
ewards his virtues, and defeats their rage:
or firſt it did to fair Coſmelia give
ll that a human creature could receive;
Vhate'er can raiſe our wonder or delight,
'ranſport the ſoul, or gratify the ſight.
hen in the full perfection of her charms,
odg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms.
What angels are, is in Coſmelia ſeen;
heir awful glories, and their godlike mien:
or, in her aſpect all the graces meet;
ll that is noble, beautiful, or ſweet:
here every charm in lofty triumph ſits,
corns poor defect, and to no fault ſubmits:
here ſymmetry, complexion, air, unite,
ublimely noble, and amazing bright.
o newly finiſh'd by the hand Divine,
efore her fall, did the firſt woman ſhine.
ut Eve in one great point ſhe does excel:
oſmelia never err'd at all; ſhe fell.
rom her temptation, in deſpair withdrew;
ew more a faults, whom it could ne'er ſubdue.
Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full maturity, by ſerious thought,

Her actions with a watchful eye ſurveys;
Each paſſion guides, and every moment ſways;
Not the leaſt failure in her conduct lies;
So gaily modeſt, and ſo freely wiſe.

Her judgment ſure, impartial, and refin'd,
With wit, that 's clear and penetrating, join'd,
O'er all the efforts of her mind preſides,
And to the nobleſt end her labours guides:
She knows the beſt, and does the beſt purſue,
And treads the maze of life without a clue.
That the weak only and the wavering lack,
When they 're miſtaken, to conduct them back.
She does, amidſt ten thouſand ways, prefer
The right, as if not capable to err.

Her fancy, ſtrong, vivacious, and ſublime,
Seldom betrays her converſe to a crime;
And though it moves with a luxuriant heat,
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great:
For each expreſſion, every teeming thought,
Is to the ſcanning of her judgment brought;
Which wiſely ſeparates the fineſt gold,
And caſts the image in a beauteous mould.

No trifling words debaſe her eloquence,
But all 's pathetic, all is ſterling ſenſe;
Refin'd from droſſy chat, and idle noiſe,
With which the female converſation cloys.
So well ſhe knows, what 's underſtood by few,
To time her thoughts, and to expreſs them too;
That what ſhe ſpeaks does to the ſoul tranſmit
The fair idea of delightful wit.

Illuſtrious born, and as illuſtrious bred,
By great example to wiſe actions led:
Much to the fame her lineal heroes bore
She owes, but to her own high genius more;
And, by a noble emulation mov'd,
Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd;
Till they arriv'd to that celeſtial height,
Scarce angels greater be, or ſaints ſo bright.
But, if Coſmelia could yet lovelier be,
Of nobler birth, or more a deity,
Achates merits her, though none but he:
Whoſe generous ſoul abhors a baſe diſguiſe;
Reſolv'd in action, and in counſel wiſe;
Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,
For threats to force, or flattery to win.
Unmov'd amidſt the hurricane he ſtood;
He dares be guiltleſs, and he will be good.
Since the firſt pair in paradiſe were join'd,
Two hearts were ne'er ſo happily combin'd.
Achates life to fair Coſmelia gives:
In fair Coſmelia great Achates lives.
Each is to other the divineſt bliſs;
He is her heaven, and ſhe is more than his.
O may the kindeſt influence above
Protect their perſons, and indulge their love!

AN INSCRIPTION

FOR THE

MONUMENT OF DIANA, COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN.

DIANA, OXONII & ELGINI Comitiſſa;
QUÆ
Illuſtri orta ſanguine, ſanguinem illuſtravit:
Ceciliorum meritis, clara, ſuis clariſſima;
Ut quæ neſciret minor eſſe maximis.
Vitam ineuntem innocentia;
Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors:
Exeuntem mors beatiſſima decoravit;
(Volente Numine)
Ut nuſpiam deceſſet aut virtus aut felicitas,
Duobus conjuncta maritis
Utrique chariſſima:
Primum
(Quem ad annum habuit)
Impenſe dilexit:
Secundum
(Quem ad annos viginti quatuor)
Tanta pietate & amore coluit;
Ut qui, vivens,
Obſequium, tanquam patri præſtitit;
Moriens,
Patrimonium, tanquam filio, reliquit.

Novere

Noverca cum eſſet,
Maternam pietatem facile ſuperavit.
Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam geſſit,
Ut non tam domina familiæ præeſſe,
Quam anima corpori ineſſe videretur.
Denique,
Cum pudico, humili, forti, ſancto animo,
Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus,
Exemplum conſecraſſet integerrimum,
Terris anima major, ad ſimiles evolavit ſuperos.

THE FOREGOING INSCRIPTION ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

DIANA, Counteſs of OXFORD and ELGIN;

WHO from a race of noble heroes came,
And added luſtre to its ancient fame:
Round her the virtues of the Cecils ſhone,
But with inferior brightneſs to her own:
Which ſhe refin'd to that ſublime degree,
The greateſt mortal could not greater be.
Each ſtage of life peculiar ſplendor had;
Her tender years with innocence were clad:
Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good
In the retinue of her virtues ſtood;
And at the final period of her breath,
She crown'd her life with a propitious death;
That no occaſion might be wanting here
To make her virtues fam'd, or joys ſincere.

Two noble lords her genial bed poſſeſt;
A wife to both, the deareſt and the beſt.
Oxford ſubmitted in one year to fate;
For whom her paſſion was exceeding great.
To Elgin full ſix Luſtra were aſſign'd:
And him ſhe lov'd with ſo intenſe a mind,
That, living like a father, ſhe obey'd;
Dying, as to a ſon, left all ſhe had.
When a ſtep-mother, ſhe ſoon ſoar'd above
The common height even of maternal love.
She did her numerous family command
With ſuch a tender care, ſo wiſe a hand,
She ſeem'd no otherwiſe a miſtreſs there,
Than godlike ſouls in human bodies are.
But when to all ſhe had example ſhew'd,
How to be great and humble, chaſte and good,
Her ſoul, for earth too excellent, too high,
Flew to its peers, the princes of the ſky.

UPON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

Εἷς ἐστιν Θεὸς
Ὃς ἔρανον τέυχε καὶ γαῖαν μακρὰν. SOPHOC.

UNITY. ETERNITY.

I.

WHence ſprang this glorious frame? or when began
Things to exiſt? They could not always be;
To what ſtupendous energy
Shall we aſcribe the origin of man?
That Cauſe, from whence all beings elſe aroſe,
Muſt ſelf-exiſtent be alone;
Intirely perfect, and but one;
Nor equal nor ſuperior knows:
Two firſts, in reaſon, we can ne'er ſuppoſe.
If that, in falſe opinion, we allow,
That once there abſolutely nothing was,
Then nothing could be now.
For, by what inſtrument, or how,
Shall non-exiſtence to exiſtence paſs?
Thus, ſomething muſt from everlaſting be;
Or matter, or a Deity.

If matter only uncreate we grant,
We ſhall volition, wit, and reaſon, want;
An agent infinite, and action free;
Whence does volition, whence does reaſon, flow?
How came we to reflect, deſign, and know?
This from a nobler nature ſprings,
Diſtinct in eſſence from material things:
For, thoughtleſs matter cannot thought beſtow,
But, if we own a God ſupreme,
And all perfection 's poſſible in him;
In him does boundleſs excellence reſide,
Power to create, and providence to guide;
Unmade himſelf, could no beginning have,
But to all ſubſtance prime exiſtence gave:
Can what he will deſtroy, and what he pleaſes ſave.

POWER.

The undeſigning hand of giddy Chance
Could never fill the globes of light,
So beautiful, and ſo amazing bright,
The lofty concave of the vaſt expanſe:
Theſe could proceed from no leſs power than infinite.
There 's not one atom of this wondrous frame,
Nor eſſence intellectual, but took
Exiſtence when the great Creator ſpoke,
And from the common womb of empty nothing came,
Let ſubſtance be, he cry'd; and ſtraight aroſe
Angelic, and corporeal too;
All that material nature ſhews,

And

And what does things invisible compose,
At the same instant sprung, and into being flew:
Mount to the convex of the highest sphere,
Which draws a mighty circle round
Th' inferior orbs, as their capacious bound;
There millions of new miracles appear:
There dwell the eldest sons of power immense,
Who first were to perfection wrought
First to complete existence brought,
To whom their Maker did dispense
The largest portions of created excellence,
Eternal now, not of necessity,
As if they could not cease to be,
Or were from possible destruction free;
But on the will of God depend:
For that which could begin, can end.
Who, when the lower worlds were made,
Without the least miscarriage or defect,
By the almighty Architect,
United adoration paid,
And with extatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

III.

Philosophy of old in vain essay'd
To tell us how this mighty frame
Into such beauteous order came;
But, by false reasonings, false foundations laid:
She labour'd hard; but still the more she wrought,
The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought.

Some

Sometimes ſhe fancy'd things to be
Coeval with the Deity,
And in the form which now they are
From everlaſting ages were.
Sometimes the caſual event,
Of atoms floating in a ſpace immenſe,
Void of all wiſdom, rule, and ſenſe;
But, by a lucky accident,
Jumbled into this ſcheme of wondrous excellence.
'Twas an eſtabliſh'd article of old,
Chief of the philoſophic creed,
And does in natural productions hold;
That from mere nothing, nothing could proceed:
Material ſubſtance never could have roſe,
If ſome exiſtence had not been before,
In wiſdom infinite, immenſe in power.
Whate'er is made, a maker muſt ſuppoſe,
As an effect a cauſe that could produce it ſhews.
Nature and art, indeed, have bounds aſſign'd,
And only forms to things, not being, give;
That from Omnipotence they muſt receive:
But the eternal ſelf-exiſtent mind
Can, with a ſingle Fiat, cauſe to be
All that the wondrous eye ſurveys,
And all it cannot ſee.
Nature may ſhape a beauteous tree,
And art a *noble* palace raiſe,
But muſt not to creative power aſpire;
But their God alone can claim,
As pre-exiſting ſubſtance doth require:
So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

WISDOM

WISDOM.

Matter produc'd, had ſtill a chaos been:
For jarring elements engag'd,
Eternal battles would have wag'd,
And fill'd with endleſs horror the tumultuous ſcene;
If wiſdom infinite, for leſs
Could not the vaſt prodigious embryo wield,
Or ſtrength complete to labouring Nature yield,
Had not, with actual addreſs,
Compos'd the bellowing hurry, and eſtabliſh'd peace.
Whate'er this viſible creation ſhews
That 's lovely, uniform, and bright,
That gilds the morning, or adorns the night,
To her its eminence and beauty owes.
By her all creatures have their ends aſſign'd,
Proportion'd to their nature, and their kind;
To which they ſteadily advance,
Mov'd by right Reaſon's high command,
Or guided by the ſecret hand
Of real inſtinct, or imaginary chance.
Nothing but men reject her ſacred rules;
Who from the end of their creation fly,
And deviate into miſery:
As if the liberty to act like fools
Were the chief cauſe that Heaven made them free.

PROVIDENCE.

Bold is the wretch, and blaſphemous the man,
Who, finite, will attempt to ſcan
The works of him that 's infinitely wiſe,
And thoſe he cannot comprehend, denies;
As if a ſpace immenſe were meaſurable by a ſpan.
Thus the proud ſceptic will not own
That Providence the world directs,
Or its affairs inſpects;
But leaves it to itſelf alone.
How does it with almighty grandeur ſuit,
To be concern'd with our impertinence;
Or interpoſe his power for the defence
Of a poor mortal, or a ſenſeleſs brute?
Villains could never ſo ſucceſsful prove,
And unmoleſted in thoſe pleaſures live,
Which honour, caſe, and affluence give;
While ſuch as Heaven adore, and virtue love,
And moſt the care of providence deſerve,
Oppreſs'd with pain and ignominy ſtarve.
What reaſon can the wiſeſt ſhew,
Why murder does unpuniſh'd go,
If the Moſt High, that 's juſt and good,
Intends and governs all below,
And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltleſs blood?
But ſhall we things unſearchable deny,
Becauſe our reaſon cannot tell us why
They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity?

'Tis equally above the reach of thought,
To comprehend how matter ſhould be brought
From nothing, as exiſtent be
From all eternity;
And yet that matter is, we feel and ſee:
Nor is it eaſier to define,
What ligatures the ſoul and body join;
Or, how the memory does th' impreſſion take
Of things, and to the mind reſtores them back.

Did not th' Almighty, with immediate care,
Direct and govern this capacious all,
How ſoon would things into confuſion fall!
Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear,
And blazing comets rule the troubled air;
Wide inundations, with reſiſtleſs force,
The lower provinces o'erflow,
In ſpite of all that human ſtrength could do
To ſtop the raging ſea's impetuous courſe:
Murder and rapine every place would fill,
And ſinking virtue ſtoop to proſperous ill;
Devouring peſtilence rave,
And all that part of nature which has breath
Deliver to the tyranny of death,
And hurry to the dungeons of the grave.
If watchful Providence were not concern'd to ſave,
Let the brave ſpeak, who oft has been
In dreadful ſieges, and fierce battles ſeen,
How he 's preſerv'd, when bombs and bullets fly
So thick, that ſcarce one inch of air is free;
And though he does ten thouſand ſee

Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.
Let the poor ſhipwreck'd ſailor ſhew,
To what inviſible protecting power
He did his life and ſafety owe,
When the loud ſtorm his well-built veſſel tore,
And a half-ſhatter'd plank convey'd him to the ſhore.
Nay, let th' ungrateful ſceptic tell us how
His tender infancy protection found,
And helpleſs childhood was with ſafety crown'd,
If he 'll no Providence allow;
When he had nothing but his nurſe's arms
To guard him from innumerable fatal harms:
From childhood how to youth he ran
Securely, and from thence to man;
How, in the ſtrength and vigour of his years,
The feeble bark of life he ſaves,
Amidſt the fury of tempeſtuous waves,
From all the dangers he foreſees, or fears;
Yet every hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis ſteers,
If Providence, which can the ſeas command,
Held not the rudder with a ſteady hand.

OMNIPRESENCE.

VII.

'Tis happy for the ſons of men, that he,
Who all exiſtence out of nothing made,
Supports his creatures by immediate aid:
But then this all-intending Deity
Muſt Omnipreſent be:

For

For how ſhall we by demonſtration ſhew
The Godhead is this moment here,
If he 's not preſent every where,
And always ſo?
What 's not perceptible by ſenſe, may be
Ten thouſand miles remote from me,
Unleſs his nature is from limitation free.
In vain we for protection pray;
For benefits receiv'd
And offer up ou
In vain his anger dre
An abſent god from
No more than c[illegible]riend;
No more is capable to know
How gratefully we make returns,
When the loud muſic ſounds, or victim burns,
Than a poor Indian ſlave of Mexico.
If ſo, 't is equally in vain
The proſperous ſings, and wretched mourns;
He cannot hear the praiſe, or mitigate the pain.
But by what Being is confin'd
The Godhead we adore?
He muſt have equal or ſuperior power.
If equal only, they each other bind,
So neither 's God, if we define him right,
For neither 's infinite.
But if the other have ſuperior might
Then he, we worſhip, can't pretend to be
Omnipotent, and free
From all reſtraint, and ſo no Deity.

If God is limited in ſpace; his view,
His knowledge, power, and wiſdom, is ſo too:
Unleſs we 'll own, that theſe perfections are
At all times preſent every where,
Yet he himſelf not actually there.
Which to ſuppoſe, that ſtrange concluſion brings,
His eſſence and his attributes are different things.

IMMUTABILITY.

AS the ſupreme, omniſcient mind,
Is by no boundaries confin'd;
So Reaſon muſt acknowledge him to be
From poſſible mutation free:
For what He is, He was from all eternity.
Change, whether the effect of force or will,
Muſt argue imperfection ſtill.
But imperfection in a Deity,
That 's abſolutely perfect, cannot be:
Who can compel, without his own conſent,
A God to change that is omnipotent?
And every alteration without force,
Is for the better or the worſe.
He that is infinitely wiſe,
To alter for the worſe will never chooſe,
That a depravity of nature ſhews:
And He, in whom all true perfection lies,
Cannot by change to greater excellencies riſe.

If

If God be mutable, which way, or how,
Shall we demonſtrate, that will pleaſe him now,
Which did a thouſand years ago?
And 't is impoſſible to know,
What He forbids, or what He will allow.
Murder, inchantment, luſt, and perjury,
Did in the foremoſt rank of vices ſtand,
Prohibited by an expreſs command:
But whether ſuch they ſtill remain to be,
No argument will poſitively prove,
Without immediate notice from above;
If the Almighty Legiſlator can
Be chang'd, like his inconſtant ſubject, man,
Uncertain thus what to perform or ſhun,
We all intolerable hazards run,
When an eternal ſtake is to be loſt or won.

JUSTICE.

REJOICE, ye ſons of piety, and ſing
Loud Hallelujah's to his glorious name,
Who was, and will for ever be the ſame:
Your grateful incenſe to his temples bring,
That from the ſmoking altars may ariſe
Clouds of perfumes to the imperial ſkies.
His promiſes ſtand firm to you,
And endleſs joys will be beſtow'd,
As ſure as that there is a God,
On all *who virtue chooſe*, and righteous paths purſue.

Nor ſhould we more his menaces diſtruſt,
For while he is a Deity, he muſt
(As infinitely good) be infinitely juſt.
But does it with a gracious godhead ſuit,
Whoſe Mercy is his darling attribute,
To puniſh crimes that temporary be,
And thoſe but trivial offences too,
Mere ſlips of human nature, ſmall and few,
With everlaſting miſery?
This ſhocks the mind with deep reflections fraught,
And Reaſon bends beneath the ponderous thought;
Crimes take their eſtimate from guilt, and grow
More heinous ſtill, the more they do incenſe
That God to whom all creatures owe
Profoundeſt reverence:
Though as to that degree they raiſe
The anger of the merciful Moſt High,
We have no ſtandard to diſcern it by,
But the infliction he on the offender lays.
So that if endleſs puniſhment on all
Our unrepented ſins muſt fall,
None, not the leaſt, can be accounted ſmall.
That God is in perfection juſt, muſt be
Allow'd by all that own a Deity:
If ſo, from equity he cannot ſwerve,
Nor puniſh ſinners more than they deſerve.
His will reveal'd, is both expreſs and clear;
"Ye curſed of my Father, go
"To everlaſting woe."
If everlaſting means eternal here,

Duration

Duration abſolutely without end;
Againſt which ſenſe ſome zealouſly contend,
That when applied to pains, it only means,
They ſhall ten thouſand ages laſt:
Ten thouſand more, perhaps, when they are paſt;
But not eternal in a literal ſenſe:
Yet own the pleaſures of the juſt remain
So long as there 's a God exiſts to reign.
Though none can give a ſolid reaſon, why
The word Eternity,
To heaven and hell indifferent join'd,
Should carry ſenſe of a different kind;
And 't is a ſad experiment to try.

GOODNESS.

But if there be one attribute divine
With greater luſtre than the reſt can ſhine,
'T is goodneſs which we every moment ſee
The godhead exerciſe with ſuch delight,
It ſeems, it only ſeems, to be
The beſt-belov'd perfection of the Deity,
And more than infinite.
Without that, he could never prove
The proper objects of our praiſe or love,
Were he not good, he 'd be no more concern'd
To hear the wretched in affliction cry,
Or ſee the guiltleſs for the guilty die,
Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd
And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mou

Eternal juſtice then would be
But everlaſting cruelty;
Power unreſtrain'd, almighty violence;
And wiſdom unconfin'd, but craft immenſe.
'Tis goodneſs conſtitutes him that he is;
And thoſe
Who will deny him this,
A god without a deity ſuppoſe.
When the lewd atheiſt blaſphemouſly ſwears,
By his tremendous name
There is no god, but all 's a ſham;
Inſipid tattle, praiſe, and prayers,
Virtue, pretence; and all the ſacred rules
Religion teaches, tricks to cully fools:
Juſtice would ſtrike th' audacious villain dead,
But mercy, boundleſs, ſaves his guilty head;
Gives him protection, and allows him bread.
Does not the ſinner whom no danger awes,
Without reſtraint, his infamy purſue,
Rejoice, and glory in it too;
Laugh at the power divine, and ridicule his laws;
Labour in vice his rivals to excell,
That, when he 's dead, they may their pupils tell,
How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell?
Yet this vile wretch in ſafety lives,
Bleſſings in common with the beſt receives;
Though he is proud t' affront the God thoſe bleſſings gives.
The chearful ſun his influence ſheds on all;
Has no reſpect to good or ill;

And

And fruitful ſhowers without diſtinction fall,
Which fields with corn, with graſs the paſtures, fill.
The bounteous hand of Heaven beſtows
Succeſs and honour many times on thoſe
Who ſcorn his favourites, and careſs his foes.

To this good God, whom my adventurous pen
Has dar'd to celebrate
In lofty Pindar's ſtrain;
Though with unequal ſtrength to bear the weight
Of ſuch a ponderous theme ſo infinitely great:
To this good God, celeſtial ſpirits pay,
With extacy divine, inceſſant praiſe:
While on the glories of his face they gaze,
In the bright regions of eternal day.
To him each rational exiſtence here,
Whoſe breaſt one ſpark of gratitude contains,
In whom there are the leaſt remains
Of piety or fear,
His tribute brings of joyful ſacrifice,
For pardon prays, and for protection flies;
Nay, the inanimate creation give,
By prompt obedience to his word,
Inſtinctive honour to their lord;
And ſhame the thinking world, who in rebellion live.
With Heaven and earth then, O my ſoul, unite,
And the great God of both adore and bleſs,
Who gives thee competence, content, and peace;
The only fountains of ſincere delight:

That from the tranſitory joys below,
Thou by a happy exit may'ſt remove
To thoſe ineffable above;
Which from the viſion of the godhead flow,
And neither end, decreaſe, nor interruption know.

ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION OVER JERUSALEM.

PARAPHRASED OUT OF JOSEPHUS.

ALAS, Jeruſalem! alas! where 's now
Thy priſtine glory, thy unmatch'd renown,
To which the heathen monarchies did bow?
Ah, hapleſs, miſerable town!
Where 's all thy majeſty, thy beauty gone,
Thou once moſt noble, celebrated place,
The joy and the delight of all the earth;
Who gav'ſt to godlike princes birth,
And bred up heroes, an immortal race?
Where 's now the vaſt magnificence, which made
The ſouls of foreigners adore
Thy wondrous brightneſs, which no more
Shall ſhine, but lie in an eternal ſhade?
Oh miſery! where 's all her mighty ſtate,
Her ſplendid train of numerous kings,
Her noble edifices, noble things,
Which made her ſeem ſo eminently great,
That barbarous princes in her gates appear'd,

And

And wealthy preſents, as their tribute, brought,
To court her friendſhip? For her ſtrength they fear'd,
And all her wide protection ſought.
But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,
See how her lofty buildings lie!
See how her flaming turrets gild the ſky!

Where 's all the young, the valiant, and the gay,
That on her feſtivals were us'd to play
Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day?
The glittering troops, which did from far
Bring home the trophies, and the ſpoils of war,
Whom all the nations round with terror view'd
Nor durſt their godlike valour try?
Where'er they fought, they certainly ſubdued,
And every combat gain'd a victory.
Ah! where 's the houſe of the Eternal King;
The beauteous temple of the Lord of Hoſts,
To whoſe large treaſuries our fleet did bring
The gold and jewels of remoteſt coaſts?
There had the infinite Creator p'ac'd
His terrible, amazing name,
And with his more peculiar preſence grac'd
That heavenly ſanctum, where no mortal came,
The high prieſt only; he but once a year
In that divine apartment might appear:
So full of glory, and ſo ſacred then,
But now corrupted with the heaps of ſlain,
Which ſcatter'd round with blood, defile the mighty
fane.

Alas,

Alas, Jeruſalem! each ſpacious ſtreet
Was once ſo fill'd, the numerous throng
Was forc'd to joſtle as they paſs'd along,
And thouſands did with thouſands meet;
The darling then of God, and man's belov'd retreat.
In thee was the bright throne of juſtice fix'd,
Juſtice impartial, and vain fraud unmix'd!
She ſcorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,
Deſpiſing the moſt wealthy bribes;
But did the ſacred balance hold
With godlike faith to all our happy tribes.
Thy well-built ſtreets, and every noble ſquare,
Were once with poliſh'd marble laid,
And all his lofty bulwarks made
With wondrous labour, and with artful care.
Thy ponderous gates, ſurprizing to behold,
Were cover'd o'er with ſolid gold;
Whoſe ſplendor did ſo glorious appear,
It raviſh'd and amaz'd the eye;
And ſtrangers paſſing, to themſelves would cry,
What mighty heaps of wealth are here!
How thick the bars of maſſy ſilver lie!
O happy people! and ſtill happy be,
Celeſtial city! from deſtruction free,
May'ſt thou enjoy a long, entire proſperity!

But now, oh wretched, wretched place!
Thy ſtreets and palaces are ſpread
With heaps of carcaſes, and mountains of the dead,
The bleeding relics of the Jewiſh race!

Each

Each corner of the town, no vacant ſpace,
But is with breathleſs bodies fill'd,
Some by the ſword, and ſome by famine, kill'd,
Natives and ſtrangers are together laid:
Death's arrows all at random flew
Amongſt the crowd, and no diſtinction made,
But both the coward and the valiant flew.
All in one diſmal ruin join'd,
(For ſwords and peſtilence are blind)
The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find:
Thoſe that from far, with joyful haſte,
Came to attend thy feſtival,
Of the ſame bitter poiſon taſte,
And by the black, deſtructive poiſon fall;
For the avenging ſentence paſs'd on all.
Oh! ſee how the delight of human eyes
In horrid deſolation lies!
See how the burning ruins flame!
Nothing now left, but a ſad, empty name!
And the triumphant victor cries,
This was the fam'd Jeruſalem!

The moſt obdurate creature muſt
Be griev'd to ſee thy palaces in duſt,
Thoſe ancient habitations of the juſt:
And could the marble rocks but know
The miſeries of thy fatal overthrow,
They 'd ſtrive to find ſome ſecret way unknown,
Maugre the ſenſeleſs nature of the ſtone,

Their pity and concern to ſhew:
For now, where lofty buildings ſtood,
Thy ſons corrupted carcaſes are laid:
And all by this deſtruction made
One common Golgotha, one field of blood.
See! how thoſe ancient men, who rul'd thy ſtate,
And made thee happy, made thee great;
Who ſat upon the awful chair
Of mighty Moſes, in long ſcarlet clad,
The good to cheriſh, and chaſtiſe the bad;
Now ſit in the corrupted air,
In ſilent melancholy, and in ſad deſpair!
See how their murder'd children round them lie!
Ah, diſmal ſcene! hark how they cry!
Woe! woe! one beam of mercy give,
Good Heaven! alas, for we would live!
Be pitiful, and ſuffer us to die!
Thus they lament, thus beg for eaſe;
While in their feeble, aged arms they hold
The bodies of their offspring, ſtiff and cold,
To guard them from the ravenous ſavages:
Till their increaſing ſorrows death perſuade
(For death muſt ſure with pity ſee
The horrid deſolation he has made)
To put a period to all their miſery.
Thy wretched daughters that ſurvive,
Are by the heathen kept alive,
Only to gratify their luſt,
And then be mix'd with common duſt.
Oh! inſupportable, ſtupendous woe!

What

What ſhall we do? ah! whither ſhall we go?
Down to the grave, down to thoſe happy ſhades below
Where all our brave progenitors are bleſt
With endleſs triumph, and eternal reſt.

But who, without a flood of tears, can ſee
Thy mournful, ſad cataſtrophe?
Who can behold thy glorious temple lie
In aſhes, and not be in pain to die?
Unhappy, dear Jeruſalem! thy woes
Have rais'd my griefs to ſuch a vaſt exceſs,
Their mighty weight no mortal knows,
Thought cannot comprehend, or words expreſs,
Nor can they poſſibly, while I ſurvive, be leſs.
Good Heaven had been extremely kind,
If it had ſtruck me dead, or ſtruck me blind,
Before this curſed time, this worſt of days.
Is death quite tir'd? are all his arrows ſpent?
If not, why then ſo many dull delays?
Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be ſent!
Nay, at me only let ten thouſand fly,
Whoe'er ſhall wretchedly ſurvive; that I
May, happily, be ſure to die.
Yet ſtill we live, live in exceſs of pain!
Our friends and relatives are ſlain!
Nothing but ruins round us ſee,
Nothing but deſolation, woe, and miſery!
Nay, while we thus, with bleeding hearts, complain,
Our enemies without prepare
Their direful engines to purſue the war;

None know what death is, but the dead;
Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,
As a ſtrange, doubtful way, we know not how to tread.

When to the margin of the grave we come,
And ſcarce have one black, painful hour to live;
No hopes, no proſpect, of a kind reprieve,
To ſtop our ſpeedy paſſage to the tomb;
How moving, and how mournful, is the ſight!
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous ſad!
Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had
In the dark minutes of the dreadful night,
To chear our drooping ſouls for their amazing flight?
Feeble and languiſhing in bed we lie,
Deſpairing to recover, void of reſt;
Wiſhing for death, and yet afraid to die:
Terrors and doubts diſtract our breaſt,
With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppreſt.

Our face is moiſten'd with a clammy ſweat;
Faint and irregular the pulſes beat;
The blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat.
Our dying eyes roll heavily about,
Their light juſt going out;
And for ſome kind aſſiſtance call:
But pity, uſeleſs pity 's all
Our weeping friends can give,
Or we receive;

Though

Though their deſires are great, their powers are ſmall,
The tongue 's unable to declare
The pains and griefs, the miſeries, we bear;
How inſupportable our torments are.
Muſic no more delights our deafening ears,
Reſtores our joys, or diſſipates our fears;
But all is melancholy, all is ſad,
In robes of deepeſt mourning clad;
For, every faculty, and every ſenſe,
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

Then we are ſenſible too late,
'Tis no advantage to be rich or great:
For, all the fulſome pride and pageantry of ſtate
No conſolation brings.
Riches and honours then are uſeleſs things,
Taſteleſs, or bitter, all;
And, like the book which the apoſtle eat,
To the ill-judging palate ſweet,
But turn at laſt to nauſeouſneſs and gall.
Nothing will then our drooping ſpirits chear,
But the remembrance of good actions paſt.
Virtue 's a joy that will for ever laſt,
And makes pale death leſs terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful ſting, and palliates our fear.
In the dark antichamber of the grave
What would we give (ev'n all we have,
All that our care and induſtry have gain'd,
All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)

Could we recall thoſe fatal hours again,
Which we conſum'd in ſenſeleſs vanities,
Ambitious follies, or luxurious eaſe!
For then they urge our terrors, and increaſe our pain.

Our friends and relatives ſtand weeping by,
Diſſolv'd in tears, to ſee us die;
And plunge into the deep abyſs of wide eternity.
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve:
Their ſorrows cannot ours relieve.
They pity our deplorable eſtate:
But what, alas, can pity do
To ſoften the decrees of fate?
Beſides, the ſentence is irrevocable too.
All their endeavours to preſerve our breath,
Though they do unſucceſsful prove,
Shew us how much, how tenderly, they love?
But cannot cut off the entail of death,
Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed:
One, with officious haſte,
Brings us a cordial we want ſenſe to taſte;
Another ſoftly raiſes up our head;
This wipes away the ſweat; that, ſighing, cries
See what convulſions, what ſtrong agonies,
Both ſoul and body undergo!
His pains no intermiſſion know;
For every gaſp of air he draws, returns in ſighs.
Each would his kind aſſiſtance lend,
To ſave his dear relation, or his dearer friend;
But ſtill in vain with deſtiny they all contend.

Our

Our father, pale with grief and watching grown,
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries, adieu!
Adieu, my child! now I muſt follow you:
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
Our ſons, who, in their tender years,
Were objects of our cares, and of our fears,
Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,
Bleſs us, O father! now before you die;
Bleſs us, and be you bleſs'd to all eternity.
Our friend, whom equal to ourſelves we love,
Compaſſionate and kind,
Cries, will you leave me here behind?
Without me fly to the bleſs'd ſeats above?
Without me, did I ſay? Ah, no!
Without thy friend thou canſt not go:
For, though thou leav'ſt me groveling here below,
My ſoul with thee ſhall upward fly,
And bear thy ſpirit company,
Through the bright paſſage of the yielding ſky.
Ev'n death, that parts thee from thyſelf, ſhall be
Incapable to ſeparate
(For 'tis not in the power of fate)
My friend, my beſt, my deareſt friend, and me:
But, ſince it muſt be ſo, farewell;
For ever! No; for we ſhall meet again,
And live like gods, though now we die like men,
In the eternal regions, where juſt ſpirits dwell.

The ſoul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitleſs and unequal ſtrife,
Finding her weak endeavours vain,
To keep the counterſcarp of life,
By ſlow degrees, retires towards the heart,
And fortifies that little fort
With all its kind artilleries of art;
Botanic legions guarding every port.
But death, whoſe arms no mortal can repel,
A formal ſiege diſdains to lay;
Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,
And in a minute ſtorms the feeble citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a ſolid peace;
But 'tis all ſham, all artifice,
That we may negligent and careleſs be:
For, if his armies are withdrawn to-day,
And we believe no danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear;
His troops return ſome unſuſpected way;
While in the ſoft embraces of ſleep we lie,
The ſecret murderers ſtab us, and we die.

Since our firſt parents' fall,
Inevitable death deſcends on all;
A portion none of human race can miſs
But that which makes it ſweet or bitter, is
The fears of miſery, or certain hopes of bliſs.
For, when th' impenitent and wicked die,
Loaded with crimes and infamy;

If any ſenſe at that ſad time remains,
They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains;
The earneſt of that vaſt, ſtupendous woe.
Which they to all eternity muſt undergo,
Confin'd in hell with everlaſting chains.
Infernal ſpirits hover in the air.
Like ravenous wolves, to ſeize upon the prey.
And hurry the departed ſouls away
To the dark receptacles of deſpair:
Where they muſt dwell till that tremendous day,
When the loud trump ſhall call them to appear
Before a Judge moſt terrible, and moſt ſevere;
By whoſe juſt ſentence they muſt go
To everlaſting pains, and endleſs woe.

But the good man, whoſe ſoul is pure,
Unſpotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly ſtains of luſt and villainy,
Of mercy and of pardon ſure,
Looks through the darkneſs of the gloomy night:
And ſees the dawning of a glorious day;
Sees crowds of angels ready to convey
His ſoul whene'er ſhe takes her flight
To the ſurprizing manſions of immortal light.
Then the celeſtial guards around him ſtand;
Nor ſuffer the black dæmons of the air
T' oppoſe his paſſage to the promis'd land,
Or terrify his thoughts with wild deſpair;
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.

His prayers, his charity, his virtues, press
To plead for mercy when he wants it most;
Not one of all the happy number 's loſt;
And thoſe bright advocates ne'er want ſucceſs.
But when the ſoul 's releas'd from dull mortality,
She paſſes up in triumph through the ſky;
Where ſhe 's united to a glorious throng
Of angels; who, with a celeſtial ſong,
Congratulate her conqueſt as ſhe flies along.

If therefore all muſt quit the ſtage,
When, or how ſoon, we cannot know;
But, late or early, we are ſure to go;
In the freſh bloom of youth, or wither'd age,
We cannot take too ſedulous a care,
In this important, grand affair:
For, as we die, we muſt remain;
Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
To make our peace with Heaven, or to return again.
The heathen, who no better underſtood
Than what the light of nature taught, declar'd,
No future miſery could be prepar'd
For the ſincere, the merciful, the good;
But, if there was a ſtate of reſt,
They ſhould with the ſame happineſs be bleſt
As the immortal gods, if gods there were, poſſeſt,
We have the promiſe of th' eternal truth,
Thoſe who live well, and pious paths purſue,
To man, and to their Maker, true,
Let them expire in age, or youth,

Can

Can never miſs
Their way to everlaſting bliſs:
But from a world of miſery and care
To manſions of eternal eaſe repair;
Where joy in full perfection flows,
And in an endleſs circle moves,
Through the vaſt round of beatific love,
Which no ceſſation knows.

ON THE
GENERAL CONFLAGRATION,
AND ENSUING JUDGEMENT.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

" Eſſe quoque in fatis, reminiſcitur, affore tempus
" Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
" Ardeat, & mundi moles operoſa laborat." OVID. Met.

NOW the black days of univerſal doom,
Which wondrous prophecies foretold, are come:
What ſtrong convulſions, what ſtupendous woe,
Muſt ſinking nature undergo;
Amidſt the dreadful wreck, and final overthrow!
Methinks I hear her, conſcious of her fate,
With fearful groans, and hideous cries,
Fill the preſaging ſkies;

Unable to ſupport the weight
Or of the preſent, or approaching miſeries.
Methinks I hear her ſummon all
Her guilty offspring raving with deſpair,
And trembling, cry aloud, Prepare,
Ye ſublunary powers, t' attend my funeral!

See, ſee the tragical portents,
Thoſe diſmal harbingers of dire events!
Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly
Through the dark concave of the troubled ſky;
The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.
See how the glaring meteors blaze!
Like baleful torches, O they come,
To light diſſolving Nature to her tomb!
And, ſcattering round their peſtilential rays,
Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amaze.
Vaſt ſheets of flame, and globes of fire,
By an impetuous wind are driven
Through all the regions of the inferior heaven;
Till, hid in ſulphurous ſmoke, they ſeemingly expire.

Sad and amazing 'tis to ſee,
What mad confuſion rages over all
This ſcorching ball!
No country is exempt, no nation free,
But each partakes the epidemic miſery.
What diſmal havoc of mankind is made
By wars, and peſtilence, and dearth,
Through the whole mournful earth?
Which with a murdering fury they invade,
Forſook by Providence, and all propitious aid!

Whilſt

Whilſt fiends, let looſe, their utmoſt ra mploy,
To ruin all things here below;
Their malice and revenge no limits kn
But, in the univerſal tumult, all deſtroy.

Diſtracted mortals from their cities fly,
For ſafety to their champain ground.
But there no ſafety can be found;
The vengeance of an angry Deity,
With unrelenting fury, does incloſe them round:
And whilſt for mercy ſome aloud implore
The God they ridicul'd before;
And others, raving with their woe,
(For hunger, thirſt, deſpair, they undergo)
Blaſpheme and curſe the Power they ſhould adore:
The earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws extends.
And opening wide a dreadful tomb,
The howling multitude at once deſcends
Together all into her burning womb.

The trembling Alps abſcond their aged heads
In mighty pillars of infernal ſmoke,
Which from their bellowing caverns broke,
And ſuffocates whole nations where it ſpreads.
Sometimes the fire within divides
The maſſy rivers of thoſe ſecret chains,
Which hold together their prodigious ſides,
And hurls the ſhatter'd rocks o'er all the plains:
While towns and cities, every thing below,
Is overwhelm'd with the ſame burſt of woe.

No ſhowers deſcend from the malignant ſky,
To cool the burning of the thirſty field;
The trees no leaves, no graſs the meadows, yield,
But all is barren, all is dry.
The little rivulets no more
To larger ſtreams their tribute pay,
Nor to the ebbing ocean they;
Which, with a ſtrange unuſual roar,
Forſakes thoſe ancient bounds it would have paſs'd before:
And to the monſtrous deep in vain retire:
For ev'n the deep itſelf is not ſecure,
But belching ſubterraneous fires,
Increaſes ſtill the ſcalding calenture,
Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can endure.

The ſun, by ſympathy, concern'd
At thoſe convulſions, pangs, and agonies,
Which on the whole creation ſeize,
Is to ſubſtantial darkneſs turn'd.
The neighbouring moon, as if a purple flood
O'erflow'd her tottering orb, appears
Like a huge maſs of black corrupted blood;
For ſhe herſelf a diſſolution fears.
The larger planets, which once ſhone ſo bright,
With the reflected rays of borrow'd light,
Shook from their centre, without motion lie,
Unwieldy globes of ſolid night,
And ruinous lumber of the ſky.

Amidſt

Amidſt this dreadful hurricane of woes,
(For fire, confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Fill every region of the tortur'd earth and air)
The great archangel his loud trumpet blows;
At whoſe amazing ſound freſh agonies
Upon expiring nature ſeize:
For now ſhe 'll in few minutes know
The ultimate event and fate of all below.
Awake, ye dead, awake, he cries;
(For all muſt come)
All that had human breath, ariſe,
To hear your laſt, unalterable doom.

At this the ghaſtly tyrant, who had ſway'd
So many thouſand ages uncontroll'd,
No longer could his ſceptre hold;
But gave up all, and was himſelf a captive made.
The ſcatter'd particles of human clay,
Which in the ſilent grave's dark chambers lay,
Reſume their priſtine forms again,
And now from mortal, grow immortal men.
Stupendous energy of ſacred Power,
Which can collect wherever caſt
The ſmalleſt atoms, and that ſhape reſtore
Which they had worn ſo many years before,
That through ſtrange accidents and numerous changes paſt!

See how the joyful angels fly
From every quarter of the ſky,

To gather and to convoy all
The pious ſons of human race,
To one capacious place,
Above the confines of this flaming ball.
See with what tenderneſs and love they bear
Thoſe righteous ſouls through the tumultuous air;
Whilſt the ungodly ſtand below,
Raging with ſhame, confuſion, and deſpair,
Amidſt the burning overthrow,
Expecting fiercer torment, and acuter woe.
Round them infernal ſpirits howling fly;
O horror, curſes, tortures, chains! they cry
And roar aloud with execrable blaſphemy.

Hark how the daring ſons of infamy
Who once diſſolv'd in pleaſures lap,
And laugh'd at this tremendous day,
To rocks and mountains now to hide them cry,
But rocks and mountains all in aſhes lie.
Their ſhame 's ſo mighty, and ſo ſtrong their fear,
That, rather than appear
Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd
Amongſt the burning ruins of the world,
And lie conceal'd, if poſſible, for ever there.
Time was they would not own a Deity,
Nor after death a future ſtate;
But now, by ſad experience, find, too late,
There is, and terrible to that degree,
That rather than behold his face, they 'd ceaſe to be.

And ſure 'tis better, if Heaven would conſent,
To have no being; but they muſt remain,
For ever, and for ever be in pain.
O inexpreſſible, ſtupendous puniſhment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet muſt be underwent!

But now, the eaſtern ſkies expanding wide,
The glorious Judge omnipotent deſcends,
And to the ſublunary world his paſſage bends;
Where, cloath'd with human nature, he did once reſide.
Round him the bright ethereal armies fly,
And loud triumphant hallelujahs ſing,
With ſongs of praiſe, and hymns of victory,
To their celeſtial king;
All glory, power, dominion, majeſty,
Now, and for everlaſting ages, be
To the Eſſential One, and Co-eternal Three.
Periſh that world, as 'tis decreed,
Which ſaw the God incarnate bleed!
Periſh by thy almighty vengeance thoſe
Who durſt thy perſon, or thy laws, expoſe;
The curſed refuge of mankind, and hell's proud ſeed.
Now to the unbelieving nations ſhew,
Thou art a God from all eternity;
Not titular, or but by office ſo;
And let them the myſterious union ſee
Of human nature with the Deity.

With mighty tranſports, yet with aweful fears,
The good behold this glorious ſight!
Their God in all his majeſty appears,

Ineffable, amazing bright,
And ſeated on a throne of everlaſting light.
Round the tribunal, next to the Moſt High,
In ſacred diſcipline and order, ſtand
The peers and princes of the ſky,
As they excel in glory or command.
Upon the right hand that illuſtrious crowd,
In the white boſom of a ſhining cloud,
Whoſe ſouls abhorring all ignoble crimes,
Did, with a ſteady courſe, purſue,
His holy precepts in the worſt of times,
Maugre what earth or hell, what man or devils could do,
And now that God they did to death adore,
For whom ſuch torments and ſuch pains they bore
Returns to place them on thoſe thrones above,
Where, undiſturb'd, uncloy'd, they will poſſeſs
Divine, ſubſtantial happineſs,
Unbounded as his power, and laſting as his love.

Go, bring, the Judge impartial, frowning, cries,
Thoſe rebel ſons, who did my laws deſpiſe;
Whom neither threats nor promiſes could move,
Not all my ſufferings, nor all my love,
To ſave themſelves from everlaſting miſeries.
At this ten millions of archangels flew
Swifter than lightning, or the ſwifteſt thought.
And leſs than in an inſtant brought
The wretched, curs'd, infernal, crew;
Who with diſtorted aſpects come,
To hear their ſad, intolerable doom.
Alas! they cry, one beam of mercy ſhew,

Thou

Thou all-forgiving Deity!
To pardon crimes, is natural to thee:
Cruſh us to nothing, or ſuſpend our woe.
But if it cannot, cannot be,
And we muſt go into a gulph of fire,
(For who can with Omnipotence contend?)
Grant, for thou art a God, it may at laſt expire,
And all our tortures have an end.
Eternal burnings, O, we cannot bear!
Though now our bodies too immortal are,
Let them be pungent to the laſt degree:
And let our pains innumerable be;
But let them not extend to all eternity!

Lo, now there does no place remain
For penitence and tears, but all
Muſt by their actions ſtand or fall:
To hope for pity, is in vain;
The dye is caſt, and not to be recall'd again.
Two mighty books are by two angels brought:
In this, impartially recorded, ſtands
The law of nature, and divine commands:
In that, each action, word, and thought,
Whate'er was ſaid in ſecret, or in ſecret wrought.
Then firſt the virtuous and the good,
Who all the fury of temptation ſtood,
And bravely paſs'd thro' ignominy, chains, and blood.
Attended by their guardian angels come
To the tremendous bar of final doom.
In vain the grand accuſer, railing, br
A long indictment of enormous th

Whoſe guilt wip'd off by penitential tears,
And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,
No more to their aſtoniſhment appears,
But in the ſecret womb of dark oblivion lies.

Come, now, my friends, he cries, ye ſons of grace,
Partakers once of all my wrongs and ſhame,
Deſpis'd and hated for my name;
Come to your Saviour's and your God's embrace;
Aſcend, and thoſe bright diadems poſſeſs.
For you by my eternal Father made,
Ere the foundation of the world was laid;
And that ſurprizing happineſs,
Immenſe as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be leſs.
For when I languiſhing in priſon lay,
Naked, and ſtarv'd almoſt for want of bread,
You did your kindly viſits pay.
Both cloath'd my body, and my hunger fed.
Weary'd with ſickneſs, or oppreſs'd with grief.
Your hand was always ready to ſupply:
Whene'er I wanted, you were always by,
To ſhare my ſorrows, or to give relief.
In all diſtreſs, ſo tender was your love,
I could no anxious trouble bear;
No black misfortune, or vexatious care,
But you were ſtill impatient to remove,
And mourn'd, your charitable hand ſhould unſucceſsful prove:
All this you did, though not to me
In perſon, yet to mine in miſery:

And

And ſhall for ever live
In all the glories that a God can give
Or a created being 's able to receive.

At this the architects divine on high
Innumerable thrones of glory raiſe,
On which they, in appointed order, place,
The human coheirs of eternity,
And with united hymns the God incarnate praiſe:
O holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Eternal God, Almighty One,
Be Thou for ever, and be Thou alone,
By all thy creatures, conſtantly adored!
Ineffable, co-equal Three,
Who from non-entity gave birth
To angels and to men, to Heaven and to earth,
Yet always waſt Thyſelf, and wilt for ever be.
But for thy mercy, we had ne'er poſſeſt
Theſe thrones, and this immenſe felicity;
Could ne'er have been ſo infinitely bleſt!
Therefore all Glory, Power, Dominion, Majeſty,
To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,
For ever longer, than for ever, be!

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face
To thoſe upon the left, and cries,
(Almighty vengeance flaſhing in his eyes)
Ye impious, unbelieving race,
To thoſe eternal torments go,

Prepar'd for thoſe rebellious ſons of light,
In burning darkneſs and in flaming night,
Which ſhall no limit or ceſſation know,
But always are extreme, and always will be ſo.
The final ſentence paſt, a dreadful cloud
Incloſing all the miſerable crowd,
A mighty hurricane of thunder roſe,
And hurl'd them all into a lake of fire,
Which never, never, never can expire;
The vaſt abyſs of endleſs woes:
Whilſt with their God the righteous mount on high,
In glorious triumph paſſing through the ſky,
To joys immenſe, and everlaſting extaſy.

REASON: A POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1700.

UNhappy man! who, through ſucceſſive years,
From early youth to life's laſt childhood errs:
No ſooner born but proves a foe to truth;
For infant Reaſon is o'erpower'd in youth.
The cheats of ſenſe will half our learning ſhare;
And pre-conceptions all our knowledge are,
Reaſon, 't is true, ſhould over ſenſe preſide:
Correct our notions, and our judgments guide;
But falſe opinions, rooted in the mind,
Hoodwink the ſoul, and keep our Reaſon blind.
Reaſon 's a taper, which but faintly burns;
A languid flame, that glows, and dies by turns:

We

We ſee 't a little while, and but a little way;
We travel by its light, as men by day:
But quickly dying, it forſakes us ſoon,
Like morning-ſtars, that never ſtay till noon.
The ſoul can ſcarce above the body riſe;
And all we ſee is with corporeal eyes.
Life now does ſcarce one glimpſe of light diſplay;
We mourn in darkneſs, and deſpair of day:
That natural night, once dreſt with orient beams,
Is now diminiſh'd, and a twilight ſeems;
A miſcellaneous compoſition, made
Of night and day, of ſunſhine and of ſhade.
Through an uncertain medium now we look,
And find that falſehood, which for truth we took:
So rays projected from the eaſtern ſkies,
Shew the falſe day before the ſun can riſe.
That little knowledge now which man obtains,
From outward objects, and from ſenſe he gains:
He, like a wretched ſlave muſt plod and ſweat;
By day muſt toil, by night that toil repeat;
And yet, at laſt, what little fruit he gains!
A beggar's harveſt, glean'd with mighty pains!
The paſſions, ſtill predominant, will rule
Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in Reaſon's ſchool;
Our underſtanding they with darkneſs fill,
Cauſe ſtrong corruptions, and pervert the will.
On theſe the ſoul, as on ſome flowing tide,
Muſt ſit, and on the raging billows ride,
Hurried away; for how can be withſtood
Th' impetuous torrent of the boiling blood?

Begone, falſe hopes, for all our learning 's vain;
Can we be free where theſe the rule maintain?
Theſe are the tools of knowledge which we uſe;
The ſpirits heated, will ſtrange things produce.
Tell me, whoe'er the paſſions could control,
Or from the body diſengage the ſoul:
Till this is done, our beſt purſuits are vain,
To conquer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain:
Through all the bulky volumes of the dead,
And through thoſe books that modern times have bred,
With pain we travel, as through mooriſh ground,
Where ſcarce one uſeful plant is ever found;
O'er-run with errors, which ſo thick appear,
Our ſearch proves vain, no ſpark of truth is there.
What 's all the noiſy jargon of the ſchools,
But idle nonſenſe of laborious fools,
Who fetter Reaſon with perplexing rules?
What in Aquina's bulky works are found,
Does not enlighten Reaſon, but confound:
Who travels Scotus' ſwelling tomes, ſhall find
A cloud of darkneſs riſing on the mind;
In controverted points can Reaſon ſway,
When paſſion, or conceit, ſtill hurries us away!
Thus his new notions Sherlock would inſtil,
And clear the greateſt myſteries at will;
But, by unlucky wit, perplex'd them more,
And made them darker than they were before.
South ſoon oppos'd him, out of chriſtian zeal;
Shewing how well he could diſpute and rail.

How

How ſhall we e'er diſcover which is right,
When both ſo eagerly maintain the fight?
Each does the other's arguments deride;
Each has the church and ſcripture on his ſide.
The ſharp, ill-natur'd combat 's but a jeſt;
Both may be wrong; one, perhaps, errs the leaſt.
How ſhall we know which articles are true,
The old ones of the church, or Burnet's new?
In paths uncertain and unſafe he treads,
Who blindly follows other fertile heads:
What ſure, what certain mark have we to know,
The right or wrong, 'twixt Burgeſs, Wake, and Howe?
Should unturn'd nature crave the medic art,
What health can that contentious tribe impart?
Every phyſician writes a different bill,
And gives no other Reaſon but his will.
No longer boaſt your art, ye impious race;
Let wars 'twixt Alcalies and Acids ceaſe;
And proud G—ll with Colbatch be at peace.
Gibbons and Radcliffe do but rarely gueſs;
To-day they 've good, to-morrow, no ſucceſs.
Ev'n Garth and * Maurus ſometimes ſhall prevail,
When Gibſon, learned Hannes, and Tyſon, fail.
And, more than once we 've ſeen, that blundering Sloane,
Miſſing the gout, by chance has hit the ſtone;
The patient does the lucky error find:
A cure he works, though not the cure deſign'd.
Cuſtom, the world 's great idol, we adore;
And knowing this, we ſeek to know no more.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

What education did at firſt receive,
Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe.
The careful nurſe, and prieſt, are all we need,
To learn opinions, and our country's creed:
The parent's precepts early are inſtill'd,
And ſpoil the man, while they inſtruct the child.
To what hard fate is human-kind betray'd,
When thus implicit faith, a virtue made;
When education more than truth prevails,
And nought is current but what cuſtom ſeals?
Thus, from the time we firſt began to know,
We live and learn, but not the wiſer grow.
We ſeldom uſe our liberty aright,
Nor judge of things by univerſal light:
Our prepoſſeſſions and affections bind
The ſoul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind;
And if ſelf-intereſt be but in the caſe,
Our unexamin'd principles may paſs!
Good Heavens! that man ſhould thus himſelf deceive,
To learn on credit, and on truſt believe!
Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
But ſtill a fair, unwritten blank remain'd:
For now, who truth from falſehood would diſcern,
Muſt firſt diſrobe the mind, and all unlearn.
Errors, contracted in unmindful youth,
When once remov'd, will ſmooth the way to truth:
To diſpoſſeſs the child, the mortal lives;
But death approaches ere the man arrives.
Thoſe who would learning's glorious kingdom find,
The dear-bought purchaſe of the trading mind,

From

From many dangers muſt themſelves acquit,
And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.
Oh! what an ocean muſt be voyag'd o'er,
To gain a proſpect of the ſhining ſhore!
Reſiſting rocks oppoſe th' inquiring ſoul,
And adverſe waves retard it as they roll.
Does not that fooliſh deference we pay
To men that liv'd long ſince, our paſſage ſtay?
What odd, prepoſterous paths at firſt we tread,
And learn to walk by ſtumbling on the dead!
Firſt we a bleſſing from the grave implore,
Worſhip old urns, and monuments adore!
The reverend ſage, with vaſt eſteem, we prize:
He liv'd long ſince, and muſt be wondrous wiſe!
Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,
For all thoſe errors which their fancies bred:
Errors indeed! for real knowledge ſtay'd
With thoſe firſt times, not farther was convey'd:
While light opinions are much lower brought,
For on the waves of ignorance they float:
But ſolid truth ſcarce ever gains the ſhore,
So ſoon it ſinks, and ne'er emerges more.
Suppoſe thoſe many dreadful dangers paſt;
Will knowledge dawn, and bleſs the mind, at laſt?
Ah! no, 't is now environ'd, from our eyes,
Hides all its charms, and undiſcover'd lies!
Truth, like a ſingle point, eſcapes the ſight,
And claims attention to perceive it right!
But what reſembles truth is ſoon deſcry'd,
Spreads like a ſurface, and expanded wide!

The firſt man rarely, very rarely finds
The tedious ſearch of long enquiring minds:
But yet what 's worſe, we know not what we err;
What mark does truth, what bright diſtinction bear?
How do we know that what we know is true?
How ſhall we falſehood fly, and truth purſue?
Let none then here his certain knowledge boaſt;
'T is all but probability at moſt:
This is the eaſy purchaſe of the mind;
The vulgar's treaſure, which we ſoon may find!
But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
The glittering gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

DIES NOVISSIMA:

OR, THE

LAST EPIPHANY.

A PINDARIC ODE, on CHRIST's Second Appearance, to Judge the World.

ADIEU, ye toyiſh reeds, that once could pleaſe
My ſofter lips, and lull my cares to eaſe:
Be gone; I 'll waſte no more vain hours with you;
And, ſmiling Sylvia too, adieu.
A brighter power invokes my Muſe,
And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuſe.
See, beckoning, from yon cloud, he ſtands,
And promiſes aſſiſtance with his hands:

I feel

I feel the heavy-rolling God,
Incumbent, revel in his frail abode.
How my breaſt heaves, and pulſes beat!
I ſink, I ſink, beneath the furious heat:
The weighty bliſs o'erwhelms my breaſt,
And over-flowing joys profuſely waſte.
Some nobler bard, O ſacred Power, inſpire,
Or ſoul more large, th' elapſes to receive;
And, brighter yet, to catch the fire,
And each gay following charm from death to ſave!
——In vain the ſuit—the God inflames my breaſt;
I rave, with extaſies oppreſt:
I riſe, the mountains leſſen, and retire;
And now I mix, unſing'd, with elemental fire!
The leading deity I have in view;
Nor mortal knows, as yet, what wonders will enſue.

We paſs'd through regions of unſullied light;
I gaz'd, and ſicken'd at the bliſsful ſight;
A ſhuddering paleneſs ſeiz'd my look:
At laſt the peſt flew off, and thus I ſpoke;
"Say, Sacred Guide, ſhall this bright clime
"Survive the fatal teſt of time,
"Or periſh, with our mortal globe below,
"When yon ſun no longer ſhines?"
Straight I finiſh'd——veiling low;
The viſionary power rejoins;
"'T is not for you to aſk, nor mine to ſay,
"The niceties of that tremendous day.

"Know

" Know, when o'er-jaded Time his round has run,
" And finiſh'd are the radiant journeys of the ſun,
" The great deciſive morn ſhall riſe,
" And Heaven's bright Judge appear in opening ſkies!
" Eternal grace and juſtice he 'll beſtow
" On all the trembling world below."

He ſaid. I mus'd; and thus return'd:
" What enſigns, courteous ſtranger, tell,
" Shall the brooding day reveal?"
He anſwer'd mild——
" Already, ſtupid with their crimes,
" Blind mortals proſtrate to their idols lie:
" Such where the boding times,
" Ere ruin blaſted from the fluicy ſky;
" Diſſolv'd they lay in fulſome eaſe,
" And revel'd in luxuriant peace;
" In bacchanals they did their hours conſume,
" And bacchanals led on their ſwift advancing doom."

Adulterate Chriſts already riſe,
And dare t' aſſuage the angry ſkies;
Erratic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,
And from the Croſs, alas! he does neglected figh;
The Anti-Chriſtian Power has rais'd his Hydra head,
And ruin, only leſs than Jeſus' health, does ſpread.
So long the gore through poiſon'd veins has flow'd,
That ſcarcely ranker is a fury's blood;
Yet ſpecious artifice, and fair diſguiſe,
The monſter's ſhape, and curſt deſign, belies:

A fiend's

A fiend's black venom, in an angel's mien,
He quaffs, and ſcatters, the contagious ſpleen
Straight, when he finiſhes his lawleſs reign,
Nature ſhall paint the ſhining ſcene,
Quick as the lightning which inſpires the train.

Forward confuſion ſhall provoke the fray,
And nature from her ancient order ſtray;
Black tempeſts, gathering from the ſeas around,
In horrid ranges ſhall advance;
And, as they march, in thickeſt ſables drown'd,
The rival thunder from the clouds ſhall ſound,
And lightnings join the fearful dance:
The bluſtering armies o'er the ſkies ſhall ſpread,
And univerſal terror ſhed;
Loud iſſuing peals, and riſing ſheets of ſmoke,
Th' encumber'd region of the air ſhall choke;
The noiſy main ſhall laſh the ſuffering ſhore,
And from the rocks the breaking billows roar!
Black thunder burſts, blue lightning burns,
And melting worlds to heaps of aſhes turns!
The foreſts ſhall beneath the tempeſt bend,
And rugged winds the nodding cedars rend.

Reverſe all Nature's web ſhall run,
And ſpotleſs miſrule all around,
Order, its flying foe, confound;
Whilſt backward all the threads ſhall haſte to be unſpun.
Triumphant Chaos, with his oblique wand,
(The wand with which, ere time begun,

His

His wandering ſlaves he did command,
And made them ſcamper right, and in rude ranges run)
The hoſtile harmony ſhall chace;
And as the nymph reſigns her place,
And panting to the neighbouring refuge flies,
The formleſs ruffian ſlaughters with his eyes,
And following ſtorms the pearching dame's retreat,
Adding the terror of his threat;
The globe ſhall faintly tremble round,
And backward jolt, diſtorted with the wound.

Swath'd in ſubſtantial ſhrowds of night,
The ſickening ſun ſhall from the world retire,
Stripp'd of his dazzling robes of fire;
Which dangling, once, ſhed round a laviſh flood of light!
No frail eclipſe, but all eſſential ſhade,
Not yielding to primæval gloom,
Whilſt day was yet an embryo in the womb;
Nor glimmering in its ſource, with ſilver ſtreamers play'd,
A jetty mixture of the darkneſs ſpread
O'er murmuring Ægypt's head;
And that which angels drew
O'er Nature's face, when Jeſus died;
Which ſleeping ghoſts for this miſtook,
And, riſing, off their hanging funerals ſhook,
And fleeting paſs'd expos'd their bloodleſs breaſt to view,
Yet find it not ſo dark, and to their dormitories glide.

Now

Now bolder fires appear,
And o'er the palpable obſcurement ſport,
Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer,
Yet mark'd with fate, as when he fled th' ætherial court,
And plung'd into the opening gulph of night;
A ſabre of immortal flame I bore,
And with this arm, his flouriſhing plume I tore,
And ſtraight the fiend retreated from the fight.

Mean time the lambent prodigies on high
Take gameſome meaſures in the ſky;
Joy'd with his future feaſt, the thunder roars
In chorus to th' enormous harmony;
And holloo's to his offspring from ſulphureous ſtores:
Applauding how they tilt, and how they fly,
And their each nimble turn, and radiant embaſſy.

The moon turns paler at the ſight,
And all the blazing orbs deny their light;
The lightning with its livid tail,
A train of glittering terrors draws behind,
Which o'er the trembling world prevail;
Wing'd and blown on by ſtorms of wind,
They ſhew the hideous leaps on either hand,
Of Night, that ſpreads her ebon curtains round,
And there erects her royal ſtand,
In ſeven-fold winding jet her conſcious temples bound.

The ſtars next, ſtarting from their ſpheres,
In giddy revolutions leap and bound;

Whilſt

Whilſt this with doubtful fury glares,
And meditate, new wars,
And wheels in ſportive gyres around,
Its neighbour ſhall advance to fight;
And while each offers to enlarge its right,
The general ruin ſhall increaſe,
And baniſh all the votaries of peace.
No more the ſtars, with paler beams,
Shall tremble o'er the midnight ſtreams,
But travel downward to behold
What mimics them ſo twinkling there:
And, like Narciſſus, as they gain more near,
For the lov'd image ſtraight expire,
And agonize in warm deſire,
Or ſlake their luſt, as in the ſtream they roll.

Whilſt the world burns, and all the orbs below
In their viperous ruins glow,
They ſink, and unſupported leave the ſkies,
Which fall abrupt, and tell their torment in the noiſe.
Then ſee th' Almighty Judge, ſedate and bright,
Cloath'd in imperial robes of light!
His wings the wind, rough ſtorms the chariot bear,
And nimble harbingers before him fly,
And with officious rudeneſs bruſh the air;
Halt as he halts, then doubling in their flight,
In horrid ſport with one another vie,
And leave behind quick-winding tracts of light;
Then urging, to their ranks they cloſe,
And ſhivering, leſt they ſtart, a ſailing caravan compoſe.

The Mighty Judge rides in tempeſtuous ſtate
Whilſt mighty guards his orders wait:
His waving veſtments ſhine
Bright as the ſun, which lately did its beam reſign,
And burniſh'd wreaths of light ſhall make his form divine.
Strong beams of majeſty around his temples play,
And the tranſcendant gaiety of his face allay:
His Father's reverend cha racters he 'll wear,
And both o'erwhelm with light, and over-awe with fear,
Myriads of angels ſhall be there,
And I, perhaps, cloſe the tremendous rear;
Angels, the firſt and faireſt ſons of day,
Clad with eternal youth, and as their veſtments gay.

Nor for magnificence alone,
To brighten and enlarge the pageant ſcene,
Shall we encircle his more dazzling throne,
And ſwell the luſtre of his pompous train;
The nimble miniſters of bliſs or woe
We ſhall attend, and ſave, or deal the blow,
As He admits to joy, or bids to pain.

The welcome news
Through every Angel's breaſt freſh raptures ſhall diffuſe.
The day is come,
When Satan with his powers ſhall ſink to endleſs doom.
No more ſhall we his hoſtile troops purſue
From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew.

Then

Then Raphael, big with life, the trump ſhall ſound;
From falling ſpheres the joyful muſic ſhall rebound,
And ſeas and ſhores ſhall catch and propagate it round:
Louder he 'll blow, and it ſhall ſpeak more ſhrill,
Than when, from Sinai's hill,
In thunder through the horrid reddening ſmoke,
Th' Almighty ſpoke.
We 'll ſhout around with martial joy,
And thrice the vaulted ſkies ſhall rend, and thrice our ſhouts reply.
Then firſt th' Archangel's voice, aloud,
Shall chearfully ſalute the day and throng,
And Hallelujah fill the croud;
And I, perhaps, ſhall cloſe the ſong.

From its long ſleep all human race ſhall riſe,
And ſee the morn and Judge advancing in the ſkies:
To their old tenements the ſouls return,
Whilſt down the ſteep of Heaven as ſwift the Judge deſcends!
Theſe look illuſtrious bright, no more to mourn:
Whilſt, ſee, diſtracted looks yon ſtalking ſhades attend.
The ſaints no more ſhall conflict on the deep,
Nor rugged waves inſult the labouring ſhip;
But from the wreck in triumph they ariſe,
And borne to bliſs ſhall tread empyreal ſkies.

CONTENTS

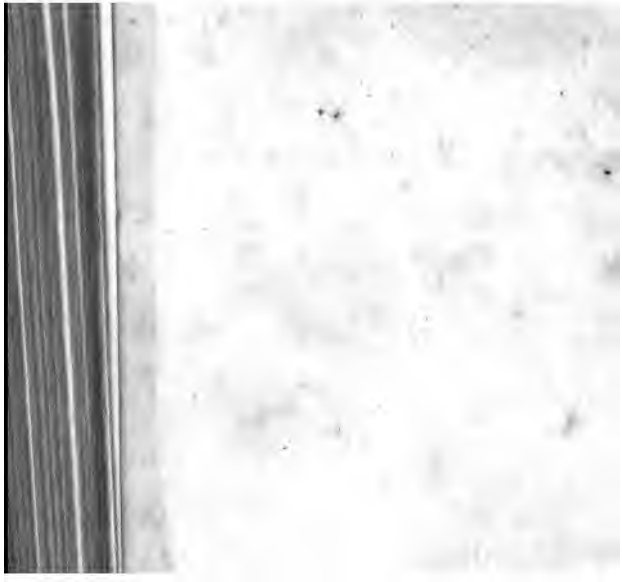
CONTENTS.

THE Choice - - - Page 215
Love triumphant over Reaſon. A Viſion 221
The Fortunate Complaint - - - 242
Strephon's Love for Delia juſtified, in an Epiſtle to Celadon - - - - 248
Epiſtle to Delia - - - 253
A Paſtoral Eſſay on the Death of Queen Mary, Anno 1694 - - - - 258
To his Friend under Affliction - - 265
To another Friend under Affliction - - 269
To his Friend inclined to marry - - 272
To a Painter, drawing Dorinda's Picture - 273
To the Painter, after he had finiſhed Dorinda's Picture - - - - 275
Cruelty and Luſt. An Epiſtolary Eſſay - ibid.
On the Marriage of the Earl of A—— with the Counteſs of S—— - - - 290
An Inſcription for the monument of Diana, Counteſs of Oxford and Elgin - - - 294
The ſame attempted in Engliſh - - 295
Upon the Divine Attributes - - 297
Eleazar's Lamentation over Jeruſalem - 312
A Proſpect of Death. - - - 319

On the General Conflagration, and enſuing Judgment - - - - 327
Reaſon. A Satire - - - 338
Dies Noviſſima: Or, the Laſt Epiphany. A Pindaric Ode, on Chriſt's Second Appearance to judge the world - - - - 344

THE END OF POMFRET'S POEMS.

John (Dickinson)
1786



John Dickinson
1786

HUGHS.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-SECOND.

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THE

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OF

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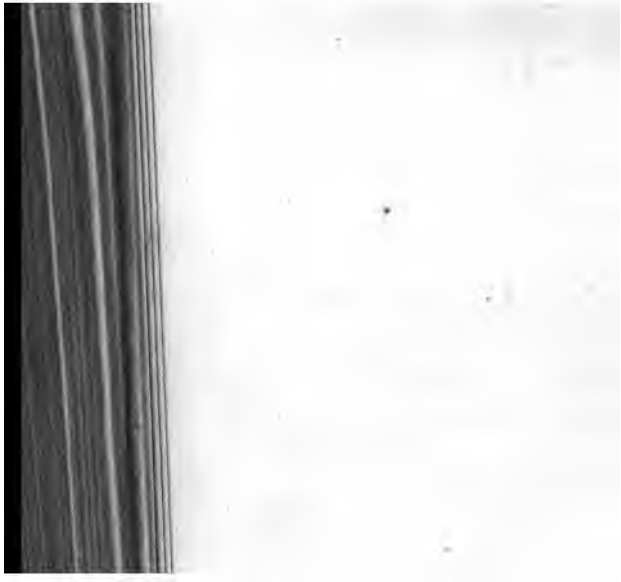

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN HUGHES, Esq.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO

Mr. JOHN HUGHES,

ON HIS POEM, ENTITLED,

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

INSPIR'D by what melodious HUGHES has ſung,
I'll tune a lyre, that long has lain unſtrung:
Awak'd from drowſy ſloth, and ſoothing reſt,
Poetic tranſports fire my raviſh'd breaſt!
What pleaſure muſt retiring DRYDEN find,
To ſee that art his ſkilful Muſe refin'd,
So much improv'd by thoſe he leaves behind!
So when a father ſees a careful ſon
Enlarge thoſe coffers, which were firſt his own,
With joy to heaven he lifts his aged eyes,
Bleſſes his proſperous heir, and calmly dies.
May all your fortune, like your numbers, ſhine,
And ſmoothly flow, without one rugged line!
Till we confeſs the genius is the ſame,
That guides your fortune, and poetic flame.
So when of old ſome ſportive amorous god
Vouchſaf'd awhile to leave his bleſt abode,
In whatſoever form the gueſt appear'd,
His heavenly luſtre ſhone, and was rever'd.

Catharine-Hall, Cambridge.

W. Worts.
February, 1697.

To the MEMORY of Mr. HUGHES.

BY MISS JUDITH COWPER *.

ROUND HUGHES's humble, though diſtinguiſh'd urn,
The Muſes, wreath'd with baleful cypreſs, mourn;
In every face a deep diſtreſs appears,
Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears:
Such was the ſcene, when, by the gods requir'd,
Majeſtic Homer from the world retir'd:
Such grief the Nine o'er Maro's tomb beſtow'd;
And tears like theſe for Addiſon late flow'd.

Snatch'd from the earth, above its trifling praiſe,
Thee, HUGHES, to happier climes thy fate conveys;
Eas'd of its load, thy gentle ſpirit roves,
Through realms refulgent, and celeſtial groves;
The toils of life, the pangs of death, are o'er,
And care, and pain, and ſickneſs, are no more.
O may the ſpot that holds thy bleſt remains,
(The nobleſt ſpoil earth's ſpacious breaſt contains,)
Its tribute pay; may richeſt flowers around,
Spring lightly forth, and mark the ſacred ground;
There may thy bays its ſhady honours ſpread,
And o'er thy urn eternal odours ſhed;

Immortal

* Daughter of Judge Cowper, afterwards married to Col. Martin Madan, author of the Progreſs of Poetry, &c. and ſtill living, an ornament to her ſex and age. Another of her compoſitions is perfixed to the Poems of Mr. Pope. N.

Immortal as thy fame, and verſe, ſtill grow,
Till thoſe ſhall ceaſe to live, and Thames to flow.
Nature ſubdued foretold the great decline,
And every heart was plung'd in grief, but thine;
Thy ſoul, ſerene, the conflict did maintain,
And trac'd the phantom death, in years of pain;
Not years of pain thy ſteady mind alarm'd,
By judgment ſtrengthen'd, and with virtue arm'd;
Still like thyſelf, when ſinking life ebb'd low,
Nor raſhly dar'd, nor meanly fear'd the blow;
Looſe to the world, of every grace poſſeſt,
Greatly reſign'd, thou ſought'ſt the ſtranger, REST:
Firm as his fate, ſo thy own Phocyas dy'd,
While the barb'd arrow trembled in his ſide.
Drawn by thy pen, the theory we ſee;
The practic part, too ſoon beheld in thee.
Who now ſhall ſtrike the lyre with ſkill divine,
Who to harmonious ſounds * harmonious numbers join!
Who the rapacious tide of vice control,
And, while they charm the ſenſe, reform the ſoul!
In whom the lovely ſiſter-arts unite,
With virtue, ſolid ſenſe, and boundleſs wit?
Such was the turn of thy exalted mind,
Sparkling as poliſh'd gems, as pureſt gold refin'd.
Great Ruler of our paſſions! who with art
Subdued the fierce, and warm'd the frozen heart,
Bid glory in our breaſts with temper beat,
And valour, ſeperate from feveriſh heat,

* Opera of Calypſo and Telemachus.

Love, in its true, its genuine luſtre riſe,
And, in Eudocia, bid it charm our eyes.
Virtue diſtreſt, thy happy lines diſcloſe,
With more of triumph than a conqueror knows;
Touch'd by thy hand, our ſtubborn tempers bend,
And flowing tears the well-wrought ſcene attend,
That ſilent eloquence thy power approv'd
The cauſe ſo great, 'twas generous to be mov'd.
What pleaſure can the burſting heart poſſeſs,
In the laſt parting, and ſevere diſtreſs?
Can fame, wealth, honour, titles, joy beſtow,
And make the labouring breaſt with tranſport glow?
Theſe gaudy trifles gild our morning bright,
But O! how weak their influence on our night!
Then fame, wealth, honour, titles, vainly bloom,
Nor dart one beam of comfort on the gloom;
But if the ſtruggling ſoul a joy receives,
'Tis in the juſt applauſe, that conſcious virtue gives:
This blameleſs pride the dying HUGHES poſſeſt,
Soften'd his pain, ſat lightly on his breaſt,
And ſooth'd his unoffending ſoul to reſt.
Free from the bigot's fears, or ſtoick's pride,
Calm as our chriſtian hero liv'd, he dy'd.
As on the utmoſt verge of life he ſtood,
Ready to plunge, and ſeize th' immortal good,
Collecting all his rays diffus'd, in one,
His * laſt great work with heighten'd luſtre ſhone;
There his juſt ſentiments, transferr'd, we view'd!
But, while our eyes the ſhining path purſu'd,

And

* Siege of Damaſcus.

And ſteep aſcent his ſteady judgment gain'd,
The ſhining path, alas! alone remain'd.—
So when the ſun to worlds unknown retires,
How ſtrong! how boldly ſhoot his parting fires!
Larger his ſetting orb our eyes confeſs,
Eager we gaze, and the full glory bleſs;
As o'er the heavens, ſublime, his courſe extends,
With equal ſtate, the radiant globe deſcends,
Sinks, in a cloud of gold, and azure bright,
And leaves, behind, gay tracks of beamy light.

1720.

IF for ourſelves the tears profuſely flow,
Too juſtly we indulge the tender woe,
Since thou in virtue's robes waſt richly dreſt,
And of fine arts abundantly poſſeſt!
But if we rather ſhould congratulate
A friend's enlargement and exalted ſtate;
Reſign'd to Providence, what can we leſs
Than chearful hail thy long'd-for happineſs,
Who now, releas'd from every piercing pain,
Doſt in the realms of light triumphant reign!

February, 1719-20. W. DUNCOMBE.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

O LOST too early! and too lately known!
My love's intended marks receive in one;
Where, new to eaſe, and recent from thy pains,
With ampler joy thou tread'ſt the bliſsful plains:
If there, regardful of the ways of men,
Thou ſeeſt with pity, what thou once haſt been,
O gentle ſhade! accept this humble verſe,
Amidſt the meaner honours of thy hearſe.
How does thy Phocyas warm Britannia's youth,
In arms to glory, and in love to truth!
Oh! if the Muſe of future aught preſage,
Theſe ſeeds ſhall ripen in the coming age;
Then youths, renown'd for many a field well-fought,
Shall own the glorious leſſons thou haſt taught;
Honour's ſtrict laws ſhall reign in every mind,
And every Phocyas his Eudocia find.
O! yet be this the loweſt of thy fame,
To form the hero, and inſtruct the dame;
I ſee the chriſtian, friend, relation, ſon,
Burn for the glorious courſe that thou haſt run.
If aught we owe thy pencil, or thy lyre,
Of manly ſtrokes, or of ſuperior fire,
How muſt thy Muſe be ever own'd divine,
And in the ſacred liſt unrival'd ſhine!
Nor joyous health was thine, nor downy eaſe;
To thee forbidden was the ſoft receſs;

Worn

Worn with diſeaſe, and never-ceaſing pain,
How firmly did thy ſoul her ſeat maintain!
Early thy ſide the mortal ſhaft receiv'd,
All, but the wounded hero, ſaw and griev'd.
No ſenſe of ſmart, no anguiſh, could control,
Or turn the generous purpoſe of his ſoul.
Witneſs ye nobler arts, by heaven deſign'd
To charm the ſenſes, and improve the mind,
How through your mazes, with inceſſant toil,
He urg'd his way to reap th' immortal ſpoil!
So fabled Orpheus tun'd his potent ſong,
Death's circling ſhades and Stygian glooms among.
Of thy great labours this, the laſt* and chief,
At once demands our wonder, and our grief;
Thy ſoul in clouded majeſty till now,
Its finiſh'd beauties did but partly ſhow,
Wondering we ſaw diſcloſ'd the ample ſtore,
Griev'd in that inſtant, to expect no more.
So in the evening of ſome doubtful day,
And clouds divided with a mingled ray,
Haply the golden ſun unveils his light,
And his whole glories ſpreads at once to ſight;
Th' enliven'd world look up with gladſome chear,
Bleſs the gay ſcene, nor heed the night ſo near;
Sudden, the lucent orb drops ſwiftly down
Through weſtern ſkies, to ſhine in worlds unknown.

March 28, 1720.

WM. COWPER.

FROM

* The Siege of Damaſcus.

FROM thy long languiſhing, and painful ſtrife
Of breath and labour drawn, and waſting life,
Accompliſh'd ſpirit! thou at length art free,
Born into bliſs and immortality!
Thy ſtruggles are no more; the palm is won;
Thy brows encircled with the victor's crown;
While lonely left, and deſolate below,
Full grief I feel, and all a BROTHER's woe!
Yet would I linger on, a little ſpace,
Before I cloſe my quick-expiring race,
Till I have gather'd up, with grateful pains,
Thy WORKS, thy dear unperiſhing remains;
An undecaying MONUMENT to ſtand,
Rais'd to thy name by thy own ſkilful hand.
Then let me wing from earth my willing way,
To meet thy ſoul in blaze of living day,
Rapt to the ſkies, like thee, with joyful flight,
An inmate of the heavens, adopted into light!

30 March, 1720.

JABEZ HUGHES.
Ob. 17 Jan. 1731.
Anno Æt. 46.

IMMOR-

IMMORTAL Bard! though from the world retir'd,
Still known to fame, ſtill honour'd, and admir'd!
While, fill'd with joy, in happier realms you ſtray,
And dwell in manſions of eternal day;
While you, conſpicuous through the heavenly choir,
With ſwelling rapture tune the choſen lyre;
Where echoing angels the glad notes prolong,
Or with attentive ſilence crown your ſong;
Forgive the Muſe that in unequal lays
Offers this humble tribute of her praiſe.

Loſt in thy works, how oft I paſs the day,
While the ſwift hours ſteal unperceiv'd away;
There, in ſweet union, wit and virtue charm,
And nobleſt ſentiments the boſom warm;
The brave, the wiſe, the virtuous, and the fair,
May view themſelves in fadeleſs colours there.

Through every poliſh'd piece correctneſs flows.
Yet each bright page with ſprightly fancy glows;
Oh! happy elegance, where thus are join'd
A ſolid judgment, and a wit refin'd!

Here injur'd Phocyas and Eudocia claim
A laſting pity and a laſting fame:
Thy heroine's ſofter virtues charm the ſight,
And fill our ſouls with raviſhing delight.
Exalted love and dauntleſs courage meet,
To make thy hero's character compleat.
This finiſh'd piece the nobleſt pens commend;
And ev'n the critics are the poet's friend.

Led

Led on by thee, thoſe * flowery paths I view,
For ever lovely, and for ever new,
Where all the Graces with joint force engage,
To ſtem th' impetuous follies of the age:
Virtue, there deck'd in ever-blooming charms,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs rays of beauty warms,
That Vice, abaſh'd, confounded, ſkulks away,
As night retires at dawn of roſy day.

Struck with his guilt, the hardy Atheiſt dreads
Approaching fate, and trembles as he reads:
Vanquiſh'd by reaſon, yet aſham'd to fly,
He dares not own a God, nor yet deny:
Convinc'd, though late, forgiveneſs he implores;
Shrinks from the jaws of hell, and heaven adores.

Hither the wild, the frolick, and the gay,
As thoughtleſs through their wanton rounds they ſtray,
Compell'd by fame, repair with curious eye,
And their own various forms with wonder ſpy.
The cenſor ſo polite, ſo kindly true,
They ſee their faults, and ſicken at the view.
Hence trifling Damon ceaſes to be vain;
And Cloe ſcorns to give her lover pain:
Strephon is true, who ne'er was true before;
And Cælia bids him love, but not adore.

Though ADDISON and STEELE the honour claim,
Here to ſtand foremoſt on the liſt of fame;
Yet ſtill the traces of thy hand we ſee,
Some of the brighteſt thoughts are due to thee.

Whi

* Alluding to the Spectators written by Mr. Hughes.

While then for thoſe illuſtrious bards we mourn,
The Muſe ſhall viſit thy DISTINGUISH'D URN;
With copious tears bedew the ſacred ground,
And plant the never-fading bay around.
Here through the gloom, aſpiring bards explore
Theſe awful relicks, and be vain no more:
Learning, and wit, and fame itſelf muſt die;
VIRTUE alone can towering reach the ſky.
This crown'd his life. Admire not, heaven in view,
He to the glorious prize with tranſport flew.
A fate ſo bleſt ſhould check our ſtreaming woe,
He reigns above, his works ſurvive below.

J. BUNCE,
Late of Trinity-Hall,
Cambridge.

IN MEMORIAM VIRI CLARISSIMI

JOHANNIS HUGHES.

OCCIDIT heu nimium fato ſublatus acerbo,
Occidit Aonidûm decus ille dolorque ſororum!
Quæ te, magne, tuis rapuit ſors aſpera, vates?
Quo fugis, ah! noſtras nunquam rediturus in oras!
En! tibi ferali crinem cinxêre cupreſſo,
Et circum cineres Parnaſſia numina lugent.
Ipſa tuam flet adhuc, flebitque Britannia mortem:
Te patria expoſcit, fœcundaque criminis ætas.
Non tua te pietas, non candida vita, nec artes
Ingenuæ, duro juvenem eripuêre ſepulchro!
Sed tibi mors longos nequicquam inviderit annos,
Dum maneant claræ monumenta perennia famæ,
Dircæuſque volet ſuperas ſuus ales in auras.
* Spernis trita ſonans plectrum, tenuiſque camœnæ
Haud petis auxilium: terris te plena relictis
Mens rapit impavidum, cœlique per ardua ducit.
Jam procul ex oculis gentes & regna recedunt;
Jam tellus perit, & punctum vix cernitur orbis.
At vos, immenſi placidiſſima lumina mundi,
Sol, Luna, æterno meritas O! pangite laudes
Auctori dominoque; ſuis concuſſa tremiſcat
Sedibus, & magnum agnoſcat Natura Parentem,
Dum vates arcana, parum ſententia vulgi
Ut ſtet ſollicitus, ſublimi carmine pandit!
Qualis verborum pompa! ut ruit ore profundo
Fervidus, ingenii caleat cum Spiritus ingens!

Nec

* Hæc, & proxima alludunt ad ſublimia illa authoris noſtri Poemata, quibus Tituli, HYMNUS AD CREATOREM MUNDI, & ECSTASEIS.

Nec minor incedis, tragico indignuſive cothurno.
Dum tuus Arabicos Phocyas ruit acer in hoſtes,
Quis non æqualis toto ſub pectore flammas
Concipit, & ſimili laudis ferveſcit amore!
O qualis linguæ divina potentia! quali
Arte trahis faciles animos; ſeu pectora flecti
Dura jubes, & pulchræ acuis virtutis honore;
Sive intus placidos Eudocia concitet ignes;
Ah nimium, nimium infelix Eudocia! quem non
Sors tua ſæva movet? madidi vectigal ocelli
Quis neget? infauſtos quis non deploret amores?
O ſemper damnata pati fata aſpera virtus!
At tibi quis ſenſus, quæ mens, Eudocia, cum jam
Extrahit infixam Phocyas tua flamma ſagittam,
Securus fati, vitamque ex vulnere fundit?
Quis ſatis ingenium comis miretur Abudæ?
Quam piger ad pœnas, miſerumque benignus in hoſtem!
Exemplar vel Chriſtiadis imitabile, mores
Digni etiam meliore fide! O quam, nube remotâ
Erroris, tanti eniteant pietatis honores!
Sed quid ego plura hîc laudare nitentia pergam?
Tota nitet, pulchro tota ordine fabrica ſurgit,
Et delectamur paſſim, paſſimque monemur.

E Coll. Mert. Oxon. L. DUNCOMBE.

Amabilis Juvenis, hujus Carminis Author,
Obiit 26 Decem. 1730; Anno Ætatis 19.

"—Nox atra caput triſti circumvolat umbrâ." VIRG.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. HUGHES.

Spoken by Mr. MILWARD, on the Revival of The SIEGE of DAMASCUS, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 22 March, 1734-5.

HERE force and fancy, with united charms,
Mingle the ſweets of love with war's alarms.
Our author ſhows, in Eaſtern pomp array'd,
The conquering hero and the conſtant maid.
None better knew, ſuch noble heights to ſoar,
Though Phædra, and though Cato charm'd before.
While in the luſtre of his glowing lines,
Th' Arabian paradiſe ſo gaily ſhines,
With winy rivers, racy fruits ſupply'd,
And beauties ſparkling in immortal pride,
Gallants, you'll own that a reſiſtleſs fire
Did juſtly their enamour'd breaſts inſpire.
At firſt, a numerous audience crown'd this play,
And kind applauſes mark'd its happy way,
While He, like his own Phocyas, ſnatch'd from view,
To fairer realms with ripen'd glory flew.
Humane, though witty; humble, though admir'd;
Wept by the great, the virtuous ſage expir'd!
Still may the bard, beneath kind planets born,
Whom every Grace and every Muſe adorn,
Whoſe ſpreading fame has reach'd to foreign lands,
Receive ſome tribute too from Britiſh hands.

THE

THE

TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

OCCASIONED BY THE PEACE OF RESWICK,

1697.

HEAR, Britain, hear a rough unpractis'd tongue!
Though rough my voice, the Muſe inſpires the ſong,
The heaven-born Muſe; ev'n now ſhe ſprings her flight,
And bears my raptur'd ſoul through untrac'd realms of light.
We mount aloft, and, in our airy way,
Retiring kingdoms far beneath ſurvey.
Amid the reſt a ſpacious tract appears,
Obſcure in view, and on its viſage wears
Black hovering miſts, which, thickening by degrees,
Extend a louring ſtorm o'er earth and ſeas.
But, lo! an Eaſtern light, ariſing high,
Drives the tempeſtuous wreck along the ſky!
Then thus the Muſe—Look down, my ſon! and ſee
The bright proceſſion of a deity!
She ſpoke; the ſtorm diſpers'd; vaniſh'd the night;
And well-known Europe ſtands diſclos'd to ſight.
Of various ſtates, the various bounds appear;
There wide Hiſpania, fruitful Gallia here;
Belgia's moiſt ſoil, conſpicuous from afar,
And Flandria, long the field of a deſtructive war.

Germania too, with cluſter'd vines o'erſpread;
And lovely Albion from her watery bed,
Beauteous above the reſt, rears her auſpicious head.
Beneath her chalky cliffs, ſea-nymphs reſort,
And awful Neptune keeps his reedy court;
His darling Thames, rich preſents in his hand
Of bounteous Ceres, traverſes the land;
And ſeems a mighty ſnake, whoſe ſhining pride
Does through the meads in ſinuous volumes glide.
Ah, charming iſle! faireſt of all the main!
Too long thou doſt my willing eye detain.
For ſee a hero on the adverſe ſtrand!
And, lo! a blooming virgin in his hand!
All hail, celeſtial pair!—a goddeſs ſhe,
Of heavenly birth confeſt, a more than mortal, He!
Victorious laurels on his brows he wears;
Th' attending fair a branching Olive bears;
Slender her ſhape, in ſilver bands confin'd;
Her ſnowy garments looſely flow behind,
Rich with embroider'd ſtars, and ruffle in the wind.
But once ſuch differing beauty met before,
When warrior Mars did Love's bright queen adore;
Ev'n Love's bright queen might ſeem leſs winning fair,
And Mars ſubmit to his heroic air.
Not Jove himſelf, imperial Jove can ſhow
A nobler Mien, or more undaunted brow,
When his ſtrong arm, through heav'n's ætherial plains,
Compels the kindled bolt, and awful rule maintains.
And now embark'd they ſeek the Britiſh Iſles.
Pleas'd with the charge, propitious Ocean ſmiles.

Before

Before, old Neptune ſmooths the liquid way;
Obſequious Tritons on the ſurface play;
And ſportful dolphins, with a nimble glance,
To the bright ſun their glittering ſcales advance.
In oozy beds profound, the billows ſleep,
No clamorous winds awake the ſilent deep;
Rebuk'd, they whiſper in a gentle breeze,
And all around is univerſal peace.
Proceed, my Muſe! The following pomp declare;
Say who, and what, the bright attendants were!
Firſt Ceres, in her chariot ſeated high,
By harneſs'd dragons drawn along the ſky;
A Cornucopia fill'd her weaker hand,
Charg'd with the various offspring of the land,
Fruit, flowers, and corn; her right a ſickle bore;
A yellow wreath of twiſted wheat ſhe wore.
Next father Bacchus with his tigers grac'd
The ſhow, and, ſqueezing cluſters as he paſs'd,
Quaff'd flowing goblets of rich-flavour'd wine.
In order, laſt ſucceed the tuneful Nine;
Apollo too was there; behind him hung
His uſeleſs quiver, and his bow unſtrung;
He touch'd his golden lyre, and thus he ſung.
"Lead on, great WILLIAM! in thy happy reign
"Peace and the Muſes are reſtor'd again.
"War, that fierce lion, long diſdaining law,
"Rang'd uncontrol'd, and kept the world in awe,
"While trembling kingdoms crouch'd beneath his paw.

" At laſt the reeling monſter, drunk with gore,
" Falls at thy feet ſubdued, and quells his roar;
" Tamely to thee he bends his ſhaggy mane,
" And on his neck admits the long-rejected chain.
" At thy protecting court, for this bleſt day,
" Attending nations their glad thanks ſhall pay:
" Not Belgia, and the reſcued iſle alone,
" But Europe ſhall her great deliverer own.
" Rome's mighty grandeur was not more conſeſt,
" When great Antonius travel'd through the Eaſt,
" And crouds of monarchs did each morning wait
" With early homage at his palace gate.
" Haſte then, bright prince! thy Britain's tranſport
" meet;
" Haſte to her arms, and make her bliſs complete!
" Whate'er glad news has reach'd her liſtening ear
" While her long-abſent lord provokes her fear,
" Her joys are in ſuſpence, her pleaſures unſincere.
" He comes, thy hero comes! O beauteous iſle!
" Revive thy genius with a chearful ſmile!
" Let thy rejoicing ſons freſh palms prepare,
" To grace the trophies of the finiſh'd war;
" On high he hung the martial ſword inſheath'd,
" The ſhield with ribbons dreſs'd, and ſpear with ivy
" wreath'd!
" Let ſpeaking paint in various tablets ſhow
" Paſt ſcenes of battle to the croud below!
" Round this triumphant pile, in ruſtic dance,
" The ſhouting ſwains ſhall hand in hand advance;

" The

" The wealthy farmer from his toils ſhall ceaſe ;
" The ploughman from the yoke his ſmoking ſteers releaſe,
" And join to ſolemnize the feſtival of peace.
" No more for want of hands th' unlabour'd field,
" Choak'd with rank weeds, a ſickly crop ſhall yield :
" Calm peace returns ; behold her ſhining train !
" And fruitful plenty is reſtor'd again."—
Apollo ceas'd.——The Muſes take the ſound,
From voice to voice th' harmonious notes rebound,
And echoing lyres tranſmit the volant fugue around !

Mean while the ſteady bark, with proſperous gales,
Fills the large ſheets of her expanded ſails,
And gains th' intended port ; thick on the ſtrand,
Like ſwarming bees, th' aſſembled Britons ſtand,
And preſs to ſee their welcome ſovereign land :
At his approach, unruly tranſport reigns
In every breaſt, and rapture fires their veins.
A general ſhout ſucceeds, as when on high
Exploded thunder rends the vaulted ſky.
A ſhort convulſion ſhakes the ſolid ſhore,
And rocks th' adjacent deep, unmov'd before ;
Loud acclamations through the valleys ring,
While to Auguſta's wall the croud attend their king.

And now behold * a finiſh'd temple riſe,
On lofty pillars climbing to the ſkies !

* The choir of St. Paul's was firſt opened on the day of thankſgiving for the peace.

Of bulk ſtupendous, its proud pile it rears,
The gradual product of ſucceſſive years.
An inner gate, that folds with iron leaves,
The charm'd ſpectator's entering ſteps receives,
Where curious works in twiſted ſtems are ſeen
Of branching foliage, vacuous between.
O'er this a vocal organ, mounted high
On marble columns, ſtrikes the wondering eye;
And feeds at once two ſenſes with delight,
Sweet to the ear, and ſplendid to the ſight.
Marble the floor, enrich'd with native ſtains
Of various dye, and ſtreak'd with azure veins.
Ev'n emulous art with nature ſeems to ſtrive,
And the carv'd figures almoſt breathe and live;
The painted altar, glorious to behold,
Shines with delightful blue, and dazzling gold.
Here firſt th' illuſtrious three, of heavenly race,
Religion, Liberty, and Peace, embrace;
Here joyful crouds their pious thanks expreſs,
For Peace reſtor'd, and heaven's indulgence bleſs
Auſpicious ſtructure! born in happy days,
Whoſe firſt employment is the nobleſt, praiſe!
So, when by juſt degrees th' eternal Thought
His ſix days labour to perfection brought,
With laws of motion firſt endued the whole,
And bade the heavens in deſtin'd circles roll,
The poliſh'd ſpheres commenc'd their harmony;
All nature in a chorus did agree,
And the world's birth-day was a jubilee.

THE

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE.

ON KING WILLIAM'S RETURN FROM HOLLAND, 1699.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

BEGIN, celeſtial Muſe! a tuneful ſtrain
Of Albion's prince conducted o'er the main;
Of courts conceal'd in waves, and Neptune's watery reign;
Sing, from beneath, how the green deity
Roſe to the ſovereign of the Britiſh ſea;
To power confeſs'd, the triple mace reſign'd,
O'er-rul'd the floods, and charg'd the rebel wind;
Secur'd his paſſage homeward, and reſtor'd,
Safe to the loveliest iſle, the beſt lov'd lord.
The generous name of MONTAGUE has long
Been fam'd in verſe, and grac'd the poet's ſong;
In verſe, himſelf can happy wonders do,
The beſt of patrons, and of poets too.
Amid the ſkillful choir that court his ear,
If he vouchſafe theſe ruder lays to hear,
His bright example, while to him I ſing,
Shall raiſe my feeble flight, and mount me on the wing.
On Albion's Eaſtern coaſt, an * ancient town
O'erlooks the ſea, to mariners well known;
Where the ſwift † Stourus ends his ſnaky train,
And pays his watery tribute to the main:

* Harwich.

† The River Stoure, that runs between Suffolk and Eſſex.

Stourus, whoſe ſtream, prolific as it glides,
Two fertile counties in its courſe divides,
And rolls to ſeaward with a lover's pace:
There beauteous Orwell meets his fond embrace;
They mix their amorous ſtreams, the briny tide
Receives them join'd; their crooked ſhores provide
A ſpacious bay within, for anchor'd ſhips to ride.
Here, on the margin of the rolling flood,
Divinely fair, like ſea-born Venus, ſtood
Britannia's genius, in a robe array'd
Of broider'd arms, and heraldry diſplay'd:
A crown of cities charg'd her graceful brows;
In waving curls her hair luxuriant flows;
Celeſtial glories in her eyes are ſeen;
Her ſtature tall, majeſtic is her mien.
With ſuch a pr. ſence, through th' adoring ſkies
Shines the great parent of the deities;
Such towery honours on her temples riſe,
When, drawn by lions, ſhe proceeds in ſtate;
Trains of attendant-gods around her chariot wait;
The mother-goddeſs, with ſuperior grace,
Surveys, and numbers o'er her bright immortal race.
While thus the lovely Genius hovers o'er
The water's brink, and from the ſandy ſhore
Beholds th' alternate billows fall and riſe
(By turns they ſink below, by turns they mount the ſkies):
"And muſt, ſhe ſaid——
"Then paus'd, and drew a ſigh of anxious love;
"Muſt my dear lord this faithleſs ocean prove;
"Eſcap'd

" Eſcap'd the chance of war, and fraud of foes,
" Wilt thou to warring waves thy ſacred life expoſe;
" Why am I thus divided by the ſea,
" From all the world, and all the world in thee?
" Could ſighs and tears the rage of tempeſts bind,
" With tears I'd bribe the ſeas, with ſighs the wind:
" Soft-ſighing gales thy canvas ſhould inſpire;
" But hence, ye boiſterous ſtorms! far hence retire
" To inland woods; there your mad powers appeaſe,
" And ſcour the duſty plains, or ſtrip the foreſt trees;
" Or lodg'd in hollow rocks profoundly ſleep,
" And reſt from the loud labours of the deep!
" Why ſhould I fear?——If heroes be the care
" Of heaven above, and heaven inclines to prayer,
" Thou ſail'ſt ſecure; my ſons with lifted eyes,
" And pious vows, for thee have gain'd the ſkies.
" Come then, my much-lov'd lord! No more th' alarms
" Of waſteful war require thee from my arms.
" Thy ſword gives plenteous peace; but without thee,
" Peace has no charms, and plenty 's poverty:
" At length enjoy, for whom you've fought, the queen
" Of iſlands, bright, majeſtic, and ſerene!
" Unveil'd from clouds, which did her form diſguiſe,
" And hid a thouſand beauties from thy eyes.
" A thouſand treaſures unſurvey'd invite
" Their lord to various ſcenes of new delight.
" Come ſee the dower I brought! My ſpacious downs,
" My numerous counties, and my ancient towns;
" Landſkips of riſing mountains, ſhaggy woods,
" Green vallies, ſmiling meadows, ſilver floods,

" And

" And plains with lowing herds enrich'd around,
" The hills with flocks, the flocks with fleeces crown'd.
" All theſe with native wealth thy power maintain,
" And bloom with bleſſings of thy eaſy reign.
" Haſte, hoiſt thy ſails! and through the foamy
" brine,
" Ruſh to my arms! henceforth be wholly mine;
" After nine toilſome years, let ſlaughter ceaſe,
" And flouriſh now ſecure, in the ſoft arts of peace!"
She ſaid; th' intreated winds her accents bore,
And wing'd the meſſage to the Belgic ſhore.
The pious hero heard, nor could delay
To meet the lovely voice, that ſummon'd him away;
The lovely voice, whoſe ſoft-complaining charms
Before had call'd the ſuccour of his arms,
Nor call'd in vain; when fir'd with generous rage
T' oppoſe the fury of a barbarous age,
Like Jove with awful thunder in his hand,
Through ſtorms and fleets at ſea, and foes at land,
He urg'd his daring way; before his ſight
On ſilver wings, bright Glory took her flight,
And left, to guide his courſe, long ſhining tracks
of light!
And now once more embark'd, propitious gales
Blow freſh from ſhore, and fill his hollow ſails.
As when the golden god, that rules the day,
Drives down his flaming chariot to the ſea,
And leaves the nations here involv'd in night,
To diſtant regions he tranſports his light;

So

So WILLIAM's rays, by turns, two nations chear;
And when he ſets to them, he riſes here.
Forſaken Belgia, ere the ſhip withdrew,
Shed generous tears, and breath'd this ſoft adieu;
" Since empire calls thee, and a glorious throne,
" Thy people's weighty intereſts, and thy own;
" (Though ſtruggling love would fain perſuade thy
" ſtay)
" Go, where thy better fortune leads the way!
" Mean while my loſs, allow me to complain,
" And wiſh—ah no! that partial wiſh were vain.
" Though honour'd Crete had nurs'd the thundering
" God,
" Crete was not always bleſt with his abode;
" Nor was it fit, that WILLIAM's godlike mind,
" For nations born, ſhould be to One confin'd.
" This only grant, ſince I muſt aſk no more,
" Reviſit once again your native ſhore!
" That hope my ſorrows ſhall beguile; and thou,
" My happy rival! wilt that hope allow;
" 'Tis all th' enjoyment, fate has left me now.
" So may'ſt thou, fair Britannia! ever be
" Firm to thy ſovereign's love, and his to thee!
" While widow'd I"——There riſing ſighs repreſs'd
Her fainting voice, and ſtifled—in the reſt.
Now, while the bounding veſſel drives before
The guſty gales, and leaves the leſſening ſhore,
Behold the parting clouds to diſtance fly,
And golden glories, pouring from on high
New dreſs the day, and chear th' enlighten'd ſky!

One

One ſhooting beam, like lightning doubly bright,
Darts on the middle main its ſtreaming light.
Lo! WILLIAM's guardian angel there deſcends;
To Neptune's court his heavenly meſſage tends:
In arms celeſtial, how he ſhines afar,
Like Pallas marching to th' awaken'd war!
His left hand gripes a ſpacious orb of ſhield,
With thouſand intercepted dangers fill'd,
And deaths of various kind; his right diſplays
A temper'd blade, that ſpreads a formidable blaze.
He ſtrikes the waves; th' obſequious waves obey,
And, opening in a gulph, diſcloſe the downward way.
O Muſe! by thee conducted down, I dare
The ſecrets of the watery world declare;
For nothing ſcapes thy view; to thee 'tis given,
To range the ſpace of earth, and ſeas, and heaven,
Deſcry a thouſand forms, conceal'd from ſight,
And in immortal verſe to give the viſions light.
A rock there lies, in depth of ſea profound;
About its clefts, rich beds of pearl abound,
Where ſportful nature, covering her retreat
With flowing waters, holds her ſecret ſeat:
In woods of coral, intricate ſhe ſtrays,
And wreathes the ſhells of fiſh a thouſand ways,
And animates the ſpawn of all her finny race.
Th' unnumber'd ſpecies of the fertile tide,
In ſhoals, around their mighty mother, glide.
From out the rock's wide cavern's deep below,
The ruſhing ocean riſes to its flow;

And,

And, ebbing, here retires; within its ſides,
In roomy caves the god of ſea reſides.
Pillars unhewn, of living ſtone, bear high
His vaulted courts; in ſtorms the billows fly
O'er th' echoing roof, like thunder through the ſkies,
And warn the ruler of the floods to riſe,
And check the raving winds, and the ſwoln waves chaſtiſe.
Rich ſpoils, by plundering tempeſts hither borne,
An univerſe of wealth, the palace-rooms adorn.
Before its entrance, broken wrecks are ſeen
In heaps deform'd, a melancholy ſcene.
But far within, upon a moſſy throne,
With waſhy ooze and ſamphire overgrown,
The ſea-green king his forky ſceptre rears;
Awful his aſpect, numerous are his years.
A pearly crown circles his brows divine;
His beard and dewy hair ſhed trickling drops of brine.
The river-gods, his numerous progeny,
On beds of ruſhes round their parent lie.
Here Danube and the Rhine; Nile's ſecret ſource
Dwells here conceal'd; hence Tiber takes his courſe;
Hence rapid Rhodanus his current pours;
And, iſſuing from his urn, majeſtic Padus roars;
And Alpheus ſeeks, with ſilent pace, the lov'd Sicilian ſhores.
But, chief in honour, Neptune's darling ſon,
The beauteous Thames lies neareſt to his throne.

Nor

Nor thou, fair Boyne! ſhalt paſs unmention'd by,
Already ſung in ſtrains that ne'er ſhall die.
Theſe, and a thouſand more, whoſe winding trains
Seek various lands, the wealthy ſire maintains;
Each day, the fluid portions he divides,
And fills their craving urns with freſh-recruited tides.
But not alike; for oft his partial care
Beſtows on ſome a diſproportion'd ſhare;
From whence their ſwelling currents, o'er-ſupply'd,
Through delug'd fields in noiſy triumph ride.
The God was juſt preparing to renew
His daily taſk, when ſudden in his view
Appear'd the guardian power, all dazzling-bright;
And, entering, flaſh'd the caves with beamy light.
Boyne, Rhine, the Sambre, on their banks had ſeen
The glorious form, and knew his martial mien;
In throngs th' admiring Nereids round him preſs'd,
And Tritons croud to view the heavenly gueſt.
Then thus, advancing, he his will explains,
"O mighty ſovereign of the liquid plains!
"Haſte, to the ſurface of the deep repair,
"This ſolemn day requires thy preſence there,
"To rule the ſtorms, the riſing waves reſtrain,
"And ſhake thy ſceptre o'er the govern'd main.
"By breathing gales on thy dominions driven
"To thee, three kingdoms hopes in charge are given,
"The glory of the world, and beſt belov'd of heaven.
"Behold him figur'd here!"——He ſaid, and held,
Refulgent to his view, the guardian ſhield.

On

On the rich mould, inwrought with ſkill divine,
Great WILLIAM's wars in ſplendid ſculpture ſhine.
Here, how his ſaving power was firſt diſplay'd,
And Holland reſcued by his youthful aid;
When, kindling in his ſoul, the martial flame
Broke fiercely out, preluding future fame,
And round the frontiers dealt avenging fire;
Swift from the hot purſuit the blaſted foes retire.
Then battles, ſieges, camps are grav'd afar,
And the long progreſs of the dreadful war.
Above the reſt, Seneffe's immortal fight,
In larger figures offer'd to the ſight,
With martial terror charms, and gives a fierce delight.
Here the confederate troops are forc'd to yield,
Driven by unequal numbers through the field:
With his bright ſword, young NASSAU there withſtands
Their flight; with prayers and blows he urges his commands,
Upbraids their fainting force, and boldly throws
Himſelf the firſt amidſt the wondering foes.
What dare not men, by ſuch a general led?
Rallying with ſhouts, their Hero at their head,
Fir'd with new rage, aſham'd they once did fly,
Reſolv'd t' o'ercome, or reſolute to die,
Through trampled heaps of ſlain they ruſh to victory.
Earth trembles at the charge; Death, Blood, and Prey,
Inſatiate riot all the murderous day;
Nor night it ſelf their fury can allay;
Till the pale moon, that ſickens at the ſight,
Retires behind a cloud, to blind the bloody fight.

Again,

Again, the ſhield in ſavage proſpect ſhows
An ancient* abbey, which rough woods incloſe;
And precipices vaſt abruptly riſe,
Where, ſafe encamp'd, proud Luxemburgh defies
All open violence, or cloſe ſurprize.
But ſee! a ſecond Hannibal from far,
Up the ſteep height, conducts th' entangled war.
Brave Oſſory, attended with the pride
Of Engliſh valour, charges by his ſide.
Inclos'd they fight; the foreſts ſhine around
With flaſhing fires; the thunder'd hills rebound,
And the ſhock'd country, wide beneath, rebellows to the ſound.
Forc'd from their holds, at length they ſpeed their flight;
Rich tents, and ſtores of war, the victor's toils requite.
Then peace enſues; and, in a ſhining train,
The friendly chiefs aſſemble on the plain.
An ardent zeal the Gallic general warms
To ſee the youth, that kindled ſuch alarms;
Wondering he views; ſecure the ſoldiers preſs
Round their late dread, and the glad treaty bleſs.
Next, on the broad circumference is wrought
The nine years war for lov'd Britannia fought;
The cauſe the ſame: fair Liberty betray'd,
And baniſh'd Juſtice, fly to him for aid.
Here failing ſhips are drawn, the crowded ſtrand,
And heaven's avenger haſtening to the land.

Oppreſſion,

* St. Dennis near Mons.

Oppreſſion, Fraud, Confuſion, and Affright,
Fierce fiends, that ravag'd in the gloomy night
Of lawleſs power, defeated, fly before his dazling light.
So to th' eclipſing moon, by the ſtill ſide
Of ſome lone thicket, reveling haggs provide
Dire charms, that threat the ſleeping neighbourhood,
And quaff, with magic mix'd, vaſt bowls of human blood;
But, when the dawn reveals the purple eaſt,
They vaniſh ſullen from th' unfiniſh'd feaſt.
Here joyful crouds triumphant arches rear
To their deliverer's praiſe; glad ſenates there,
In ſplendid pomp, the regal ſtate confer.
Hibernia's fields new triumphs then ſupply;
The rival kings, in arms, the fate of empire try.
See where the Boyne two warring hoſts divides,
And rolls between the fight his murmuring tides!
In vain—hills, foreſts, ſtreams, muſt all give place,
When William leads, and victory 's the chace.
Thou ſaw'ſt him, Boyne! when thy charg'd waters bore
The ſwimming courſers to th' oppoſing ſhore,
And, round thy banks, thou heard'ſt the murdering cannons roar.
What more than mortal bravery inſpir'd
The daring troops, by his example fir'd!
Thou ſaw'ſt their wondrous deeds; to Neptune's court
Thy flying waves convey'd the ſwift report,
And, red with ſlaughter, to their father ſhow'd
Streams not their own, and a diſcolour'd flood.

Here, on th' ætherial mould, hurl'd from afar,
Th' exploded ball had mark'd a dinted ſcar.
'Twas deſtin'd thus; for when, all glowing-red,
The angel took it from the forge, he ſaid;
This part be left unfated from the foe!
And, ſcarce eſcap'd, once let the Hero know,
How much to my protection he ſhall owe;
Yet, from the batter'd ſhield, the ball ſhall bound,
And on his arm inflict a ſcarlet wound.

Elſewhere, behold NAMUR's proud turrets riſe,
Majeſtic to the ſight, advancing to the ſkies!
The Meuſe and Sambre here united flow,
Nature's defence againſt th' invading foe:
Induſtrious art her ſtrength of walls ſupplies;
Before the town the Britiſh army lies.
The works are mann'd; with fury they contend;
Theſe thunder from the plains, thoſe from the walls defend.
Red globes of fire from bellowing engines fly,
And lead a ſweeping blaze, like comets, through the ſky.
The kindled region glows; with deafening ſound
They burſt; their iron entrails, hurl'd around,
Strow with thick-ſcatter'd deaths the crimſon ground.
See, where the genius of the war appears,
Nor ſhuns the labour, nor the danger fears!
In clouds of ſulphurous ſmoke he ſhines more bright,
For Glory round him waits, with beams of living light.
At length the widen'd gates a conqueſt own,
And to his arms reſign the yielding town.

Here,

Here, from the field return'd, with olive crown'd,
Applauding throngs their welcome prince ſurround:
Bright honours in his glorious entry ſhine,
And peace reſtor'd concludes the great deſign.
Long, o'er the figur'd work, with vaſt ſurprize,
Admiring Neptune roll'd his raviſh'd eyes;
Then, riſing from his throne, thus call'd aloud;
"Ye lovely daughters of the briny flood!
"Haſte, comb your ſilver locks, and ſtraight prepare
"To fill my train, and gaze in upper air.
"This day, majeſtic glories you ſhall ſee;
"Come, all ye watery powers, who under me
"Your little tridents wield, and rule the boiſterous ſea!
"What God, that views the triumphs here diſplay'd,
"Can to ſuch worth refuſe his heavenly aid?"
He ſaid no more—but bade two Tritons ſound
Their crooked ſhells, to ſpread the ſummons round.
Through the wide caves the blaſt is heard afar;
With ſpeed two more provide his azure car,
A concave ſhell; two the finn'd courſers join:
All wait officious round, and own th' accuſtom'd ſign;
The god aſcends; his better hand ſuſtains
The three-fork'd ſpear, his left directs the reins.
Through breaking waves, the chariot mounts him high;
Before its thundering courſe, the frothy waters fly;
He gains the ſurface; on his either ſide,
The bright attendants, rang'd with comely pride,
Advance in juſt array, and grace the pompous tide.
Meanwhile Britannia's king conſpicuous ſtood,
And, from his deck, ſurvey'd the boundleſs flood.

Smooth was the glaſſy ſcene, the ſun beheld
His face unclouded in the liquid field.
The gazing Nereids, in a ſhining train,
Incloſe the ruler of the Britiſh main,
And ſweetly ſing; ſuſpended winds forbear
Their loud complaints, the ſoothing lay to hear.
"Hail, ſacred charge; they cry; the beauties we
"Of Neptune's court, are come t' attend on thee;
"Accept our offer'd aid! thy potent ſway,
"Unbounded by the land, theſe watery realms obey;
"And we, thy ſubject-powers, our duteous homage
"pay.
"See Neptune's ſelf, inferior in command,
"Preſents his trident to thy honour'd hand!"
They ſaid; the fire approach'd with awe profound;
The rite perform'd, their ſhells the Tritons ſound;
Swell'd with the ſhrill alarm, the joyful billows bound.
Now, from the ſhore, Britannia firſt deſcries
White ſails afar; then bulky veſſels riſe,
Nearer to view; her beating heart foretells
The pleaſing news, and eager tranſport feels.
Safe to her arms, imperial Neptune bears
Th' intruſted charge, then diving diſappears.

THE

THE

HOUSE OF NASSAU.

A

PINDARIC ODE. 1702.

" ——— Cœlo demittitur alto
" Chara Deûm Soboles." VIRG.

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES DUKE OF SOMERSET.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

THOUGH the great loſs we ſuffered in the death of the king has been ſo happily ſupplied by her majeſty's acceſſion to the throne, and her late coronation juſtly filled the hearts of her ſubjects with joy; yet ſo glorious a reign as the laſt will always be remembered with admiration by all good and wiſe men; and your Grace has given ſufficient proofs that you are of that number. It can never therefore be thought too late to offer a juſt tribute to his late majeſty's memory, and to that of his great anceſtors, a race ſo illuſtriouſly diſtinguiſhed in Europe; though this indeed might ſooner have been attempted, but for many interruptions, too inconſiderable for your Grace's notice. How I have performed is humbly ſubmi
your Grace's judgment, and to the ju

thoſe gentlemen who are uſed to entertain themſelves with writings of this ſort. But if, through the author's want of genius, the Poem itſelf ſhould be thought inconſiderable, I am ſure it will have ſome diſtinction from the great names it celebrates, and the great patron it is inſcribed to. And to whoſe ſhould the praiſes of eminent virtue be addreſſed, but to ſuch as are poſſeſſed of great virtues themſelves? To whom can I better preſent the chief characters of a noble and ancient family, than to your Grace, whoſe family is ſo ancient and ſo noble? And here I am proud to acknowledge that ſome of my relations have been honoured with marks of favour from your Grace's illuſtrious anceſtors. This I confeſs has long given me the ambition of offering my duty to your Grace; but chiefly that valuable character your Grace has obtained among all worthy perſons. I have not room to enlarge here, nor is there any need of it on a ſubject ſo well known as your Grace's merits. Therefore I conclude with my humble requeſt, that your Grace would favour this Ode with your acceptance, and do me the honour of believing that among the croud of your admirers, there is not one who is more paſſionately or ſincerely ſo, than

Your Grace's moſt humble,

and moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN HUGHES.

THE

THE

HOUSE OF NASSAU.

I.

GODDESS of numbers, and of thoughts ſublime!
Celeſtial Muſe! whoſe tuneful ſong
Can fix heroic acts, that glide along
Down the vaſt ſea of ever-waſting time,
And all the gilded images can ſtay,
Till time's vaſt ſea itſelf be roll'd away:
O now aſſiſt with conſecrated ſtrains!
Let art and nature join to raiſe
A living monument of praiſe
O'er William's great remains.
While Thames, majeſtically ſad, and ſlow,
Seems by that reverend dome to flow,
Which new-interr'd his ſacred urn contains.
If thou, O Muſe, would'ſt e'er immortal be,
This ſong bequeaths thee immortality;
For William's praiſe can ne'er expire,
Though nature's ſelf at laſt muſt die,
And all this fair-erected ſky
Muſt ſink with earth and ſea, and melt away in fire.

II.

Begin—the ſpring of virtue trace,
That, from afar-deſcending, flow'd
Through the rich veins of all the godlike race,
And fair renown on all the godlike race beſtow'd!

This ancient ſource of noble blood
Through thee, Germania, wandering wide,
Like thy own Rhine's enriching tide,
In numerous branches long diffus'd its flood.
Rhine, ſcarce more antient, never grac'd thee more,
Though mantling vines his comely head ſurround,
And all along his ſunny ſhore
Eternal plenty 's found.

III.

From heaven itſelf th' illuſtrious line began;
Ten ages in deſcent it ran,
In each deſcent increas'd with honours new.
Never did Heaven's Supreme inſpire
In mortal breaſts a nobler fire,
Nor his own image livelier drew.
Of pure ætherial flame their ſouls he made,
And, as beneath his forming hands they grew,
He bleſs'd the maſter-work, and ſaid;
" Go forth, my honour'd champions, go,
" To vindicate my cauſe below!
" Awful in power, defend for me
" Religion, juſtice, liberty,
" And, at aſpiring tyranny,
" My delegated thunder throw!
" For this, the great Naſſovian name I raiſe,
" And ſtill this character divine,
" Diſtinguiſh'd through the race ſhall ſhine,
" Zeal for their country's good, and thirſt of virtuous
" praiſe."

Now

IV.

Now look, Britannia, look, and ſee
Through the clear glaſs of hiſtory,
From whom thy mighty ſovereign came,
And take a large review of far-extended fame.
See, crouds of heroes riſe to fight!
Adolphus *, with imperial ſplendor gay:
Brave Philibert, unmatch'd in fight,
Who led the German eagle to his prey;
Through Lombardy he mark'd his conquer'd way,
And made proud Rome and Naples own his unreſiſted might.
His gallant † Nephew next appears,
And on his brows the wreaths of conqueſt wears,
Through ſtreaming wounds the martial figure ſtain;
For thee, Great ‡ Charles, in battle ſlain,
Slain in all a ſoldier's pride,
He fell triumphant by thy ſide,
And falling fought, and fighting dy'd,
And lay, a manly corpſe, extended on the plain.

V.

See next, majeſtically great,
The founder of the Belgic ſtate?
The ſun of glory, which ſo bright
Beam'd on all the darling line,
Did, from its golden urn of light,
On William's head redoubled ſhine;
His youthful looks diffus'd an awe.
Charles,

* Adolphus the Emperor, of the Houſe of Naſſau.
† Renè of Naſſau. ‡ Charles V.

Charles, who had try'd the race before,
And knew great merits to explore,
When he his riſing virtue ſaw,
He put in friendſhip's noble claim;
To his imperial court the hero brought,
And there by early honours ſought
Alliance with his future fame.
O generous ſympathy, that binds
In chains unſeen the braveſt minds!
O love to worthy deeds, in all great ſouls the ſame!

VI.

But Time at laſt brought forth th' amazing day,
When Charles, reſolv'd to diſengage
From empire's toils his weary age,
Gave with each hand a crown away.
Philip, his haughty ſon, afraid
Of William's virtues, baſely choſe
His father's favourite to depoſe;
His tyrant reign requir'd far other aid;
And Alva's fiery duke, his ſcourge of vengeance, roſe;
With flames of inquiſition roſe from hell,
Of ſlaughter proud, and inſolent in blood.
What hand can paint the ſcenes of tragic woes?
What tongue, ſad Belgia! can thy ſtory tell,
When with her lifted axe proud Murder ſtood,
And thy brave ſons, in crouds unnumber'd, fell!
The ſun, with horror of the fight,
Withdraws his ſickly beams, and ſhrouds
His muffled face in ſullen clouds,
And, on the ſcaffolds, faintly ſheds a pale malignant light.

Thus

VII.

Thus Belgia's liberty expiring lay,
And almoſt gaſp'd her generous life away,
Till Orange hears her moving cries;
He hears, and, marching * from afar,
Brings to her aid the ſprightly war.
At his approach, reviv'd with freſh ſupplies
Of gather'd ſtrength, ſhe on her murderers flies.
But heaven, at firſt, reſolv'd to try
By proofs adverſe his conſtancy.
Four armies loſt, † two gallant brothers ſlain,
Will he the deſperate war maintain?
Though rolling tempeſts darken all the ſky,
And thunder breaks around his head,
Will he again the faithleſs ſea explore,
And, oft driven back, ſtill quit the ſhore?
He will—his ſoul, averſe to dread,
Unwearied, ſtill the ſpite of fortune braves,
Superior, and ‡ ſerene, amidſt the ſtormy waves.

VIII.

Such was the man, ſo vaſt his mind!
The ſteady inſtrument of fate,
To fix the baſis of a riſing ſtate!
My Muſe with horror views the ſcene behind,
And fain would draw a ſhade, and fain
Would hide his deſtin'd end, nor tell
How he—the dreaded foe of Spain,
More fear'd than thouſands on the plain,
By the vile hand of a bold ruffian fell.

* He was then in Germany.
† The Counts Lodowick and Henry.
‡ "Sævis tranquillis in undis," the Prince's motto.

No more—th' ungrateful proſpect let us leave!
And, in his room, behold ariſe,
Bright as th' immortal twins that grace the ſkies,
A noble * pair, his abſence to retrieve!
In theſe the hero's ſoul ſurvives,
And William doubly in his offspring lives.

IX.

Maurice, for martial greatneſs, far
His father's glorious fame exceeds;
Henry alone can match his brother's deeds;
Both were, like Scipio's ſons, the thunderbolts of war.
None e'er, than Maurice, better knew,
Camps, ſieges, battles, to ordain;
None e'er, than Henry, fiercer did purſue
The flying foe, or earlier conqueſts gain.
For ſcarce ſixteen revolving years he told,
When, eager for the fight, and bold,
Inflam'd by glory's ſprightly charms,
His brother brought him to the field;
Taught his young hand the truncheon well to wield,
And practis'd him betimes to arms.

X.

Let Flandrian Newport tell of wonders wrought
Before her walls, that memorable day,
When the victorious youths in concert fought,
And matchleſs valour did diſplay!
How, ere the battle join'd, they ſtrove
With emulous honour, and with mutual love;
How,

* Maurice and Henry.

How Maurice, touch'd with tender care
Of Henry's ſafety, begg'd him to remove;
Henry refus'd, his blooming youth to ſpare,
But with his much-lov'd Maurice vow'd to prove
Th' extremes of war, and equal dangers ſhare.
O generous ſtrife! and worthy ſuch a pair!
How dear did Albert this contention pay!
Witneſs the floods of ſtreaming gore;
Witneſs the trampled heaps, that choak'd the plain,
And ſtop'd the victors in their way;
Witneſs the neighbouring ſea, and ſandy ſhore,
Drunk with the purple life of twice three thouſand ſlain!

XI.

Fortune, that on her wheel capricious ſtands,
And waves her painted wings, inconſtant, proud,
Hood-wink'd, and ſhaking from her hands
Promiſcuous gifts among the croud,
Reſtleſs of place, and ſtill prepar'd for flight,
Was conſtant here, and ſeem'd reſtor'd to fight;
Won by their merit, and reſolv'd to bleſs
The happy brothers with a long ſucceſs—
Maurice, the firſt reſign'd to fate:
The youngeſt had a longer date,
And liv'd the ſpace appointed to complete
The great republic, rais'd ſo high before;
Finiſh'd by him, the ſtately fabric bore
Its lofty top aſpiring to the ſky:
In vain the winds and rains around it beat;
In vain, below, the waves tempeſtuous roar,
They daſh themſelves, and break, and backward fly,
Diſpers'd and murmuring at his feet. In-

Inſulting Spain the fruitleſs knife gives o'er,
And claims dominion there no more.
Then Henry, ripe for immortality,
His flight to heaven eternal ſprings,
And, o'er his quiet grave, Peace ſpreads her downy wings.

XII.

His ſon, a ſecond William, fills his place,
And climbs to manhood with ſo ſwift a pace,
As if he knew, he had not long to ſtay:
Such young Marcellus was, the hopeful grace
Of ancient Rome, but quickly ſnatch'd away.
Breda beheld th' adventurous boy,
His tender limbs in ſhining armour dreſs'd,
Where, with his father, the hot ſiege he preſs'd,
His father ſaw, with pleaſing joy,
His own reflected worth, and youthful charms expreſs'd.
But, when his country breath'd from war's alarms,
His martial virtues lay obſcure;
Nor could a warrior, form'd for arms,
Th' inglorious reſt endure;
But ſicken'd ſoon, and ſudden dy'd,
And left in tears his pregnant bride,
His bride, the daughter of Britannia's king;
Nor ſaw th' auſpicious pledge of nuptial love,
Which from that happy marriage was to ſpring,
But with his great fore-fathers gain'd a bliſsful ſeat above.

XIII.

Here pauſe, my Muſe! and wind up higher
The ſtrings of thy Pindaric lyre! Then

Then with bold ſtrains the lofty ſong purſue;
And bid Britannia once again review
The numerous worthies of the line.
See, like immortals, how they ſhine!
Each life a hiſtory alone!
And laſt, to crown the great deſign,
Look forward, and behold them all in one!
Look, but ſpare thy fruitleſs tears—
'Tis thy own William next appears.
Advance, celeſtial form! Let Britain ſee
Th' accompliſh'd glory of thy race in thee!

XIV.

So, when ſome ſplendid triumph was to come,
In long proceſſion through the ſtreets of Rome,
The croud beheld, with vaſt ſurprize,
The glittering train in awful order move,
To the bright temple of Feretrian Jove;
And trophies borne along employ'd their dazzled eyes:
But when the laurel'd emperor, mounted high
Above the reſt, appear'd to fight,
In his proud car of victory,
Shining with rays exceſſive bright,
He put the long preceding pomp to flight:
Their wonder could no higher riſe,
With joy they throng his chariot wheels, and rend with ſhouts the ſkies.

XV.

To thee, great prince! to thy extenſive mind,
Not by thy country's narrow bounds confin'd,

The

The Fates an ample ſcene afford;
And injur'd nations claim the ſuccour of thy ſword.
No reſpite to thy toils is given,
Till thou aſcend thy native heaven:
One Hydra-head cut off, ſtill more abound,
And twins ſprout up to fill the wound.
So endleſs is the taſk that heros find
To tame the monſter Vice, and to reform mankind.
For this, Alcides heretofore,
And mighty Theſeus, travel'd over
Vaſt tracts of ſea and land, and ſlew
Wild beaſts and ſerpents gorg'd with human prey;
From ſtony dens fierce lurking robbers drew,
And bid the chearful traveller paſs on his peaceful way.
Yet, though the toilſome work they long purſue,
To rid the world's wild pathleſs field,
Still poiſonous weeds and thorns in cluſters grew,
And large unwholeſome crops did yield,
To exerciſe their hands with labours ever-new.

XVI.

Thou, like Alcides, early didſt begin,
And ev'n a child didſt laurels win.
Two ſnaky plagues around his cradle twin'd,
Sent by the jealous wife of Jove,
In ſpeckled wreaths of Death they ſtrove,
The mighty babe to bind:
And twiſted Faction, in thy infancy,
Darted her forky tongue at thee.
But, as Jove's offspring ſlew his hiſſing foes;

So

So thou, deſcended from a line
Of Patriots no leſs divine,
Didſt quench the brutal rage of thoſe,
Who durſt thy dawning worth oppoſe.
The viper Spite, cruſh'd by thy virtue, ſhed
Its yellow juice, and at thy feet lay dead.
Thus, like the ſun, did thy great Genius riſe,
With clouds around his ſacred head,
Yet ſoon diſpell'd the dropping miſts, and gilded all
the ſkies.

XVII.

Great Julius, who with generous envy view'd
The ſtatue of brave Philip's braver ſon,
And wept to think, what ſuch a youth ſubdued,
While, more in age, himſelf had yet ſo little
done,
Had wept much more, if he had liv'd to ſee
The glorious deeds atchiev'd by thee;
To ſee thee, at a beardleſs age,
Stand arm'd againſt th' invader's rage,
And bravely fighting for thy country's liberty;
While he inglorious laurels fought,
And not to ſave his country fought;
While he—O ſtain upon the greateſt name,
That e'er before was known to Fame!
When Rome, his awful mother, did demand
The ſword from his unruly hand,
The ſword ſhe gave before,
Enrag'd, he ſpurn'd at her command,
Hurl'd at her breaſt the impious ſteel, and bath'd it
in her gore.

XVIII.

Far other battles thou haſt woo,
Thy ſtandard ſtill the public good:
Laviſh of thine, to ſave thy people's blood;
And when the hardy taſk of war was done,
With what a mild well-temper'd mind,
(A mind unknown to Rome's ambitious ſon,)
Thy powerful armies were reſign'd;
This victory o'er thyſelf was more,
Than all thy conqueſts gain'd before:
'Twas more than Philip's ſon could do,
When for new worlds the madman cry'd;
Nor in his own wild breaſt had ſpy'd
Towers of ambition, hills of boundleſs pride,
Too great for armies to ſubdue.

XIX.

O ſavage luſt of arbitrary ſway!
Inſatiate fury, which in man we find,
In barbarous man, to prey upon his kind,
And make the world, enſlav'd, his vicious will obey!
How has this fiend Ambition long defac'd
Heaven's works, and laid the fair creation waſte!
Aſk ſilver Rhine, with ſpringing ruſhes crown'd,
As to the ſea his waters flow,
Where are the numerous cities now,
That once he ſaw, his honour'd banks around?
Scarce are their ſilent ruins found;
But, in th' enſuing age,
Trampled into common ground,
Will hide the horrid monuments of Gaul's deſtroying rage.

All

All Europe too had ſhar'd this wretched fate,
And mourn'd her heavy woes too late,
Had not Britannia's chief withſtood
The threaten'd deluge, and repell'd,
To its forſaken banks, th' unwilling flood,
And in his hand the ſcales of balanc'd kingdoms held.
Well was this mighty truſt repos'd in thee,
Whoſe faithful ſoul, from private intereſt free
(Intereſts which vulgar princes know),
O'er all its paſſions ſat exalted high,
As Teneriff's top enjoys a purer ſky,
And ſees the moving clouds at diſtance fly below.

XX.

Whoe'er thy warlike annals reads,
Beholds reviv'd our valiant Edward's deeds.
* Great Edward and his glorious ſon
Will own themſelves in thee outdone,
Though Crecy's deſperate fight eternal honours won.
Though the fifth Henry too does claim
A ſhining place among Britannia's kings,
And Agincourt has rais'd his lofty name;
Yet the loud voice of ever-living Fame,
Of thee more numerous triumphs ſings.
But, though no chief contends with thee,
In all the long records of hiſtory,
Thy own great deeds together ſtrive,
Which ſhall the faireſt light derive,
On thy immortal memory;

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

Whether Seneff's amazing field
To celebrated Mons ſhall yield;
Or both give place to more amazing Boyne;
Of if Namur's well-cover'd ſiege muſt all the reſt outſhine!

XXI.

While in Hibernia's fields the labouring ſwain
Shall paſs the plough o'er ſkulls of warriors ſlain,
And turn up bones, and broken ſpears,
Amaz'd, he'll ſhew his fellows of the plain,
The relicks of victorious years;
And tell, how ſwift thy arms that kingdom did regain.
Flandria, a longer witneſs to thy glory,
With wonder too repeats thy ſtory;
How oft the foes thy lifted ſword have ſeen
In the hot battle, when it bled
At all its open veins, and oft have fled,
As if their evil genius thou hadſt been:
How, when the blooming ſpring began t' appear,
And with new life reſtor'd the year,
Confederate princes us'd to cry;
"Call Britain's king—the ſprightly trumpet ſound,
"And ſpread the joyful ſummons round!
"Call Britain's king, and victory!"
So when the flower of Greece, to battle led
In Beauty's cauſe, juſt vengeance ſwore,
Upon the foul adulterer's head,
That from her royal lord the raviſh'd Helen bore,

The

The Grecian chiefs, of mighty fame,
Impatient for the ſon of Thetis wait;
At laſt the ſon of Thetis came;
Troy ſhook her nodding towers, and mourn'd th' impending fate.

XXII.

O ſacred Peace! Goddeſs ſerene!
Adorn'd with robes of ſpotleſs white,
Fairer than ſilver floods of light!
How ſhort has thy mild empire been!
When pregnant Time brought forth this new-born age,
At firſt we ſaw thee gently ſmile
On the young birth, and thy ſweet voice awhile
Sung a ſoft charm to martial rage:
But ſoon the lion wak'd again,
And ſtretch'd his opening claws, and ſhook his griſly mane.
Soon was the year of triumphs paſt;
And Janus, uſhering in a new,
With backward look did pompous ſcenes review;
But his fore-face with frowns was overcaſt;
He ſaw the gathering ſtorms of war,
And bid his prieſts aloud, his iron gates unbar.

XXIII.

But heaven its hero can no longer ſpare,
To mix in our tumultuous broils below;
Yet ſuffer'd his foreſeeing care,
Thoſe bolts of vengeance to prepare,
Which other hands ſhall throw;

That glory to a mighty queen remains,
To triumph o'er th' extinguiſh'd foe;
* She ſhall ſupply the thunderer's place;
As Pallas, from th' ætherial plains,
Warr'd on the giants impious race,
And laid their huge demoliſh'd works, in ſmoaky ruins low.
Then Anne's ſhall rival great Eliza's reign;
And William's genius, with a grateful ſmile,
Look down, and bleſs this happy iſle;
And Peace, reſtor'd, ſhall wear her olive crown again.

* "Vicem gerit illa Tonantis." The Motto on her Majeſty's Coronation Medals.

ODE

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I.

APOLLO, god of ſounds and verſe,
Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inſpire!
Whilſt we thy Damon's praiſe rehearſe:
Damon himſelf could animate the lyre.
Apollo, god of ſounds and verſe,
Pathethic airs and moving thoughts inſpire!
Look down! and warm the ſong with thy celeſtial fire.

II.

Ah, lovely youth! when thou wert here,
Thyſelf a young Apollo did appear;
Young as that god, ſo ſweet a grace,
Such blooming fragrance in thy face;
So ſoft thy air, thy viſage ſo ſerene,
That harmony ev'n in thy look was ſeen.

III.

But when thou didſt th' obedient ſtrings command,
And join in conſort thy melodious hand,
Ev'n fate itſelf, ſuch wondrous ſtrains to hear,
Fate had been charm'd, had Fate an ear.
But what does muſic's ſkill avail?
When Orpheus did his loſs deplore,
Trees bow'd attentive to his tale;
Huſh'd were the winds, wild beaſts forgot to roar;
But dear Eurydice came back no more.

IV.

Then ceaſe, ye ſons of harmony, to mourn;
Since Damon never can return.
See, ſee! he mounts, and cleaves the liquid way!
Bright choirs of angels, on the wing,
For the new gueſt's arrival ſtay,
And hymns of triumph ſing.
They bear him to the happy ſeats above,
Seats of eternal harmony and love;
Where artful Purcell went before.
Ceaſe then, ye ſons of muſic, ceaſe to mourn;
Your Damon never will return,
No, never, never more!

ANACREON.

ODE THE THIRD.

AT dead of night, when mortals loſe
Their various cares in ſoft repoſe,
I heard a knocking at my door:
Who 's that, ſaid I, at this late hour
Diſturbs my reſt?—It ſobb'd and cry'd,
And thus in mournful tone reply'd.
"A poor unhappy child am I,
"That 's come to beg your charity;
"Pray let me in!—You need not fear;
"I mean no harm, I vow and ſwear;
"But, wet and cold, crave ſhelter here;

"Betray'd

"Betray'd by night, and led aſtray,
"I've loſt—alas! I've loſt my way."
Mov'd with this little tale of fate,
I took a lamp, and op'd the gate;
When ſee! a naked boy, before
The threſhold; at his back he wore
A pair of wings, and by his ſide
A crooked bow and quiver ty'd.
"My pretty angel! come, ſaid I,
"Come to the fire, and do not cry!"
I ſtrok'd his neck and ſhoulders bare,
And ſqueez'd the water from his hair;
Then chaf'd his little hands in mine,
And chear'd him with a draught of wine.
Recover'd thus, ſays he; "I'd know,
"Whether the rain has ſpoil'd my bow;
"Let's try"—then ſhot me with a dart.
The venom throbb'd, did ake and ſmart,
As if a bee had ſtung my heart.
"Are theſe your thanks, ungrateful child,
"Are theſe your thanks?"—Th' impoſtor ſmil'd:
"Farewell, my loving hoſt, ſays he;
"All 's well; my bow 's unhurt, I ſee;
"But what a wretch I've made of thee!"

THE STORY OF

PYRAMUS AND THISBE,

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

WHERE Babylon's proud walls, erected high
By fam'd Semiramis, aſcend the ſky,
Dwelt youthful Pyramus, and Thiſbe fair;
Adjoining houſes held the lovely pair.
His perfect form all other youth's ſurpaſs'd;
Charms ſuch as hers no Eaſtern beauty grac'd.
Near neighbourhood the firſt acquaintance drew,
An early promiſe of the love t' enſue.
Time nurs'd the growing flame; had Fate been kind,
The nuptial rites their faithful hands had join'd;
But, with vain threats, forbidding parents ſtrove
To check the joy; they could not check the love.
Each captive heart conſumes in like deſire;
The more conceal'd, the fiercer rag'd the fire.
Soft looks, the ſilent eloquence of eyes,
And ſecret ſigns, ſecure from houſhold ſpies,
Exchange their thoughts; the common wall, between
Each parted houſe, retain'd a chink, unſeen
For ages paſt. The Lovers ſoon eſpy'd
This ſmall defect, for Love is eagle-ey'd,
And in ſoft whiſpers ſoon the paſſage try'd.

Safe

Safe went the murmur'd ſounds, and every day
A thouſand amorous blandiſhments convey;
And often, as they ſtood on either ſide,
To catch by turns the flitting voice, they cry'd,
Why, envious wall, ah! why doſt thou deſtroy
The lovers hopes, and why forbid the joy?
How ſhould we bleſs thee, would'ſt thou yield charms,
And, opening, let us ruſh into each other's arms;
At leaſt, if that's too much, afford a ſpace
To meeting lips, nor ſhall we ſlight the grace;
We owe to thee this freedom to complain,
And breathe our vows, but vows, alas! in vain.
Thus having ſaid, when evening call'd to reſt,
The faithful pair on either ſide impreſt
An intercepted kiſs, then bade good-night;
But when th' enſuing dawn had put to flight
The ſtars; and Phœbus, riſing from his bed,
Drank up the dews, and dry'd the flowery mead,
Again they meet, in ſighs again diſcloſe
Their grief, and laſt this bold deſign propoſe;
That, in the dead of night, both would deceive
Their keepers, and the houſe and city leave;
And leſt, eſcap'd, without the walls they ſtray
In pathleſs fields, and wander from the way,
At Ninus' tomb their meeting they agree,
Beneath the ſhady covert of the tree;
The tree well-known near a cool fountain grew,
And bore fair mulberries of ſnowy hue.

The project pleas'd; the sun's unwelcome light
(That slowly seem'd to move, and slack his flight)
Sunk in the seas; from the same seas arose the sable night;
When, stealing through the dark, the crafty fair
Unlock'd the door, and gain'd the open air;
Love gave her courage; unperceiv'd she went,
Wrapp'd in a veil, and reach'd the monument.
Then sat beneath th' appointed tree alone;
But, by the glimmering of the shining moon,
She sat not long, before from far she spy'd
A lioness approach the fountain-side;
Fierce was her glare, her foamy paws in blood
Of slaughter'd bulls besmear'd, and foul with food;
For, reeking from they prey, the savage came,
To drown her thirst within the neighbouring stream.
Affrighted Thisbe, trembling at the sight,
Fled to a darksom den, but in her flight
Her veil dropp'd off behind. Deep of the flood
The monster drank, and, satiate, to the wood
Returning, found the garment as it lay,
And, torn with bloody feet, dispers'd it in her way.
Belated Pyramus arriv'd, and found
The mark of savage feet along the sandy ground:
All pale he turn'd; but soon as he beheld
The crimson'd vesture scatter'd o'er the field,
One night, he cry'd, two lovers shall destroy!
She worthy to have liv'd long years of joy,

But

But mine 's the forfeit life; unhappy maid!
Twas I that flew thee, I th' appointment made;
To places full of death, thy innocence betray'd,
And came not firſt myſelf—O hither haſte,
Ye lions all, that roam this rocky waſte!
Tear my devoted entrails, gnaw, divide,
And gorge your famine in my open'd ſide!
But cowards call for death!—Thus having ſpoke,
The fatal garment from the ground he took,
And bore it to the tree; ardent he kiſs'd,
And bath'd in flowing tears the well-known veſt,
Now take a ſecond ſtain, the lover ſaid,
While from his ſide he ſnatch'd his ſharpen'd blade,
And drove it in his groin; then from the wound
Withdrew the ſteel, and ſtaggering fell to ground:
As when, a conduit broke, the ſtreams ſhoot high,
Starting in ſudden fountains through the ſky,
So ſpouts the living ſtream, and ſprinkled o'er
The trees fair berries with a crimſon gore,
While, ſapp'd in purple floods, the conſcious root
Tranſmits the ſtain of murder to the fruit.
The fair, who fear'd to diſappoint her love,
Yet trembling with the fright, forſook the grove,
And ſought the youth, impatient to relate
Her new adventure, and th' avoided fate.
She ſaw the vary'd tree had loſt its white,
And doubting ſtood if that could be the right,
Nor doubted long; for now her eyes beheld
A dying perſon ſpurn the ſanguine field.

Aghaſt

Aghaſt ſhe ſtarted back, and ſhook with pain,
As riſing breezes curl the trembling main.
She gaz'd awhile entranc'd; but when ſhe found
It was her lover weltering on the ground,
She beat her lovely breaſt, and tore her hair,
Claſp'd the dear corpſe, and, frantic in deſpair,
Kiſs'd his cold face, ſupply'd a briny flood
To the wide wound, and mingled tears with blood.
Say, Pyramus, oh ſay, what chance ſevere
Has ſnatch'd thee from my arms?——
'Tis thy own Thiſbe calls, look up and hear!
At Thiſbe's name he lifts his dying eyes,
And, having ſeen her, cloſ'd them up, and dies.
But when ſhe knew the bloody veil, and ſpy'd
The ivory ſcabbard empty by his ſide,
Ah! wretched youth, ſaid ſhe, by Love betray'd!
Thy hapleſs hand guided the fatal blade.
Weak as I am, I boaſt as ſtrong a love;
For ſuch a deed, this hand as bold ſhall prove.
I'll follow thee to death; the world ſhall call
Thiſbe the cauſe, and partner of thy fall;
And ev'n in death, which could alone diſjoin
Our perſons, yet in death thou ſhalt be mine.
But hear, in both our names, this dying prayer,
Ye wretched parents of a wretched pair!
Let in one urn our aſhes be confin'd,
Whom mutual love and the ſame fate have join'd:
And thou, fair tree, beneath whoſe friendly ſhade,
One lifeleſs lover is already laid,

And

And ſoon ſhall cover two; for ever wear
Death's ſable hue, and purple berries bear!
She ſaid, and plunges in her breaſt the ſword,
Yet warm, and reeking from its ſlaughter'd lord.
Relenting heaven allows her laſt requeſt,
And pity touch'd their mournful parents breaſt.
The fruit, when ripe, a purple dye retains;
And in one urn are plac'd their dear remains.

THE

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF OVID, AMORUM LIB. I. ELEG. 2.

TELL me, ſome god, whence does this change ariſe;
Why gentle ſleep forſakes my weary eyes?
Why, turning often, all the tedious night
In pain I lie, and watch the ſpringing light?—
What cruel dæmon haunts my tortur'd mind?
Sure, if 'twere love, I ſhould th' invader find;
Unleſs diſguis'd he lurks, the crafty boy,
With ſilent arts ingenious to deſtroy.
Alas! 'tis ſo—'tis fix'd the ſecret dart;
I feel the tyrant ravaging my heart.
Then, ſhall I yield; or th' infant flame oppoſe?
I yield!—Reſiſtance would increaſe my woes:

For

For ſtruggling ſlaves a ſharper doom ſuſtain,
Than ſuch as ſtoop obedient to the chain.
I own thy power, almighty Love! I'm thine;
With pinion'd hands behold me here reſign!
Let this ſubmiſſion then my life obtain;
Small praiſe 'twill be, if thus unarm'd I'm ſlain.
Go, join thy mother's doves; with myrtle braid thy hair;
The god of war himſelf a chariot ſhall prepare;
Then thou triumphant through the ſhouting throng
Shalt ride, and move with art the willing birds along;
While captive youths and maids, in ſolemn ſtate,
Adorn the ſcene, and on thy triumph wait.
There I, a later conqueſt of thy bow,
In chains will follow too; and as I go,
To pitying eyes the new-made wound will ſhow.
Next, all that dare Love's ſovereign power defy,
In fetters bound, inglorious ſhall paſs by:
All ſhall ſubmit to thee—Th' applauding crowd
Shall lift their hands, and ſing thy praiſe aloud.
Soft looks ſhall in thy equipage appear,
With amorous play, miſtake, and jealous fear.
Be this thy guard, great Love!—be this thy train;
Since theſe extend o'er men and gods thy reign;
But, robb'd of theſe, thy power is weak and vain.
From heaven thy mother ſhall the pomp ſurvey,
And, ſmiling, ſcatter fragrant ſhowers of roſes in thy way;
Whilſt thou, array'd in thy unrival'd pride,
On golden wheels, all gold thy ſelf, ſhalt ride:

Thy

Thy ſpreading wings ſhall richeſt diamonds wear,
And gems ſhall ſparkle in thy lovely hair.
Thus paſſing by, thy arm ſhall hurl around
Ten thouſand fires, ten thouſand hearts ſhall wound.
This is thy practice, Love, and this thy gain;
From this thou canſt not, if thou would'ſt, refrain;
Since ev'n thy preſence, with prolific heat,
Does reach the heart, and active flames create.
From conquer'd India, ſo the * Jovial God,
Drawn o'er the plains by harneſs'd tigers, rode,
Then ſince, great Love, I take a willing place
Amidſt thy ſpoils, the ſacred ſhow to grace;
O ceaſe to wound, and let thy fatal ſtore
Of piercing ſhafts be ſpent on me no more.
No more, too powerful in my charmer's eyes,
Torment a ſlave, that for her beauty dies;
Or look in ſmiles from thence, and I ſhall be
A ſlave no longer, but a God, like thee!

THE

PICTURE.

COME, my Muſe, a Venus draw;
Not the ſame the Grecians ſaw,
By the fam'd Apelles wrought,
Beauteous offspring of his thought.

* Bacchus.

No fantaſtic goddeſs mine,
Fiction far ſhe does outſhine.
Queen of fancy! hither bring
On thy gaudy-feather'd wing
All the beauties of the ſpring.
Like the bee's induſtrious pains
To collect his golden gains,
So from every flower and plant
Gather firſt th' immortal paint.
Fetch me lilies, fetch me roſes,
Daiſies, violets, cowſlip-poſies.
Amaranthus' parrot pride,
Woodbines, Pinks, and what beſide
Does th' embroider'd meads adorn,
Where the fawns and ſatyrs play
In the merry month of May.
Steal the bluſh of opening morn;
Borrow Cynthia's ſilver white,
When ſhe ſhines at noon of night,
Free from clouds to veil her light.
Juno's bird his tail ſhall ſpread,
Iris' bow its colours ſhed,
All to deck this charming piece,
Far ſurpaſſing ancient Greece.
Firſt her graceful ſtature ſhow,
Not too tall, not yet too low.
Fat ſhe muſt not be, nor lean;
Let her ſhape be ſtraight and clean;
Small her waſte, and, thence increaſt,
Gently ſwells her riſing breaſt.

Next,

Next, in comely order trace
All the glories of her face.
Paint her neck of Ivory,
Smiling cheeks, and forehead high,
Ruby lips, and ſparkling eyes,
Whence reſiſtleſs lightning flies.
Fooliſh Muſe! what haſt thou done?
Scarce th' Outlines are yet begun,
Ere thy pencil's thrown aſide!
'Tis no matter, Love reply'd;
(Love's unlucky God ſtood by)
At one ſtroke behold how I
Will th' unfiniſh'd draught ſupply.
Smiling then he took his dart,
And drew her picture in my heart.

BARN-ELMS.

LET Phœbus his late happineſs rehearſe,
And grace Barn-Elms with never-dying verſe!
Smooth was the Thames, his waters ſleeping lay,
Unwak'd by winds that o'er the ſurface play;
When th' early god, ariſing from the Eaſt,
Diſclos'd the golden dawn, with bluſhes dreſt.
Firſt in the ſtream his own bright form he ſees,
But brighter forms ſhine through the neighbouring trees.

He ſpeeds the riſing day, and ſheds his light
Redoubled on the grove, to gain a nearer ſight.
Not with more ſpeed his Daphne he purſued,
Nor fair Leucothoe with ſuch pleaſure view'd;
Five dazzling nymphs in graceful pomp appear;
He thinks his Daphne and Leucothoe here,
Join'd with that heavenly three, who on mount Ide
Deſcending once the prize of beauty try'd.
Ye verdant Elms, that towering grace this grove,
Be ſacred ſtill to Beauty, and to Love!
No thunder break, nor lightning glare between
Your twiſted boughs, but ſuch as then was ſeen.
The grateful ſun will every morning riſe
Propitious here, ſaluting from the ſkies
Your lofty tops, indulg'd with ſweeteſt air,
And every ſpring your loſſes he'll repair;
Nor his own laurels more ſhall be his care.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF

PHŒBE AND ASTERIA;

AND THE SICKNESS OF THE FORMER.

AN altar raiſe to Friendſhip's holy flame,
Inſcrib'd with Phœbe's and Aſteria's name!
Around it mingled in a ſolemn band,
Let Phœbe's lovers, and Aſteria's ſtand,

With

With fervent vows t' attend the ſacrifice ;
While rich perfumes from melted gums ariſe,
To bribe for Phœbe's health the partial ſkies.
  Forbid it, Love, that ſickly blaſts conſume
The flower of beauty in its tender bloom !
Shall ſhe ſo ſoon to her own heaven retire,
Who gave ſo oft, yet never felt thy fire ?
Who late at ſplendid feaſts ſo graceful ſhone,
By pleaſing ſmiles and numerous conqueſts known ;
Where, 'midſt the brighteſt nymphs, ſhe bore the prize
From all—from all but her Aſteria's eyes.
Behold the maid, who then ſecure repell'd
The ſhafts of Love, by fainting ſickneſs quell'd !
(As Beauty's goddeſs once a wound ſuſtain'd,
Not from her ſon, but from a * mortal's hand)
Aſteria too forgets her ſprightly charms,
And drooping lies within her Phœbe's arms.
  Thus in romantic hiſtories we read
Of tournaments by ſome great prince decreed,
Where two companion-knights their lances wield
With matchleſs force, and win, from all, the field ;
Till one, o'erheated in the courſe, retires,
And feels within his veins a fever's fires ;
His grieving friend his laurels throws away,
And mourns the dear-bought triumphs of the day.
  So ſtrict 's the union of this tender pair,
What Heaven decrees for one, they both muſt ſhare.

* Diomedes.

III.

Diſarm'd, he to his mother flies;
Help, Venus, help the wretched ſon!
Who now will pay us ſacrifice?
For Love himſelf's, alas! undone.

IV.

To Cupid now no lover's prayer
Shall be addreſs'd in ſuppliant ſighs;
My darts are gone, but oh beware,
Fond mortals, of Dorinda's eyes.

TO

OCTAVIA INDISPOSED.

ARound your couch while ſighing lovers view
Wit, beauty, goodneſs, ſuffering all in you;
So mournful is the ſcene, 'tis hard to tell
Which face betrays the ſick, or who is well.
They feel not their own pains, while yours they ſhare,
Worſe tortur'd now, than lately by deſpair.
For bleeding veins a like relief is found,
When iron red-hot by burning ſtops the wound.
Grant, Heaven, they cry, this moment our deſire,
To ſee her well, though we the next expire.

BEAUTY

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

I.

YE ſwains, whom radiant beauty moves,
Or muſic's art with ſounds divine,
Think how the rapturous charm improves,
Where two ſuch gifts celeſtial join;

II.

Where Cupid's bow, and Phœbus' lyre,
In the ſame powerful hand are found;
Where lovely eyes inflame deſire,
While trembling notes are taught to wound.

III.

Inquire not who's the matcheſs fair,
That can this double death beſtow:
If young Harmonia's ſtrains you hear,
Or view her eyes, too well you'll know.

CUPID's REVIEW.

CUPID, ſurvey thy ſhining train around
Of favorite nymphs, for conqueſt moſt renown'd;
The lovely warriors that in bright array
Thy power ſupport, and propagate thy ſway.
Then ſay what beauteous general wilt thou chooſe,
To lead the fair Brigade againſt thy rebel foes?
Behold the god advance in comely pride,
Arm'd *with his bow*, his quiver by his ſide.

Inferior

Inferior Cupids on their maſter wait;
He ſmiles well-pleas'd, and waves his wings in ſtate.
His little hands imperial trophies bear,
And laurel-wreaths to grace th' elected fair.
Hyde-Park the ſcene for the Review he nam'd,
Hyde-Park for pleaſure and for beauty fam'd.
Where, oft from weſtern ſkies the god of light
Sees new-ariſing ſuns, than his more bright;
Then ſets in bluſhes, and conveys his fire
To diſtant lands, that more his beams require.
And now the charming candidates appear.
Behold Britannia's victor-graces there,
Who vindicate their country's ancient claim
To Love's pre-eminence, and Beauty's fame.
Some, who, at Anna's court, in honour rais'd,
Adorn birth-nights, by crowding nations prais'd;
Preſerv'd in Kneller's pictures ever young,
In ſtrains immortal by the Muſes ſung.
Around the ring th' illuſtrious rivals move,
And teach to Love himſelf the power of love.
Scarce, though a god, he can with ſafety gaze
On glory ſo profuſe, ſuch mingled rays;
For Love had eyes on this important day,
And Venus from his forehead took the blinding cloth away.
Here Mira paſs'd, and fix'd his wondering view,
Her perfect ſhape diſtinguiſh'd praiſes drew;
Tall, beauteous, and majeſtic to the ſight,
She led the train, and ſparkled in the light.

There

There Stella claims the wreath, and pleads her eyes,
By which each day ſome new adorer dies.
Serena, by good-humour doubly fair,
With native ſweetneſs charms, and ſmiling air.
While Flora's youthful years and looks diſplay
The bloom of ripening fruits, the innocence of May,
The opening ſweets that months of pleaſure bring,
The dawn of Love, and life's indulgent ſpring.
'Twere endleſs to deſcribe the various darts,
With which the fair are arm'd to conquer hearts.
Whatever can the raviſh'd ſoul inſpire
With tender thoughts, and animate deſire,
All arts and virtues mingled in the train;
And long the lovely rivals ſtrove in vain,
While Cupid unreſolv'd ſtill ſearch'd around the plain.
O! could I find, ſaid Love, the phœnix ſhe,
In whom at once the ſeveral charms agree;
That phœnix ſhe the laurel crown ſhould have,
And Love himſelf with pride become her ſlave.
He ſcarce had ſpoke, when ſee—Harmonia came!
Chance brought her there, and not deſire of fame,
Unknowing of the choice, till ſhe beheld
The god approach to crown her in the field.
Th' unwilling maid, with wondrous modeſty,
Diſclaim'd her right, and put the laurel by;
Warm bluſhes on her tender cheeks ariſe,
And double ſoftneſs beautify'd her eyes.
At this, more charm'd, the rather I beſtow,
Said Love, theſe honours you in vain forego;

Take

Take then the wreath, which you, victorious ſtill,
Have moſt deſerv'd, yet leaſt aſſect to wear.

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY,

PLAYING ON THE ORGAN.

WHEN fam'd Cæcilia on the Organ play'd,
And fill'd with moving ſounds the tuneful frame,
Drawn by the charm, to hear the ſacred maid,
From heaven, 'tis ſaid, a liſtening angel came.
Thus ancient legends would our faith abuſe;
In vain——for were the bold tradition true,
While your harmonious touch that charm renews,
Again the ſeraph would appear to you.
O happy fair! in whom with pureſt light
Virtue's united beams with Beauty's ſhine!
Should heavenly gueſts deſcend to bleſs our ſight,
What form more lovely could they wear than thine?

SONNET.

JE mourrai de trop de plaiſir
Si je la trouve favourable;
Je mourrai de trop de deſir
Se je la trouve inexorable.

Ainſi

Ainſi je ne ſçaurois guerir
De la douleur qui me poſſede ;
Je ſuis aſſuré de perir
Par le mal, ou par le remede.

In Engliſh.

I DIE with too tranſporting joy,
If ſhe I love rewards my fire ;
If ſhe's inexorably coy,
With too much paſſion I expire.

No way the fates afford to ſhun
The cruel torment I endure ;
Since I am doom'd to be undone
By the diſeaſe or by the cure.

TO A PAINTER.

PAINTER, if thou canſt ſafely gaze
On all the wonders of that face ;
If thou haſt charms to guard a heart
Secure by ſecrets of thy art ;
O ! teach the mighty charm, that we
May gaze ſecurely too, like thee.

Canſt

Canſt thou Love's brighteſt lightning draw,
Which none e'er yet unwounded ſaw?
To what then wilt thou next aſpire,
Unleſs to imitate Jove's fire?
Which is a leſs adventurous pride,
Though 'twas for that Salmoneus dy'd.
That beauteous, that victorious fair,
Whoſe chains ſo many lovers wear;
Who with a look can arts infuſe,
Create a Painter, or a Muſe;
Whom crouds with awful rapture view;
She ſits ſerene, and ſmiles on you!
Your genius thus inſpir'd will ſoar
To wondrous heights unknown before,
And to her beauty you will own
Your future ſkill and fix'd renown.
So when of old great Ammon's ſon,
Adorn'd with ſpoils in battle won,
In graceful picture choſe to ſtand,
The work of fam'd Apelles' hand;
"Exert thy fire, the monarch ſaid,
"Now be thy boldeſt ſtrokes diſplay'd,
"To let admiring nations ſee
"Their dreaded victor drawn by thee;
"To others thou may'ſt life impart,
"But I'll immortalize thy art!"

TO

TO THE

AUTHOR OF

FATAL FRIENDSHIP,

A TRAGEDY.

AS when Camilla once, a warlike dame,
In bloody battles won immortal fame,
Forſook her female arts, and choſe to bear
The ponderous ſhield, and heave the maſſy ſpear,
Superior to her ſex: ſo ſwift ſhe flew
Around the field, and ſuch vaſt numbers ſlew,
That friends and foes, alike ſurpriz'd, behold
The brave Virago deſperately bold,
And thought her Pallas in a human mold.
Such is our wonder, matchleſs maid! to ſee
The tragic laurel thus deſerv'd by thee.

Still greater praiſe is yours; Camilla ſhines
For ever bright in Virgil's ſacred lines,
You in your own.—
Nor need you to another's bounty owe,
For what yourſelf can on yourſelf beſtow;
So monarchs in full health are wont to rear,
At their own charge, their future ſepulchre.

Who thy perfections fully would commend,
Muſt think how others their vain hours miſpend,
In trifling viſits, pride, impertinence,
Dreſs, dancing, and diſcourſe devoid of ſenſe;

To

To twirl a fan, to pleaſe ſome fooliſh beau,
And ſing an empty ſong, the moſt they know;
In body weak, more impotent of mind.
Thus ſome have repreſented woman-kind.
But you, your ſex's champion, are come forth
To fight their quarrel, and aſſert their worth;
Our Salick law of wit you have deſtroy'd,
Eſtabliſh'd female claim, and triumph'd o'er our pride
While we look on, and with repining eyes
Behold you bearing off ſo rich a prize,
Spite of ill-nature, we are forc'd t' approve
Such dazzling charms, and ſpite of envy love.
Nor is this all th' applauſe that is your due,
You ſtand the firſt of ſtage reformers too;
No vicious ſtrains pollute your moral ſcene,
Chaſte are your thoughts, and your expreſſion clean;
Strains ſuch as yours the ſtricteſt teſt will bear:
Sing boldly then, nor buſy cenſure fear,
Your virgin voice offends no virgin ear.
Proceed, in tragic numbers to diſcloſe
Strange turns of fate, and unexpected woes.
Reward, and puniſh! awfully diſpenſe
Heaven's judgments, and declare a Providence;
Nor let the comic Muſe your labours ſhare,
'Tis meanneſs, after this, the ſock to wear:
Though that too merit praiſe, 'tis nobler toil
T' extort a tear, than to provoke a ſmile.
What hand, that can deſign a hiſtory,
Would copy low-land boors at Snic-a-Snee?

Accept

Accept this tribute, madam, and excuſe
The haſty raptures of a ſtranger Muſe.
1698.

ON

DIVINE POETRY.

IN Nature's golden age, when new-born day
Array'd the ſkies, and earth was green and gay;
When God, with pleaſure, all his works ſurvey'd,
And virgin innocence before him play'd;
In that illuſtrious morn, that lovely ſpring,
The Muſe, by Heaven inſpir'd, began to ſing.
Deſcending Angels, in harmonious lays,
Taught the firſt happy pair their Maker's praiſe.
Such was the ſacred art—We now deplore
The Muſe's loſs, ſince Eden is no more.
When Vice from hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
Th' affrighted maid, with chaſte Aſtræa, fled,
And ſought protection in her native ſky;
In vain the heathen Nine her abſence would ſupply.
Yet to ſome few, whoſe dazzling virtues ſhone
In ages paſt, her heavenly charms were known.
Hence learn'd the bard, in lofty ſtrains to tell
How patient Virtue triumph'd over hell;
And hence the chief, who led the choſen race
Through parting ſeas, deriv'd his ſongs of praiſe:

She gave the rapturous ode, whoſe ardent lay
Sings female force, and vanquiſh'd Siſera;
She tun'd to pious notes the pſalmiſt's lyre,
And fill'd Iſaiah's breaſt with more than Pindar's fire!

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE LATE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S BIRTH-DAY.

I.

WHILE Venus in her ſnowy arms
The God of battles held,
And ſooth'd him with her tender charms,
Victorious from the field;
By chance ſhe caſt a lovely ſmile,
Propitious, down to earth,
And view'd in Britain's happy iſle
Great Glouceſter's glorious birth.

II.

Look, Mars, ſhe ſaid; look down, and ſee
A child of royal race!
Let's crown the bright Nativity
With every princely grace:
Thy heavenly image let me bear,
And ſhine a Mars below;
From you his mind to warlike care,
I'll ſofter gifts beſtow.

III.

Thus at his birth two deities
  Their bleſſings did impart;
And love was breath'd into his eyes,
  And glory form'd his heart.
His childhood makes of war a game;
  Betimes his beauty charms
The fair; who burn'd with equal flame
  For him, as he for arms.
    1699.

ON A

PEACOCK,

FINELY CUT IN VELLUM

BY MOLINDA.

WHEN Fancy did Molinda's hand invite,
  Without the help of colour, ſhade, or light,
To form in vellum, ſpotleſs as her mind,
The faireſt image of the feather'd kind,
Nature herſelf a ſtrict attendance paid,
Charm'd with th' attainments of th' illuſtrious maid,
Inſpir'd her thought, and, ſmiling, ſaid, I'll ſee
How well this fair-one's art can copy me.
  So to her favourite Titian once ſhe came,
To guide his pencil, and atteſt his fame,

With tranſport granting all that ſhe could give,
And bid his Works to wondering ages live.
Nor with leſs tranſport here the goddeſs ſees
The curious piece advance by ſlow degrees;
At laſt ſuch ſkill in every part was ſhown,
It ſeem'd a new creation of her own;
She ſtarts, to view the finiſh'd figure riſe,
And ſpread his ample train, enrich'd with eyes;
To ſee, with lively grace, his form expreſt,
The ſtately honours of his riſing creſt,
His comely wings, and his ſoft ſilky breaſt!
The leaves of creeping vines around him play,
And Nature's leaves leſs perfect ſeem than they.
O matchleſs bird! whoſe race, with niceſt care,
Heaven ſeems in pleaſure to have form'd ſo fair!
From whoſe gay plumes ev'n Phœbus with delight
Sees his own rays reflected doubly bright!
Though numerous rivals of the wing there be
That ſhare our praiſe, when not compar'd to thee,
Soon as thy riſing glories ſtrike our eyes,
Their beauty ſhines no more, their luſtre dies.
So when Molinda, with ſuperior charms,
Dazzles the ring, and other nymphs diſarms,
To her the rallying Loves and Graces fly,
And, fixing there, proclaim the victory.
No wonder, then, ſince ſhe was born t'excell,
This bird's fair image ſhe deſcribes ſo well:
Happy, as in ſome temple thus to ſtand,
Immortaliz'd by her ſucceſsful hand.

ON

LUCINDA'S TEA-TABLE.

POETS invoke, when they rehearſe
In happy ſtrains their pleaſing dreams,
Some Muſe unſeen to crown their verſe,
And boaſt of Heliconian ſtreams:

But here, a real Muſe inſpires
(Who more reviving ſtreams imparts)
Our fancies with the Poets fires,
And with a nobler flame our hearts.

While from her hand each honour'd gueſt
Receives his cup with liquor crown'd,
He thinks 'tis Jove's immortal feaſt,
And Venus deals the nectar round.

As o'er each fountain, Poets ſing,
Some lovely guardian-nymph has ſway,
Who from the conſecrated ſpring
Wild beaſts and ſatyrs drives away:

So hither dares no ſavage preſs,
Who Beauty's ſovereign power defies;
All, drinking here, her charms confeſs,
Proud to be conquer'd by her eyes.

When Phœbus try'd his herbs in vain
On Hyacinth, had ſhe been there,
With tea ſhe would have cur'd the ſwain,
Who only then had dy'd for her.
January 1, 1701.

THE MARCH.

VIctoria comes! ſhe leaves the forag'd groves!
Her flying camp of Graces and of Loves
Strike all their tents, and for the march prepare,
And to new ſcenes of triumph wait the fair.
Unlike the ſlaves which other warriors gain,
That loath ſubjection, and would break their chain,
Her rural ſlaves their abſent victor mourn,
And wiſh not liberty, but her return.
The conquer'd countries droop, while ſhe's away,
And ſlowly to the ſpring their contribution pay.
While cooing turtles, doubly now alone,
With their loſt loves another loſs bemoan.
Mean time in peopled cities crouds preſs on,
And jealous ſeem who ſhall be firſt undone.
Victories, like Fame, before th' invader fly,
And lovers yet unſeeing haſte to die.
While ſhe, with careleſs unelated mind,
Hears daily conqueſts which ſhe ne'er deſign'd:
In her a ſoft, yet cruel heart is found,
Averſe to cure, and vainly griev'd to wound.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

SO fair a form, with ſuch devotion join'd!
A virgin body, and a ſpotleſs mind!
Pleas'd with her prayers, while Heaven propitious ſees
The lovely votareſs on her bended knees,

Sure it muſt think ſome angel loſt its way,
And happening on our wretched earth to ſtray;
Tir'd with our follies, fain would take its flight,
And begs to be reſtor'd to thoſe bleſt realms of light.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

I.

WANTON Zephyr, come away!
On this ſweet, this ſilent grove,
Sacred to the Muſe and Love,
In gentle wiſper'd murmurs play!
Come let thy ſoft, thy balmy breeze
Diffuſe thy vernal ſweets around
From ſprouting flowers, and bloſſom'd trees;
While hills and echoing vales reſound
With notes, which wing'd muſicians ſing
In honour to the bloom of ſpring.

II.

Lovely ſeaſon of deſire!
Nature ſmiles with joy to ſee
The amorous months led on by thee,
That kindly wake her genial fire.
The brighteſt object in the ſkies,
The faireſt lights that ſhine below,
The ſun, and Mira's charming eyes,
At thy return more charming grow:
With double glory they appear,
To warm and grace the infant year.

HORACE,

ODE III. BOOK III.

The deſign of this Ode was to inſinuate to Auguſtus the danger of transferring the ſeat of the empire from Rome to Troy, which we are informed he once entertained thoughts of.

I.

THE man to right inflexibly inclin'd,
Poiſing on Virtue's baſe his mind,
Reſts in himſelf ſecure,
Indiſſolubly firm in good;
Let tempeſts riſe, and billows rage,
All rock within, he can unmov'd endure
The foaming fury of the flood,
When bellowing winds their jarring troops engage,

Or

Or wafteful civil tumults roll along
With fiercer ſtrength, and louder roar,
Driving the torrent of the throng,
And gathering into power.
Let a proud tyrant caſt a killing frown;
Or Jove in angry thunder on the world look down;
Nay, let the frame of Nature crack,
And all the ſpacious globe on high,
Shatter'd with univerſal rack,
Come tumbling from the ſky:
Yet he'll ſurvey the horrid ſcene
With ſteady courage and undaunted mien,
The only thing ſerene!

II.

Thus Pollux, and great Hercules,
Roam'd through the world, and bleſt the nations round,
Till, rais'd at length to heavenly palaces,
Mankind, as Gods, their benefactions crown'd,
With theſe, Auguſtus ſhall for ever ſhine,
And ſtain his roſy lips in cups divine.
Thus his fierce tigers dauntleſs Bacchus bear;
The glaring ſavages reſiſt in vain,
Impatient of the bit, and fretting on the rein;
Through yielding clouds he drives th' impetuous car.
Great Romulus purſued the ſhining trace,
And leapt the lake, where all
The reſt of mortals fall,
And with his * father's horſes ſcour'd the ſame bright
airy race.

* *Romulus was ſuppoſed to be the ſon of Mars by the prieſteſs Ilia.*

Then

III.

Then in full ſenate of the deities,
Settling the ſeats of power, and future fate,
Juno began the high debate,
And with this righteous ſentence pleas'd the ſkies:
" O Troy! ſhe ſaid, O hated Troy!
" A * foreign woman, and a † boy,
" Lewd, partial, and unjuſt,
" Shook all thy proudeſt towers to duſt;
" Inclin'd to ruin from the time,
" Thy king did mock two powers divine,
" And ras'd thy fated walls in perjury,
" But doubly damn'd by that offence,
" Which did Minerva's rage incenſe,
" And offer'd wrong to me.
" No more the treacherous raviſher
" Shines in full pomp and youthful charms;
" Nor Priam's impious houſe with Hector's ſpear,
" Repels the violence of Grecian arms,

IV.

" Our feuds did long embroil the mortal rout,
" At laſt the ſtorm is ſpent,
" My fury with it ebbing out,
" Theſe terms of peace content;
" To Mars I grant among the ſtars a place
" For his ſon Romulus, or Trojan race;
" Here ſhall he dwell in theſe divine abodes,
" Drink of the heavenly bowl,
" And in his ſhining court his name enrol,

* Helen. † Paris.

" With

" With the ſerene and ever-vacant gods;
" While ſeas ſhall rage between his Rome and Troy,
" The horrid diſtance breaking wide,
" The baniſh'd Trojans ſhall the globe enjoy,
" And reign in every place beſide;
" While beaſts inſult my * judge's duſt, and hide
" Their litter in his curſed tomb,
" The ſhining capitol of Rome
" Shall overlook the world with awful pride,
" And Parthians take their law from that eternal
" dome.

V.

" Let Rome extend her fame to every ſhore;
" And let no banks or mounds reſtrain
" Th' impetuous torrent of her wide command;
" The ſeas from Europe, Africk part in vain;
" Swelling above thoſe floods, her power
" Shall, like its Nile, o'erflow the Libyan land.
" Shining in poliſh'd ſteel, ſhe dares
" The glittering beams of gold deſpiſe,
" Gold the great ſource of human cares,
" Hid wiſely deep from mortal eyes,
" Till, ſought in evil hour by hands unbleſt,
" Opening the dark abodes,
" There iſſued forth a direful train of woes,
" That give mankind no reſt;
" For gold, devoted to th' infernal gods,
" No native human uſes knows.

* Paris.

VI. " Where-

VI.

" Where'er great Jove did place
" The bounds of nature yet unſeen,
" He meant a goal of glory to the race
" The Roman arms ſhall win:
" Rejoicing, onward they approach
" To view the outworks of the world,
" The madding fires, in wild debauch,
" The ſnows and rains unborn, in endleſs eddies
" whirl'd!

VII.

" 'Tis I, O Rome, pronounce theſe fates behind,
" But will thy reign with this condition bind,
" That no falſe filial piety,
" In idle ſhapes deluding thee,
" Or confidence of power,
" Tempt thee again to raiſe a Trojan tower;
" Troy, plac'd beneath malignant ſtars,
" Haunted with omens ſtill the ſame,
" Rebuilt ſhall but renew the former flame,
" Jove's wife and ſiſter leading on the wars.
" Thrice let her ſhine with brazen walls,
" Rear'd up by heavenly hands;
" And thrice in fatal duſt ſhe falls,
" By faithful Grecian bands;
" Thrice the dire ſcene ſhall on the world return,
" And captive wives again their ſons and huſbands
" mourn."

But

But ſtop, preſumptuous Muſe, thy daring flight,
Nor hope, in thy weak lyrick lay,
The heavenly language to diſplay,
Or bring the counſels of the gods to light.

GREENWICH-PARK.

THE Paphian iſle was once the bleſt abode
Of beauty's goddeſs and her archer-god.
There bliſsful bowers and amorous ſhades were ſeen,
Fair cypreſs walks, and myrtles ever green.
'Twas there, ſurrounded by a hollow'd wood,
Sacred to love, a ſplendid temple ſtood;
Where altars were with coſtly gums perfum'd,
And lovers ſighs aroſe, and ſmoke from hearts conſum'd.
Till, thence remov'd, the queen of beauty flies
To Britain, fam'd for bright victorious eyes.
Here-fix'd, ſhe choſe a ſweeter ſeat for Love,
And Greenwich Park is now her Cyprian grove.
Nor fair Parnaſſus with this hill can vie,
Which gently ſwells into the wondering ſky,
Commanding all that can tranſport our ſight,
And varying with each view the freſh delight.
From hence my Muſe prepares to wing her way,
And wanton, like the Thames, through ſmiling meads would ſtray,
Deſcribe the groves beneath, the ſylvan bowers,
The river's winding train, and great Auguſta's towers.

But

But ſee!—a living proſpect drawing near
At once tranſports, and raiſes awful fear!
Love's favourite band, ſelected to maintain
His choiceſt triumphs, and ſupport his reign.
Muſe, pay thy homage here—Yet oh beware!
And draw the glorious ſcene with artful care,
For fooliſh praiſe is ſatire on the fair.
Behold where bright Urania does advance,
And lightens through the trees with every glance!
A careleſs pleaſure in her air is ſeen;
Diana ſhines with ſuch a graceful mien,
When in her darling woods ſhe's feign'd to rove,
The chace purſuing, and avoiding love.
At flying deer the goddeſs boaſts her aim,
But Cupid ſhews the nymph a nobler game.
Th' unerring ſhafts ſo various fly around,
'Tis hard to ſay which gives the deepeſt wound.
Or if with greater glory we ſubmit,
Pierc'd by her eyes, her humour, or her wit.
See next her charming ſiſter, young and gay,
In beauty's bloom like the ſweet month of May!
The ſportful nymph once in the neighbouring grove
Surpriz'd by chance the ſleeping god of love;
His head reclin'd upon a tuft of green,
And by him ſcatter'd lay his arrows bright and keen;
She ty'd his wings, and ſtole his wanton darts,
Then, laughing, wak'd the tyrant lord of hearts;
He ſmil'd,—and ſaid—'Tis well, inſulting fair!
Yet how you ſport with ſleeping Love beware!
My loſs of darts quickly can ſupply,
Your looks ſhall triumph for Love's deity:

And

And though you now my feeble power diſdain,
You once perhaps may feel a lover's pain.
Though Helen's form, and Cleopatra's charms,
The boaſt of fame, once kindled dire alarms:
Thoſe dazzling lights the world no more muſt view,
And ſcarce would think the bright deſcription true,
Did not that ray of beauty, more divine,
In Mira's eyes by tranſmigration ſhine.
Her ſhape, her air, proportion, lovely face,
And matchleſs ſkin content with rival grace;
And Venus' ſelf, proud of th' officious aid,
With all her charms adorns th' illuſtrious maid.
But hark!—what more than mortal ſounds are theſe?
Be ſtill, ye whiſpering winds, and moving trees!
A ſecond Mira does all hearts ſurprize,
At once victorious with her voice and eyes.
Her eyes alone can tendereſt love inſpire,
Her heavenly voice improves the young deſire.
So weſtern gales in fragrant gardens play
On buds produc'd by the ſun's quickening ray,
And ſpread them into life, and gently chide their ſtay.
We court that ſkill, by which we're ſure to die,
The modeſt fair would fain our ſuit deny,
And ſings unwillingly, with trembling fear,
As if concern'd our ruin is ſo near;
So generous victors ſofteſt pity know,
And with reluctance ſtrike the fatal blow.

Engaging

Engaging Cynthia 's arm'd with every grace;
Her lovely mind ſhines chearful through her face,
A ſacred lamp in a fair cryſtal caſe.
Not Venus-ſtar, the brighteſt of the ſphere,
Smiles ſo ſerene, or caſts a light ſo clear.
O happy brother of this wondrous fair!
The beſt of ſiſters well deſerves thy care;
Her ſighing lovers, who in crouds adore,
Would wiſh thy place, did they not wiſh for more.
What angels are, when we deſire to know,
We form a thought by ſuch as ſhe below,
And thence conclude they're bright beyond compare,
Compos'd of all that's good, and all that's fair.
There yet remains unnam'd a dazzling throng
Of nymphs, who to theſe happy ſhades belong.
O Venus! lovely queen of ſoft deſires!
For ever dwell where ſuch ſupply thy fires!
May Virtue ſtill with Beauty ſhare the ſway,
And the glad world with willing zeal obey!

TO

MOLINDA.

TH' inſpiring Muſes and the God of Love,
Which moſt ſhould grace the fair Molinda ſtrove
Love arm'd her with his bow and keeneſt darts,
The Muſes more enrich'd her mind with arts.

Through

Though Greece in ſhining temples heretofore
Did Venus and Minerva's powers adore,
The ancients thought no ſingle goddeſs fit,
To reign at once o'er Beauty and o'er Wit;
Each was a ſeparate claim; till now we find
The different titles in Molinda join'd.
From hence, when at the court, the park, the play,
She gilds the evening, or improves the day,
All eyes regard her with tranſporting fire,
One ſex with envy burns, and one with fierce deſire:
But when, withdrawn from public ſhow and noiſe,
In ſilent works her fancy ſhe employs,
A ſmiling train of Arts around her ſtand,
And court improvement from her curious hand.
She, their bright patroneſs, o'er all preſides,
And with like ſkill the pen and needle guides;
By this we ſee gay ſilken landſkips wrought,
By that the landſkip of a beauteous thought:
Whether her voice in tuneful airs ſhe moves,
Or cuts diſſembled flowers and paper groves,
Her voice tranſports the ear with ſoft delight,
Her flowers and groves ſurprize the raviſh'd ſight;
Which ev'n to Nature's wonders we prefer;
All but that wonder Nature form'd in her.

A LETTER

TO

A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

WHILST thou art happy in a bleſt retreat,
And free from care doſt rural ſongs repeat,
Whilſt fragrant air fans thy poetic fire,
And pleaſant groves with ſprightly notes inſpire,
(Groves, whoſe receſſes and refreſhing ſhade
Indulge th' invention, and the judgment aid)
I, 'midſt the ſmoke and clamours of the town,
That choke my Muſe, and weigh my fancy down,
Paſs my unactive hours;——
In ſuch an air, how can ſoft numbers flow,
Or in ſuch ſoil the ſacred laurel grow?
All we can boaſt of the poetic fire,
Are but ſome ſparks that ſoon as born expire.
Hail happy woods! harbours of peace and joy!
Where no black cares the mind's repoſe deſtroy!
Where grateful Silence unmoleſted reigns,
Aſſiſts the Muſe, and quickens all her ſtrains.
Such were the ſcenes of our firſt parents' love,
In Eden's groves with equal flames they ſtrove,
While warbling birds, ſoft whiſpering breaths of wind,
And murmuring ſtreams, to grace their nuptials join'd.
All Nature ſmil'd; the plains were freſh and green,
Unſtain'd the fountains, and the heavens ſerene.

Ye

Ye bleſt remains of that illuſtrious age!
Delightful ſprings and woods!—
Might I with you my peaceful days live o'er,
You, and my friend, whoſe abſence I deplore,
Calm as a gentle brook's unruffled tide
Should the delicious flowing minutes glide;
Diſcharg'd of care, on unfrequented plains,
We'd ſing of rural joys in rural ſtrains.
No falſe corrupt delights our thoughts ſhould move,
But joys of friendſhip, poetry, and love.
While others fondly feed ambition's fire,
And to the top of human ſtate aſpire,
That from their airy eminence they may
With pride and ſcorn th' inferior world ſurvey,
Here we ſhould dwell obſcure, yet happier far than they.

HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

"Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,
"Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu," &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

HENCE ſlaviſh fear! thy Stygian wings diſplay!
Thou ugly fiend of hell, away!

Wrapp'd in thick clouds, and ſhades of night,
To conſcious ſouls direct thy flight!
There brood on guilt, fix there a loath'd embrace,
And propagate vain terrors, frights,
Dreams, goblins, and imagin'd ſprights,
Thy viſionary tribe, thy black and monſtrous race.
Go, haunt the ſlave that ſtains his hands in gore!
Poſſeſs the perjur'd mind, and rack the Uſurer more,
Than his oppreſſion did the poor before.

II.

Vainly, you feeble wretches, you prepare
The glittering forgery of war;
The poiſon'd ſhaft, the Parthian bow, and ſpear
Like that the warlike Moor is wont to wield,
Which pois'd and guided from his ear
He hurls impetuous through the field:
In vain you lace the helm, and heave in vain the ſhield;
He's only ſafe, whoſe armour of defence
Is adamantine innocence.

III.

If o'er the ſteepy Alps he go,
Vaſt mountains of eternal ſnow,
Or where fam'd Ganges and Hydaſpes flow;
If o'er parch'd Libya's deſart land,
Where threatening from afar
Th' affrighted traveller
Encounters moving hills of ſand;
No ſenſe of danger can diſturb his reſt;

He

He fears no human force, nor ſavage beaſt;
Impenetrable courage ſteels his manly breaſt.

IV.

Thus, late within the Sabine grove,
While free from care, and full of love,
I raiſe my tuneful voice, and ſtray
Regardleſs of myſelf and way,
A grizly wolf, with glaring eye,
View'd me unarm'd, yet paſs'd unhurtful by.
A fiercer monſter ne'er, in queſt of food,
Apulian foreſts did moleſt;
Numidia never ſaw a more prodigious beaſt;
Numidia, mother of the yellow brood,
Where the ſtern lion ſhakes his knotted mane,
And roars aloud for prey, and ſcours the ſpacious plain.

V.

Place me where no ſoft breeze of ſummer wind
Did e'er the ſtiffen'd ſoil unbind,
Where no refreſhing warmth e'er durſt invade,
But Winter holds his unmoleſted ſeat,
In all his hoary robes array'd,
And rattling ſtorms of hail, and noiſy tempeſts beat.
Place me beneath the ſcorching blaze
Of the fierce ſun's immediate rays,
Where houſe or cottage ne'er were ſeen,
Nor rooted plant or tree, nor ſpringing green;
Yet, lovely Lalage, my generous flame
Shall ne'er expire; I'll boldly ſing of thee,
Charm'd with the muſic of thy name,
And guarded by the gods of Love and Poetry.

HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

" Otium Divos rogat in patenti
" Prenſus Ægæo," &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

INDULGENT Quiet! power ſerene,
Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love!
O ſay, thou calm propitious queen,
Say, in what ſolitary grove,
Within what hollow rock, or winding cell,
By human eyes unſeen,
Like ſome retreated Druid doſt thou dwell?
And why, illuſive goddeſs! why,
When we thy manſion would ſurround,
Why doſt thou lead us through inchanted ground,
To mock our vain reſearch, and from our wiſhes fly?

II.

The wandering ſailors, pale with fear,
For thee the gods implore,
When the tempeſtuous ſea runs high,
And when, through all the dark benighted ſky,

No

No friendly moon or ſtars appear
To guide their ſteerage to the ſhore:
For thee the weary ſoldier prays;
Furious in fight the ſons of Thrace,
And Medes, that wear majeſtic by their ſide
A full-charg'd quiver's decent pride,
Gladly with thee would paſs inglorious days,
Renounce the warrior's tempting praiſe,
And buy thee, if thou might'ſt be ſold,
With gems, and purple veſts, and ſtores of plunder'd gold.

III.

But neither boundleſs wealth, nor guards that wait
Around the conſul's honour'd gate,
Nor anti-chambers with attendants fill'd,
The mind's unhappy tumults can abate,
Or baniſh ſullen cares, that fly
Acroſs the gilded rooms of ſtate,
And their foul neſts, like ſwallows, build
Cloſe to the palace-roofs, and towers that pierce the ſky.
Much leſs will Nature's modeſt wants ſupply;
And happier lives the homely ſwain,
Who, in ſome cottage, far from noiſe,
His few paternal goods enjoys,
Nor knows the ſordid luſt of gain,
Nor with Fear's tormenting pain
His hovering ſleeps deſtroys.

IV.

Vain man! that in a narrow ſpace
At endleſs game projects the daring ſcheme!
For ſhort is life's uncertain race;
Then why, capricious mortal! why
Doſt thou for happineſs repair
To diſtant climates, and a foreign air?
Fool! from thyſelf thou canſt not fly,
Thyſelf, the ſource of all thy care.
So flies the wounded ſtag, provok'd with pain,
Bounds o'er the ſpacious downs in vain;
The feather'd torment ſticks within his ſide,
And from the ſmarting wound a purple tide
Marks all his way with blood, and dyes the graſſy plain.

V.

But ſwifter far is execrable Care
Than ſtags, or winds that through the ſkies
Thick-driving ſnows and gather'd tempeſts bear;
Purſuing Care the ſailing ſhip out-flies,
Climbs the tall veſſel's painted ſides;
Nor leaves arm'd ſquadrons in the field,
But with the marching horſemen rides,
And dwells alike in courts and camps, and makes all places yield.

VI.

Then, ſince no ſtate's compleatly bleſt,
Let's learn the bitter to allay
With gentle mirth, and wiſely gay
Enjoy at leaſt the preſent day,
And leave to fate the reſt.

Nor

Nor with vain fear of ills to come
Anticipate th' appointed doom.
Soon did Achilles quit the ſtage,
The hero fell by ſudden death;
While Tithon to a tedious waſting age
Drew his protracted breath.
And thus old partial Time, my friend,
Perhaps unaſk'd to worthleſs me
Thoſe hours of lengthen'd life may lend,
Which he'll refuſe to thee.

VII.

Thee ſhining wealth and plenteous joys ſurround,
And, all thy fruitful fields around,
Unnumber'd herds of cattle ſtray.
Thy harneſs'd ſteeds with ſprightly voice
Make neighbouring vales and hills rejoice,
While ſmoothly thy gay chariot flies o'er the ſwift meaſur'd way.
To me the ſtars, with leſs profuſion kind,
An humble Fortune have aſſign'd,
And no untuneful Lyric vein,
But a ſincere contented mind,
That can the vile malignant crowd diſdain.

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONCE, on a ſolemn feſtal day
Held by th' immortals in the ſkies,
Flora had ſummon'd all the Deities
That rule o'er gardens, or ſurvey
The birth of greens and ſpringing flowers,
And thus addreſs'd the genial powers.

Ye ſhining graces of my courtly train,
The cauſe of this aſſembly know!
In ſovereign majeſty I reign
O'er the gay flowery univerſe below;
Yet, my increaſing glory to maintain,
A queen I'll chuſe, with ſpotleſs honour fair,
The delegated crown to wear.
Let me your counſel and aſſiſtance aſk,
T' accompliſh this momentous taſk.

The Deities that ſtood around,
At firſt return'd a murmuring ſound;
Then ſaid, Fair goddeſs, do you know
The factious feuds this muſt create,
What jealous rage and mutual hate
Among the rival flowers will grow?

The vileſt thiſtle that infeſts the plain
Will think his tawdry painted pride
Deſerves the crown; and, if deny'd,
Perhaps with traitor-plots moleſt your reign.
Vain are your fears, Flora reply'd,
'Tis fix'd—and hear how I'll the cauſe decide.

Deep in a venerable wood,
Where Oaks, with vocal ſtill endued,
Did wondrous oracles of old impart,
Beneath a little hill's inclining ſide
A grotto 's ſeen where nature's art
Is exercis'd in all her ſmiling pride.
Retir'd in this ſweet graſſy cell,
A lovely wood-nymph once did dwell.
She always pleas'd; for more than mortal fire
Shone in her eyes, and did her charms inſpire;
A Dryad bore the beauteous nymph, a Sylvan was her ſire.

Chaſte, wiſe, devout, ſhe ſtill obey'd
With humble zeal heaven's dread commands,
To every action aſk'd our aid,
And oft before our altars pray'd;
Pure was her heart, and undefil'd her hands.
She's dead—and from her ſweet remains
The wondrous mixture I would take,
This much deſir'd, this perfect flower to make.
Aſſiſt, and thus, with our transforming pains,
We'll dignify the garden-beds, and grace our favourite plains.

Th'

Th' applauding Deities with pleaſure heard,
And for the grateful work prepar'd.
A buſy face the God of Gardens wore;
Vertumnus of the party too,
From various ſweets th' exhaling ſpirits drew;
While, in full caniſters, Pomona bore
Of richeſt fruits a plenteous ſtore;
And Veſta promis'd wondrous things to do.
Gay Venus led a lively train
Of Smiles and Graces: the plump God of Wine
From cluſters did the flowing nectar ſtrain,
And fill'd large goblets with his juice divine.
Thus charg'd, they ſeek the honour'd ſhade
Where liv'd and dy'd the ſpotleſs maid.
On a ſoft couch of turf the body lay;
Th' approaching Deities preſs'd all around,
Prepar'd the ſacred rites to pay
In ſilence, and with awe profound.
Flora thrice bow'd, and thus was heard to pray.
Jove! mighty Jove! whom all adore;
Exert thy great creative power!
Let this fair corpſe be mortal clay no more;
Transform it to a tree, to bear a beauteous flower—
Scarce had the Goddeſs ſpoke; when ſee!
The nymph's extended limbs the form of branches wear:
Behold the wondrous change, the fragrant tree!
To leaves was turn'd her flowing hair;
And rich diffus'd perfumes regal'd the wanton air.
Heavens!

Heavens! what new charm, what ſudden light,
Improves the grot, and entertains the ſight!
A ſprouting bud begins the tree t'adorn;
The large, the ſweet vermilion flower is born!
The Goddeſs thrice on the fair infant breath'd,
To ſpread it into life, and to convey
The fragrant ſoul, and every charm bequeath'd
To make the vegetable princeſs gay;
Then kiſs'd it thrice: the general ſilence broke,
And thus in loud rejoicing accents ſpoke.

Ye flowers at my command attendant here,
Pay homage, and your ſovereign Roſe revere!
No ſorrow on your drooping leaves be ſeen;
Let all be proud of ſuch a queen,
So fit the floral crown to wear,
To glorify the day, and grace the youthful year!

Thus ſpeaking, ſhe the new-born favourite crown'd;
The tranſformation was compleat;
The Deities with ſongs the queen of flowers did greet:
Soft flutes and tuneful harps were heard to ſound;
While now to heaven the well-pleas'd Goddeſs flies
With her bright train, and reaſcends the ſkies.

SIX CANTATA'S

OR

POEMS FOR MUSIC.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ITALIANS.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

"Non ante vulgatas per artes,
"Verba loquor ſocianda chordis."

HOR.

THE

PREFACE,

(AS IT WAS PRINTED BEFORE THE MUSIC.)

TO THE

LOVERS OF MUSIC.

MR. Pepuſch having deſired that ſome account ſhould be prefixed to theſe Cantata's relating to the words, it may be proper to acquaint the publick, that they are the firſt Eſſays of this kind, and

were

were written as an experiment of introducing a ſort of compoſition which had never been naturalized in our language. Thoſe who are affectedly partial to the Italian tongue, will ſcarce allow muſic to ſpeak any other; but if reaſon may be admitted to have any ſhare in theſe entertainments, nothing is more neceſſary than that the words ſhould be underſtood, without which the end of Vocal Muſic is loſt. The want of this occaſions a common complaint, and is the chief, if not the only reaſon, that the beſt works of Scarlati and other Italians, except thoſe performed in Opera's, are generally but little known or regarded here, Beſides, it may be obſerved, without any diſhonour to a language which has been adorned by ſome writers of excellent genius, and was the firſt among the moderns in which the Art of Poetry was revived and brought to any perfection, that in the great number of their Opera's, Serenata's, and Cantata's, the words are often much inferior to the compoſition; and though, by their abounding with vowels, they have an inimitable aptneſs and facility for notes, the writers for muſic have not always made the beſt uſe of this advantage, or ſeem to have relied on it ſo much as to have regarded little elſe; ſo that Mr. Waller's remark on another occaſion may be frequently applied to them.

"Soft words, with nothing in them, make a ſong."

Yet

Yet ſo great is the force of ſounds well choſen and ſkilfully executed, that as they can hide indifferent ſenſe, and a kind of aſſociated pleaſure ariſes from the words though they are but mean, ſo the impreſſion cannot fail of being in proportion much greater, when the thoughts are natural and proper, and the expreſſions unaffected and agreeable.

Since, therefore, the Engliſh language, though inferior in ſmoothneſs, has been found not incapable of harmony, nothing would perhaps be wanting towards introducing the moſt elegant ſtyle of muſic, in a nation which has given ſuch generous encouragements to it, if our beſt Poets would ſometimes aſſiſt this deſign, and make it their diverſion to improve a ſort of verſe, in regular meaſures, purpoſely fitted for muſic, and which, of all the modern kinds, ſeems to be the only one that can now properly be called Lyricks.

It cannot but be obſerved on this occaſion, that ſince Poetry and Muſick are ſo nearly allied, it is a misfortune that thoſe who excel in one, are often perfect ſtrangers to the other. If therefore a better correſpondence were ſettled between the two ſiſter arts, they would probably contribute to each other's improvement. The expreſſions of Harmony, Cadence, and a good ear, which are ſaid to be ſo neceſſary in Poetry, being all borrowed from Muſic, ſhew at leaſt, if they ſignify any thing, that it would be no improper help for a Poet to underſtand more than the metaphorical ſenſe of them. And on the other hand,

a compoſer can never judge where to lay the accent of his muſic, who does not know, or is not made ſenſible, where the words have the greateſt beauty and force.

There is one thing in compoſitions of this ſort, which ſeems a little to want explaining, and that is the Recitative Muſic, which many people hear without pleaſure, the reaſon of which is, perhaps, that they have a miſtaken notion of it. They are accuſtomed to think that all Muſic ſhould be Air; and being diſappointed of what they expect, they loſe the beauty that is in it of a different kind. It may be proper to obſerve therefore, that the Recitative ſtyle in compoſition is founded on that variety of accent which pleaſes in the pronunciation of a good orator, with as little deviation from it as poſſible. The different tones of the voice, in aſtoniſhment, joy, ſorrow, rage, tenderneſs, in affirmations, apoſtrophes, interrogations, and all the varieties of ſpeech, make a ſort of natural Muſic, which is very agreeable; and this is what is intended to be imitated, with ſome helps by the compoſer, but without approaching to what we call a Tune or Air; ſo that it is but a kind of improved elocution or pronouncing the words in muſical cadences, and is indeed wholly at the mercy of the performer to make it agreeable or not, according to his ſkill or ignorance, like the reading of verſe, which is not every one's talent. This ſhort account may poſſibly ſuffice to ſhew how properly the recitative has a place in compoſitions of any length, to relieve the

ear

ear with a variety, and to introduce the Airs with the greater advantage.

As to Mr. Pepuſch's ſucceſs in theſe compoſitions, I am not at liberty to ſay any more than that he has, I think, very naturally expreſſed the ſenſe of the words. He is deſirous the publick ſhould be informed that they are not only the firſt he has attempted in Engliſh, but the firſt of any of his works publiſhed by himſelf; and as he wholly ſubmits them to the judgment of the lovers of this art, it will be a pleaſure to him to find that his endeavours to promote the compoſing of Muſic in the Engliſh language, after a new model, are favourably accepted.

CANTATA I.

ON

ENGLISH BEAUTY.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Beauty's goddeſs from the ocean ſprung,
Aſcending, o'er the waves ſhe caſt a ſmile
On fair Britannia's happy iſle,
And rais'd her tuneful voice, and thus ſhe ſung.

AIR.

Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Faireſt iſland of the ſea!
Thou my favourite land ſhalt be.
Cyprus too ſhall own my ſway,
And dedicate to me its groves;
Yet Venus and her train of loves
Will with happier Britain ſtay.
Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Faireſt iſland of the ſea!
Thou my favourite land ſhalt be.

RECITATIVE.

Britannia heard the notes diffuſing wide,
And ſaw the power whom gods and men adore
Approaching nearer with the tide,
And in a rapture loudly cry'd;
O welcome! welcome to my ſhore!

AIR.

AIR.

Lovely iſle! ſo richly bleſt!
Beauty's palm is thine confeſt.
Thy daughters all the world outſhine,
Nor Venus ſelf is ſo divine.
Lovely iſle! ſo richly bleſt!
Beauty's palm is thine confeſt.

CANTATA II.

ALEXIS.

RECITATIVE.

SEE,—from the ſilent grove Alexis flies,
And ſeeks with every pleaſing art
To eaſe the pain, which lovely eyes
Created in his heart.
To ſhining theatres he now repairs,
To learn Camilla's moving airs,
Where thus to Muſic's power the ſwain addreſs'd his prayers.

AIR.

Charming ſounds! that ſweetly languiſh,
Muſic, O compoſe my anguiſh!
Every paſſion yields to thee:
Phœbus, quickly then relieve me;
Cupid ſhall no more deceive me;
I'll to ſprightlier joys be free.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the foolish swain;
He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
How weak, t' asswage an amorous pain,
His own harmonious art had prov'd,
And all his healing herbs how vain.
Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,
Preluding to his voice, and sings.

AIR.

Sounds, though charming, can't relieve thee;
Do not, shepherd, then deceive thee,
Music is the voice of Love.
If the tender maid believe thee,
Soft relenting,
Kind consenting,
Will alone thy pain remove.

CANTATA III.

ON THE

SPRING.

[With Violins.]

AIR.

FRAGRANT Flora! haste, appear,
Goddess of the youthful year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now;

On

On thy buds of roſes playing,
All thy breathing ſweets diſplaying,
Hark, his amorous breezes blow!
Fragrant Flora! haſte, appear!
Goddeſs of the youthful year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now.

RECITATIVE.

Thus on a fruitful hill, in the fair bloom of ſpring,
The tuneful Colinet his voice did raiſe,
The vales remurmur'd with his lays,
And liſtening birds hung hovering on the wing;
In whiſpering ſighs ſoft Zephyr by him flew,
While thus the ſhepherd did his ſong renew.

AIR.

Love and pleaſure gaily flowing,
Come this charming ſeaſon grace!
Smile, ye fair! your joys beſtowing,
Spring and youth will ſoon be going,
Seize the bleſſings ere they paſs;
Love and pleaſures gaily flowing,
Come this charming ſeaſon grace!

CANTATA IV.

MIRANDA.

RECITATIVE.

MIRANDA's tuneful voice and fame
Had reach'd the wondering ſkies;
From heaven the god of Muſic came,
And own'd a pleas'd ſurprize;
Then, in a ſoft melodious lay,
Apollo did theſe grateful praiſes pay.

AIR.

Matchleſs charmer! thine ſhall be
The higheſt prize of harmony.
Phœbus ever will inſpire thee,
And th' applauding world admire thee;
All ſhall in thy praiſe agree.
Matchleſs charmer! thine ſhall be
The higheſt prize of harmony.

RECITATIVE.

The god then ſummon'd every Muſe t' appear,
And hail their ſiſter of the quire;
Smiling they ſtood around, her ſoothing ſtrains to hear,
And fill'd her happy ſoul with all their fire.

AIR.

O harmony! how wondrous ſweet,
Doſt thou our cares allay!

When

When all thy moving graces meet,
How ſoftly doſt thou ſteal our eaſy hours away!
O harmony! how wondrous ſweet,
Doſt thou our cares allay!

CANTATA V.

CORYDON.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE Corydon the lonely ſhepherd try'd
His tuneful flute, and charm'd the grove,
The jealous nightingales, that ſtrove
To trace his notes, contending dy'd;
At laſt he hears within a myrtle ſhade
An echo anſwer all his ſtrain;
Love ſtole the pipe of ſleeping Pan, and play'd;
Then with his voice decoys the liſtening ſwain.

AIR. [with a flute]

Gay ſhepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleaſing ſcenes attend thee,
O this way ſpeed thy pace!
If Muſic can delight thee,
Or viſions fair invite thee,
This bower 's the happy place.
Gay ſhepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleaſing ſcenes attend thee,
O this way ſpeed thy pace!

RE-

RECITATIVE.

The ſhepherd roſe, he gaz'd around,
And vainly ſought the magic ſound;
The God of Love his motion ſpies,
Lays by the pipe, and ſhoots a dart
Through Corydon's unwary heart,
Then, ſmiling, from his ambuſh flies;
While in his room, divinely bright,
The reigning beauty of the groves ſurpriz'd the ſhepherd's ſight.

AIR.

Who, from Love his heart ſecuring,
Can avoid th' inchanting pain?
Pleaſure calls with voice alluring,
Beauty ſoftly binds the chain.
Who, from Love his heart ſecuring,
Can avoid th' inchanting pain?

CANTATA VI.

THE COQUET.

RECITATIVE.

AIRY Cloe, proud and young,
The faireſt tyrant of the plain,
Laugh'd at her adoring ſwain.
He ſadly ſigh'd—She gayly ſung,
And, wanton, thus reproach'd his pain.

AIR.

AIR.

Leave me, ſilly ſhepherd go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thouſand charms in me;
Then ceaſe thy prayers, I'll kinder grow,
When I can view ſuch charms in thee.
Leave me, ſilly ſhepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thouſand charms in me.

RECITATIVE.

Amyntor, fir'd by this diſdain,
Curs'd the proud fair, and broke his chain;
He rav'd, and at the ſcorner ſwore,
And vow'd, he'd be Love's fool no more—
But Cloe ſmil'd, and thus ſhe call'd him back again.

AIR.

Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a man, I love thee,
And without a bluſh reſign.
But ungrateful is the paſſion,
And deſtroys our inclination,
When, like ſlaves, our lovers whine.
Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a man, I love thee,
And without a bluſh reſign.

THE PRAISES OF HEROIC VIRTUE.

FROM THE FRAGMENTS OF TYRTÆUS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1701,

ON OCCASION OF

THE KING OF FRANCE's BREAKING THE PEACE OF RESWICK.

O Spartan youths! what faſcinating charms
Have froze your blood? why ruſt your idle arms?
When with awaken'd courage will you go,
And minds reſolv'd, to meet the threatening foe?
What! ſhall our vile lethargic ſloth betray
To greedy neighbours an unguarded prey?
Or can you ſee their armies ruſh from far,
And ſit ſecure amidſt the rage of war?
Ye gods! how great, how glorious, 'tis to ſee
The warrior-hero fight for liberty,
For his dear children, for his tender wife,
For all the valued joys, and ſoft ſupports of life?
Then let him draw his ſword, and take the field,
And fortify his breaſt behind the ſpacious ſhield.

Nor

Nor fear to die; in vain you ſhun your fate,
Nor can you ſhorten, nor prolong its date;
For life 's a meaſur'd race, and he that flies
From darts and fighting foes, at home inglorious dies;
No grieving crowds his obſequies attend;
But all applaud and weep the ſoldier's end,
Who, deſperately brave, in fight ſuſtains
Inflicted wounds, and honourable ſtains,
And falls a ſacrifice to glory's charms:
But if a juſt ſucceſs ſhall crown his arms,
For his return the reſcued people wait,
To ſee the guardian genius of the ſtate;
With rapture viewing his majeſtic face,
His dauntleſs mien, and every martial grace,
They 'll bleſs the toils he for their ſafety bore,
Admire him living, and when dead adore.

UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BRITTON,

THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN.

THOUGH mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell.
Well pleas'd Apollo thither led his train,
And Muſic warbled in her ſweeteſt ſtrain!
Cyllenius ſo, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing gueſts to poor Philemon's grove.
Let uſeleſs Pomp behold, and bluſh to find
So low a ſtation, ſuch a liberal mind.

SONG.

THE FAIR TRAVELLER.

I.

IN young Aſtrea's ſparkling eye,
Reſiſtleſs Love has fix'd his throne;
A thouſand lovers bleeding lie
For her, with wounds they fear to own.

II.

While the coy beauty ſpeeds her flight
To diſtant groves from whence ſhe came;
So lightning vaniſhes from ſight,
But leaves the foreſt in a flame!

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. D. PURCELL.

AIR.

LOVE, I defy thee!
Venus, I fly thee!
I'm of chaſte Diana's train.
Away, thou winged boy!
Thou bear'ſt thy darts in vain,
I hate the languid joy,
I mock the trifling pain.

Love,

Love, I defy thee!
Venus, I fly thee!
I'm of chaſte Diana's train.

RECITATIVE.

Bright Venus and her ſon ſtood by,
And heard a proud diſdainful fair
Thus boaſt her wretched liberty;
They ſcorn'd ſhe ſhould the raptures ſhare,
Which their happier captives know,
Nor would Cupid draw his bow
To wound the nymph, but laugh'd out this reply.

AIR.

Proud and fooliſh! hear your fate!
Waſte your youth, and ſigh too late
For joys which now you ſay you hate.
When your decaying eyes
Can dart their fires no more,
The wrinkles of threeſcore
Shall make you vainly wiſe.
Proud and fooliſh! hear your fate!
Waſte your youth, and ſigh too late
For joys which now you ſay you hate.

S O N G.

WOULD you gain the tender creature,
Softly—gently—kindly—treat her;
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty by conſtraint poſſeſſing,
You enjoy but half the bleſſing,
Lifeleſs charms without the heart.

CANTAT

SET BY MR. PEP

RECITATIVE

ON ſilver Tyber's vocal ſhore,
The fam'd Scarlati ſtrook his
And ſtrove, with charms unknow
The ſprings of tuneful ſound t' e
Beyond what art alone could e'er in
When ſee—the ſweet eſſay to he
Venus with her ſon drew near,
And, pleas'd to aſk the maſter's a
The mother goddeſs ſmiling ſaid.

AIR.

Harmonious ſon of Phœbus, ſee

Did all his ſongs and heavenly ſkill impart;
The boy, to recompenſe his art,
Repeating did each ſong improve,
And breath'd into his airs the charms of love,
And taught the maſter thus to touch the heart.

AIR.

Love, inſpiring
Sounds perſuading,
Makes his darts reſiſtleſs fly:
Beauty aiding,
Arts aſpiring,
Gives them wings to riſe more high.

A

CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES BY
SIGNIOR NICOLINI HAYM.

AIR.

YE tender powers! how ſhall I move
A careleſs maid that laughs at love?
Cupid, to my ſuccour fly!
Come with all thy thrilling darts,
Thy melting flames to ſoften hearts;
Conquer for me, or I die!
Ye tender powers! how ſhall I move
A careleſs maid that laughs at Love?
Cupid, to my ſuccour fly!

RECITATIVE.

Thus, in a melancholy ſhade,
A penſive lover to his aid
Invok'd the god of warm deſire;
Love heard him, and, to gain the maid,
Did his ſucceſsful thought inſpire.

AIR.

Take her humour, ſmile, be gay,
In her favourite follies join,
That's the charm will make her thine.
Caſt thy ſerious airs away,
Freely courting,
Toying, ſporting,
Sooth her hours with amorous play.
Take her humour, ſmile, be gay,
In her favourite follies join,
That's the charm will make her thine.

PASTORA,

PASTORA,

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

ON fam'd Arcadia's flowery plains,
The gay Paſtora once was heard to ſing;
Cloſe by a fountain's cryſtal ſpring
She warbled out her merry ſtrains.

AIR.

Shepherds, would you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt every humour try;
Sometimes flatter, ſometimes teaze us,
Often laugh, and ſometimes cry.
Shepherds, would you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt every humour try.
Soft denials
Are but trials,
You muſt follow when we fly.
Shepherds, would you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt every humour try.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd this ſprightly maid,
Yet never durſt his love relate,
Reſolv'd at laſt to try his fate,
He ſigh'd!--She ſmil'd;--He kneel'd and pray'd;

She frown'd;—He roſe, and walk'd away,
But ſoon returning look'd more gay,
And ſung and danc'd, and on his pipe a chearful echo play'd.

AIR. [with an echo of flutes.]

Paſtora fled to a ſhady grove;
Damon view'd her,
And purſued her;
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.
The Nymph look'd back, well pleas'd to ſee
That Damon ran as ſwift as ſhe.
Paſtora fled to a ſhady grove,
Damon view'd her,
And purſued her:
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.

A

PASTORAL MASQUE.

SCENE, A PROSPECT OF A WOOD.

Enter a Shepherd, and ſings.

YE nymphs and ſhepherds of the grove,
That know the pleaſing pains of love,
Eager for th' expected bleſſing,
Sighing, panting for poſſeſſing!

Leave your flocks. and haſte away,
With ſolemn ſtate
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

Enter a band of ſhepherds on one ſide with garlands; on the other ſide, ſhepherdeſſes with caniſters of flowers.

CHORUS.

From the echoing hills, and the jovial plains,
Where the pleaſure, and plenty, and happineſs reigns,
We leave our flocks, and haſte away,
With ſolemn ſtate
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

[A dance here.]

Scene opening diſcovers a pleaſant bower, with the God of Love aſleep, attended by Cupids, ſome playing with his bow, others ſharpening his arrows, &c. On each ſide the bower, walks of cypreſs trees, and fountains playing; a diſtant landſkip terminates the proſpect.

Verſe for a ſhepherdeſs, with flutes.

See the mighty Power of Love
Sleeping in a Cyprian grove!
Nymphs and ſhepherds, gently ſhed
Spices round his ſacred head;

On his lovely body ſhower
Leaves of roſes, virgin lilies,
Cowſlips, violets, daffodilies,
And with garlands dreſs the bower.

Rittornel of flutes. After which Cupid riſes, and ſings with his bow drawn.

Yield to the God of ſoft Deſires!
Whoſe gentle influence inſpires
Every creature
Throughout nature
With ſprightly joys and genial fires.

Chorus of the Shepherds and Nymphs.

Hail, thou potent Deity!
Every creature
Throughout nature
Owns thy power as well as we.

Enter Hymen in a ſaffron-coloured robe, a chaplet of flowers on his head, and in his hand the nuptial torch; attended by prieſts.

HYMEN.

Behold a greater power than he,
Behold the Marriage Deity!

Chorus, by Hymen's Attendants.

Behold the Marriage Deity!

CUPID,

CUPID, ſmiling.

Behold the God of Houſhold Strife,
That ſpoils the happy Lover's life,
And turns a Miſtreſs to a Wife!

HYMEN.

Fooliſh and inconſtant boy!
Thine 's a tranſitory joy;
Sudden fits in Pleaſure's fever;
Hymen's bleſſings laſt for ever.

CUPID.

Hymen's bondage laſts for ever;
Love's free pleaſures failing never.

HYMEN.

Love's ſtolen pleaſures, inſincere,
Purchas'd at a rate too dear,
Shame and ſorrow will deſtroy,
If Hymen licenſe not the joy.

[Both together.]

Then let us join hands and unite.

Laſt Chorus of the Shepherds and Nymphs.

How happy, how happy, how happy are we,
Where Cupid and Hymen in conſort agree!
We'll revel all day with ſports and delight,
And Hymen and Cupid ſhall govern the night.

A

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

VENUS! thy throne of beauty now reſign!
Behold on earth a conquering fair,
Who more deſerves Love's crown to wear!
Not thy own ſtar ſo bright in heaven does ſhine.
Aſk of thy ſon her name, who with his dart
Has deeply grav'd it in my heart;
Or aſk the God of tuneful ſound,
Who ſings it to his lyre,
And does this maid inſpire
With his own art, to give a ſurer wound.

AIR.

Hark! the groves her ſongs repeat;
Echo lurks in hollow ſprings,
And, tranſported while ſhe ſings,
Learns her voice, and grows more ſweet;
Could Narciſſus ſee or hear her,
From his fountain he would fly,
And, with awe approaching near her,
For a real beauty die.

Hark!

Hark! the groves her ſongs repeat;
Echo lurks in hollow ſprings,
And, tranſported while ſhe ſings,
Learns her voice, and grows more ſweet.

RECITATIVE.

Yet Venus once again my ſuit attend!
And when from heaven you ſhall deſcend,
This ſhining empreſs to array,
When you preſent her all your train of Loves,
Your chariot, and your murmuring doves,
Tell her ſhe wants one charm to make the reſt more gay,
Then ſmiling to th' harmonious beauty ſay,

AIR.

To a lovely face and air,
Let a tender heart be join'd.
Love can make you doubly fair;
Muſic 's ſweeter when you're kind.
To a lovely face and air,
Let a tender heart be join'd.

A FRAGMENT.

IN every age, to brighter honours born,
Which lovelieſt nymphs and ſweeteſt bards adorn,
Beauty and Wit each other's aid require,
And Poets ſing what once the fair inſpire;

The Fair for ever thus her charms prolong,
And live rewarded in the tuneful ſong.
Thus Sachariſſa ſhines in Waller's lays,
And ſhe, who rais'd his genius, ſhares his praiſe.
Each does in each a mutual life infuſe,
Th' inſpiring Beauty, the recording Muſe.

. . . . . .

CLAUDIANUS.

IN EPITHALAMIO HONORII ET MARIÆ.

CUNCTATUR ſtupefacta Venus. Nunc ora puellæ,
Nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.
Hæc modo creſcenti, plenæ par altera lunæ:
Aſſurgit ceu fortè minor ſub matre virenti
Laurus; & ingentes ramos, olimque futuras
Promittit jam parva Comas: vel Flore ſub uno,
Ceu geminæ Pæſtana Roſæ per jugera regnant.
Hæc largo matura die, ſaturataque Vernis
Roribus, indulget ſpatio: latet altera nodo,
Nec teneris audet Foliis admittere ſoles.

TRANSLATED.

Venus coming to a nuptial ceremony, and entering the room, ſees the bride and her mother ſitting together, &c. On which occaſion Claudian makes the following deſcription.

THE Goddeſs paus'd; and, held in deep amaze,
Now views the mother's, now the daughter's face;

Different

Different in each, yet equal beauty glows,
That, the full moon, and this, the creſcent ſhows:
Thus, rais'd beneath its parent tree is ſeen
The laurel ſhoot, while, in its early green,
Thick-ſprouting leaves and branches are eſſay'd,
And all the promiſe of a future ſhade.
Or, blooming thus, in happy Pæſtan fields,
One common ſtock two lovely roſes yields;
Mature by vernal dews, this dares diſplay
Its leaves full-blown, and boldly meets the day;
That, folded in its tender nonage lies,
A beauteous bud, nor yet admits the ſkies.

A

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

FOOLISH Love! I ſcorn thy darts
And all thy little wanton arts,
To captivate unmanly hearts.
Shall a woman, proud and coy,
Make me languiſh for a toy?
Fooliſh Love! I ſcorn thy darts,
And all thy little wanton arts,
To captivate unmanly hearts.

RE-

RECITATIVE.

Thus Strephon mock'd the Power of Love, and ſwore
His freedom he would ſtill maintain,
Nor ever wear th' inglorious chain,
Or ſlaviſhly adore.
But when Lamira croſs'd the plain,
The ſhepherd gaz'd, and thus revers'd his ſtrain.

AIR.

Love, I feel thy power divine,
And bluſhing now my heart reſign!
Ye ſwains, my folly don't deſpiſe!
But look on fair Lamira's eyes,
Then tell me if you can be wiſe.
Love, I feel thy power divine,
And bluſhing now my heart reſign!

THE

SOLDIER IN LOVE.

A

CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

WHY, too amorous Hero! why
Doſt thou the war forego,
At Celia's feet to lie,

And

And ſighing tell thy woe?
Can you think that ſneaking air
Fit to move th' unpitying fair?
She laughs to ſee thee trifle ſo.
Why, too amorous Hero! why
Doſt thou the war forego,
At Celia's feet to lie,
And ſighing tell thy woe?

RECITATIVE.

Cleander heard not this advice,
Nor would his languiſhing refrain.
But while to Celia once he pray'd in vain,
By chance his image in a glaſs he ſpies,
And, bluſhing at the ſight, he grew a man again.

AIR. [With a Trumpet.]

Hark! the trumpet ſounds to arms!
I come, I come, the warrior cries,
And from ſcornful Celia flies,
To court Victoria's charms.
Celia beholds his alter'd brow,
And would regain her lover now.
Hark! the trumpet ſounds to arms!
I come, I come, the warrior cries,
And from ſcornful Celia flies,
To court Victoria's charms.

AN ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

PERFORMED AT STATIONERS HALL, 1703.

Deſcende Cœlo, & dic age tibiâ
Regina longum Calliope melos!
Seu voce nunc mavis acutâ,
Seu fidibus, Cytharâve Phœbi. HOR.

[Begin with a Chorus.]

I.

AWAKE, cœleſtial Harmony!
Awake, cœleſtial Harmony!
Turn thy vocal ſphere around,
Goddeſs of melodious ſound.
Let the Trumpet's ſhrill voice,
And the Drum's thundering noiſe,
Rouze every dull mortal from ſorrows profound.

See

See, ſee!
The mighty power of Harmony!
Behold how ſoon its charms can chace
Grief and gloom from every face!
How ſwift its raptures fly,
and thrill through every ſoul, and brighten every eye!

II.

Proceed, ſweet charmer of the ear!
Proceed; and through the mellow flute,
The moving lyre,
And ſolitary lute,
Melting airs, ſoft joys inſpire:
Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer;
Joys to flatter dull Deſpair,
And ſoftly ſooth the amorous fire.

CHORUS.

Melting airs, ſoft joys inſpire:
Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer;
Joys to flatter dull Deſpair,
And ſoftly ſooth the amorous fire.

III.

Now let the ſprightly Violin
A louder ſtrain begin;

And now
Let the deep-mouth'd Organ blow,
Swell it high, and ſink it low.
Hark!—how the Treble and Baſe
In wanton fugues each other chace,
And ſwift diviſions run their airy race!
Through all the travers'd ſcale they fly,
In winding labyrinths of harmony;
By turns they riſe and fall, by turns we live and die.

CHORUS.

In winding labyrinths of harmony,
Through all the travers'd ſcale they fly:
By turns they riſe and fall, by turns we live and die.

IV.

Ye ſons of Art, once more renew your ſtrains;
In loftier verſe, and loftier lays,
Your voices râiſe
To Muſic's praiſe!
A nobler ſong remains.
Sing how the great Creator-God
On wings of flaming cherubs rode,
To make a world; and round the dark abyſs,
Turn'd the * golden compaſſes,
The compaſſes in Fate's high ſtorehouſe found;
Thus far extend, he ſaid; be this
O World, thy meaſur'd bound.

* Milton.

Mean

Mean while a thouſand harps were play'd on high;
Be this thy meaſur'd bound,
Was echo'd all around:
And now ariſe, ye Earth and Seas, and Sky!
A thouſand voices made reply,
Ariſe, ye Earth and Seas, and Sky!

V.

What can Muſic's power control?
When Nature's ſleeping ſoul
Perceiv'd th' enchanting ſound,
It wak'd, and ſhook off foul deformity;
The mighty melody
Nature's ſecret chains unbound;
And Earth aroſe, and Seas, and Sky.
Aloft expanded ſpheres were ſlung,
With ſhining luminaries hung;
A vaſt Creation ſtood diſplay'd,
By Heaven's inſpiring Muſic made.

CHORUS.

O wondrous force of Harmony!

VI.

Divineſt Art, whoſe fame ſhall never ceaſe!
Thy honour'd voice proclaim'd the Saviour's birth;
When Heaven vouchſaf'd to treat with Earth,
Muſic was herald of the peace:

Thy voice could beſt the joyful tidings tell;
Immortal Mercy! boundleſs Love!
A God deſcending from above,
To conquer Death and Hell.

VII.

There yet remains an hour of fate,
When Muſic muſt again its charms employ;
The Trumpet's ſound
Shall call the numerous nations under ground.
The numerous nations ſtraight
Appear; and ſome with grief, and ſome with joy,
Their final ſentence wait.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then other arts ſhall paſs away:
Proud Architecture ſhall in ruins lie,
And Painting fade and die,
Nay Earth, and Heaven itſelf, in waſteful fire decay.
Muſic alone, and Poeſy,
Triumphant o'er the flame, ſhall ſee
The world's laſt blaze.
The tuneful ſiſters ſhall embrace,
And praiſe and ſing, and ſing and praiſe,
In never-ceaſing choirs to all eternity.

APOLLO

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

DAPHINE, the beautiful, the coy,
Along the winding ſhore of Peneus flew,
To ſhun Love's tender, offer'd joy;
Though 'twas a God that did her charms purſue.
While thus Apollo, in a moving ſtrain,
Awak'd his lyre, and ſoftly breath'd his amorous pain.

AIR.

Faireſt mortal! ſtay and hear;
Cannot Love, with Muſic join'd,
Touch thy unrelenting mind?
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear;
Faireſt mortal! ſtay and hear;
Cannot Love, with Muſic join'd,
Touch thy unrelenting mind?

RECITATIVE.

The River's echoing banks with pleaſure did prolong
The ſweetly warbled ſounds, and murmur'd with the
ſong.

Daphne fled ſwifter, in deſpair,
To 'ſcape the God's embrace:
And to the genius of the place,
She ſigh'd this wondrous prayer:

AIR.

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me!
Let ſome ſudden change invade me;
Fix me rooted on thy ſhore.
Ceaſe, Apollo, to perſuade me;
I am Daphne now no more.
Father Peneus, hear me, aid me!
Let ſome ſudden change invade me;
Fix me rooted on thy ſhore.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo wondering ſtood to ſee
The nymph transform'd into a tree.
Vain were his lyre, his voice, his tuneful art,
His paſſion, and his race divine;
Nor could th' eternal beams that round his temples ſhine,
Melt the cold virgin's frozen heart.

AIR.

Nature alone can Love inſpire;
Art is vain to move Deſire.
If Nature once the fair incline,
To their own paſſion they reſign.
Nature alone can Love inſpire;
Art is vain to move Deſire.

A

THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

DELIGHTFUL manſion! bleſt retreat!
Where all is ſilent, all is ſweet!
Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd Muſe more tuneful ſings,
While May leads on the chearful hours,
And opens a new world of flowers.
Gay Pleaſure here all dreſſes wears,
And in a thouſand ſhapes appears.
Purſued by Fancy, how ſhe roves
Through airy walks, and muſeful groves;
Springs in each plant and bloſſom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and ſee!
In this elyſium while I ſtray,
And Nature's faireſt face ſurvey,
Earth ſeems new-born, and life more bright;
Time ſteals away, and ſmooths his flight;
And thought 's bewilder'd in delight.
Where are the crowds I ſaw of late?
What are thoſe tales of Europe's fate?
Of Anjou, and the Spaniſh crown;
And leagues to pull uſurpers down?
Of marching armies, diſtant wars;
Of factions, and domeſtic jars;

Sure theſe are laſt night's dreams, no more;
Or ſome romance, read lately o'er;
Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
And powers confederate to deſtroy
Priam's proud houſe, the Dardan name,
With him that ſtole the raviſh'd dame,
And, to poſſeſs another's right,
Durſt the whole world to arms excite.
Come, gentle Sleep, my eye-lids cloſe,
Theſe dull impreſſions help me loſe:
Let Fancy take her wing, and find
Some better dream to ſooth my mind;
Or waking let me learn to live;
The proſpect will inſtruction give.
For ſee, where beauteous Thames does glide
Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
Free from extremes of ebb and flow,
Not ſwell'd too high, nor ſunk too low:
Such let my life's ſmooth current be,
'Till, from Time's narrow ſhore ſet free,
It mingle with th' eternal ſea;
And, there enlarg'd, ſhall be no more
That trifling thing it was before.

A WISH,

TO THE

NEW YEAR, 1705.

I.

JANUS! great Leader of the rolling year,
Since all that 's paſt no vows can e'er reſtore,
But joys and griefs alike, once hurry'd o'er,
No longer now deſerve a ſmile or tear;
Cloſe the fantaſtic ſcenes—but grace
With brighteſt aſpects thy foreface
Whi'e time's new offspring haſtens to appear.
With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
Command the circling ſeaſons to advance,
And form their renovated dance,
With flowing pleaſures fraught, and bleſs'd by friendly powers.

II.

Thy month, O Janus! gave me firſt to know
A mortal's trifling cares below;
My race of life began with thee.
Thus far, from great misfortunes free,
Contented, I my lot endure,
Nor nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor ſpurn at common ills in vain,
Which folly cannot ſhun, nor wiſe reflection cure.

III.

But oh!—more anxious for the year to come,
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus, canſt thou ſpy
Events that yet in embryo lie
For me, in time's myſterious womb?
Tell me—nor ſhall I dread to hear
A thouſand accidents ſevere;
I'll fortify my ſoul the load to bear,
If love rejected add not to its weight,
To finiſh me in woes, and cruſh me down with fate.

IV.

But if the goddeſs, in whoſe charming eyes,
More clearly written than in fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If ſhe muſt with a leſs propitious look
Forbid my humble ſacrifice,
Or blaſt me with a killing frown;
If, Janus, this thou ſeeſt in ſtore,
Cut ſhort my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didſt beſtow!
Here let me lay my burden down,
And ceaſe to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

CAN-

CANTATA.

Set by Mr. GALLIARD.

WHILE on your blooming charms I gaze,
Your tender lips, your ſoft enchanting eyes,
And all the Venus in your face,
I'm fill'd with pleaſure and ſurprize:
But, cruel goddeſs! when I find
Diana's coldneſs in your mind,
How can I bear that fix'd diſdain?
My pleaſure dies, and I but live in pain.

AIR.

Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart?
Sooth her breaſt to ſoft conſenting,
Or remove from mine the dart!
Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart?

RECITATIVE.

But ſee! while to my paſſion voice I give,
Th' applauded beauty, doubly bright,
Seems in the moving tale to take delight,
And looks, as ſhe would let me live;
And yet ſhe chides, but with ſo ſweet an air,
That while ſhe Love denies, ſhe yet forbids Deſpair.

AIR.

If you anſwer, frown not, I
When again I aſk, purſuing,
If you'll ſtay and ſee my ruin
Fly—but let me with you go!
Bluſh not, doubting fair, t' appr
Can you love me?
Smile, and every fear forego!

AN ODE FOR VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

To the memory of the moſt Noble

WILLIAM DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

ANNO MDCCVII.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

[OVERTURE OF SOFT MUSIC.]

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

YE generous Arts and Muſes, join;
While down your cheeks the ſtreaming ſorrows flow
Let murmuring ſtrings with the ſoft voice combine
T' expreſs the melody of woe.

And thou, Auguſta! riſe and wait
With decent honours on the great;
Condole my loſs, and weep Devonia's fate.

AIR. [with flutes.]

Queen of cities! leave a while
Thy beauteous ſmile,
Turn to tender grief thy joy.
From thy ſhore of Thames replying,
Gentleſt echoes fainting, dying,
Shall their ſorrow too employ.
Queen of cities! leave awhile
Thy beauteous ſmile,
Turn to tender grief thy joy.

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis fame's chief immortality,
Britannia, to be mourn'd by thee.
I know the loſs; from midnight ſkies
Ill omens late did ſtrike my eyes;
Near the radiant northern car
I look'd, and ſaw a falling ſtar.

AIR.

AIR.

Lands remote the loſs will hear;
From rocks reporting,
Seas tranſporting,
Will the wafted ſorrow bear.
Winds that fly,
Will ſoftly ſigh,
A ſtar has left the Britiſh ſphere:
Lands remote, &c.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Great George! whoſe azure emblems of renown
Are the fair gifts of Britain's crown,
Patron of my illuſtrious iſle!
Thou ſaw'ſt thy order late expreſt
With added brightneſs on Devonia's breaſt;
Meet the companion knight, and own him with a ſmile.

DUETTO FOR BRITANNIA AND AUGUSTA.

BRIT. To ſhade his peaceful grave,
Let growing palms extend!
AUG. To grace his peaceful grave,
Let hovering Loves attend!
BOTH. { To ſhade, &c
{ To grace, &c.

BRIT.

BRIT. And wakeful Fame defend,
AUG. And grateful Truth commend,
BOTH. The generous and the brave!

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Now ſhall Auguſta's ſons their ſkill impart,
And ſummon the dumb ſiſter art,
In marble life to ſhow,
What the patriot was below.
Here, let a weeping Cupid ſtand,
And wound himſelf with his own dart;
There place the ducal crown, the ſword, the wand,
The mark of Anna's truſt and his command.

AIR.

Lofty birth and honours ſhining,
Bring a light on noble minds.
Every courtly grace combining,
Every generous action joining,
With eternal laurel binds.
Lofty birth and honours ſhining,
Bring a light on noble minds.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Behold fair Liberty attend,
And in Devonia's loſs bewail a friend.
See! o'er his tomb perpetual lamps ſhe lights,
Then, on his urn the goddeſs writes:

"Pre-

" Preſerve, O urn! his ſilent duſt,
" Who faithful did obey
" Princes like Anna good and juſt,
" Yet ſcorn'd his freedom to betray;
" And, hated by all tyrants, choſe
" The glory to have ſuch his foes."

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Genius of Britain! give thy ſorrows o'er.
A grateful tribute thou haſt paid
To thy Devonia's noble ſhade;
Now, vainly weep the dead no more!
For ſee—the duke and patriot ſtill ſurvives,
And in his Great Succeſſor lives.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

I own the new ariſing light,
I ſee paternal grandeur ſhine,
Deſcending, through th' illuſtrious line,
In the ſame royal favours bright.

Laſt DUETTO, with all the inſtruments.

BRIT. Gently ſmooth thy flight, O time!
AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O time!
BOTH. And as thou flying groweſt old,
Still this happy race behold
In Britannia's court ſublime.

BRIT. Lead along their ſmiling hours;
AUG. Long produce their ſmiling hours;
BOTH. Bleſt by all auſpicious powers.
BRIT. Gently ſmooth thy flight, O time!
AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O time!
BOTH. And as thou flying groweſt old,
Still this happy race behold
In Britannia's court ſublime.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mr. MILLS,

At the Queen's Theatre, on his Benefit-Night, February 16, 1709; a little before the Duke of Marlborough's going for Holland.

WHETHER our ſtage all others does excell
In ſtrength of wit, we'll not preſume to tell:
But this, with noble, conſcious pride, we'll ſay,
No Theatre ſuch glories can diſplay;
Such worth conſpicuous, beauty ſo divine,
As in one Britiſh audience mingled ſhine.
Who can, without amazement, turn his ſight,
And mark the awful circle here to-night?
Warriors, with ever-living laurels, brought
From empires ſav'd, from battles bravely fought,
Here ſit; whoſe matchleſs ſtory ſhall adorn
Scenes yet unwrit, and charm e'en ages yet unborn.
Yet who would not expect ſuch martial fire,
That ſees what eyes thoſe gallant deeds inſpire?

Valour

Valour and Beauty ſtill were Britain's claim,
Both are her great prerogatives of Fame;
By both the Muſes live, from both they catch their flame.
Then as by you, in ſolid glory bright,
Our envy'd iſle through Europe ſpreads her light,
And riſing honours every year ſuſtain,
And mark the golden track of Anne's diſtinguiſh'd reign;
So, by your preſence here, we'll ſtrive to raiſe
To nobler heights our action and our plays;
And Poets from your favours ſhall derive
That immortality they boaſt to give.

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW AT GREENHITHE.

GREAT preſident of light, and eye of day,
As through this glaſs you caſt your viſual ray,
And view with nuptial joys two brothers bleſt,
And ſee us celebrate the genial feaſt,
Confeſs that, in your progreſs round the ſphere,
You've found the happieſt youths and brighteſt beauties here.

THE TOASTERS.

WHILE circling healths inſpire your ſprightly wit,
And on each glaſs ſome beauty's praiſe is writ,
You aſk, my friends, how can my ſilent Muſe
To Montague's ſoft name a verſe refuſe?
Bright though ſhe be, of race victorious ſprung,
By wits ador'd, and by court-poets ſung,
Unmov'd I hear her perſon call'd divine,
I ſee her features uninſpiring ſhine;
A ſofter fair my ſoul to tranſport warms,
And, ſhe once nam'd, no other nymph has charms.

TOFTS AND MARGARETTA.

MUSIC has learn'd the diſcords of the ſtate,
And concerts jar with whig and tory hate.
Here Somerſet and Devonſhire attend
The Britiſh Tofts, and every note commend,
To native merit juſt, and pleas'd to ſee
We've Roman arts, from Roman bondage free,
There fam'd L'Epine does equal ſkill employ,
While liſtening peers crowd to th' ecſtatic joy:
Bedford, to hear her ſong, his dice forſakes,
And Nottingham is raptur'd when ſhe ſhakes:

Lull'd

Lull'd ſtateſmen melt away their drowſy cares
Of England's ſafety in Italian airs.
Who would not ſend each year blank paſſ[illegible]s o'er,
Rather than keep ſuch ſtrangers from our ſhore?

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

I.

THE Graces and the wandering Loves
Are fled to diſtant plains,
To chace the fawns, or deep in groves
To wound admiring ſwains.
With their bright miſtreſs there they ſtray,
Who turns her careleſs eyes
From daily triumphs; yet, each day,
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while ſhe flies.

II.

But ſee! implor'd, by moving prayers,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harneſs'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals, who this maid purſue,
Think you, ſhe'll e'er reſign?
Ceaſe, fools, your wiſhes to renew,
Till ſhe grows fleſh and blood like you,
Or you, like her, divine!

DIALOGUE
DE
L'AMOUR ET DU POETE.

LE P. AMOUR, je ne veux plus aimer;
J'abjure à jamais ton empire:
Mon Cœur, laſſé de ſon Martire,
A réſolu de ſe calmer.

L'AM. Contre moi, qui peut t'animer?
Iris, dans ſes bras te rapelle.
LE P. Non, Iris eſt une infidelle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Pour toi, j'ai pris ſoin d'enflamer
Le cœur d'une beauté nouvelle;
Daphné.—Le P. Non, Daphné n'eſt que belle
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. D'un ſoupir, tu peux deſarmer
Dircé, juſqu'ici ſi ſauvauge.
LE P. Elle n'eſt plus dans le bel age;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM

DIALOGUE

FROM THE

RENCH OF MONSIEUR DE LA MOTTE.

ET. NO, Love—I ne'er will love again;
Thy Tyrant Empire I abjure;
My weary heart reſolves to cure
Its wounds, and eaſe the raging pain.

VE. Fool? canſt thou fly my happy reign?
Iris recalls thee to her arms.
ET. She's falſe—I hate her perjur'd charms;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

VE. But know for thee I've toil'd to gain
Daphné, the bright, the reigning toaſt.
ET. Daphné but common eyes can boaſt;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

VE. She who before ſcorn'd every ſwain,
Dircé, ſhall for one ſigh be thine.
ET. Age makes her rays too faintly ſhine;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

L'Am. Mais ſi je t'aidois à charmer
La jeune, la brilliante Flore.—
Tu rougis—vas-tu dire encore,
Amour, Je ne veux plus aimer ?

Le P. Non, Dieu charmant, daigne former
Pour nous une chaine eternelle ;
Mais pour tout ce qui n'eſt point elle,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

LOVE. But ſhould I give thee charms t' obtain
Flora, the young, the bright, the gay!
I ſee thee bluſh—now, rebel, ſay,
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

POET. No, charming God, prepare a chain
Eternal for that fair and me!
Yet ſtill know every fair but ſhe,
I've vow'd I ne'er will love again.

VENUS AND ADONIS,

A

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. HANDEL.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD where weeping Venus ſtands!
What more than mortal grief can move
The bright, th' immortal Queen of Love?
She beats her breaſt, ſhe wrings her hands;
And hark, ſhe mourns, but mourns in vain,
Her beauteous, lov'd Adonis, ſlain.
The hills and woods her loſs deplore;
The Naiads hear, and flock around;
And Echo ſighs, with mimick ſound,
Adonis is no more!
Again the goddeſs raves, and tears her hair;
Then vents her grief, her love, and her deſpair.

AIR.

Dear Adonis, beauty's treaſure,
Now my ſorrow, once my pleaſure;
O return to Venus' arms!
Venus never will forſake thee;
Let the voice of Love o'ertake thee,
And revive thy drooping charms.

RE-

RECITATIVE.

Thus, Queen of Beauty, as thy Poets feign,
While thou didſt call the lovely ſwain;
Transform'd by heavenly power,
The lovely ſwain aroſe a flower,
And, ſmiling, grac'd the plain.
And now he blooms, and now he fades;
Venus and gloomy Proſerpine
Alternate claim his charms divine;
By turns reſtor'd to light, by turns he ſeeks the ſhades.

AIR.

Tranſporting joy,
Tormenting fears,
Reviving ſmiles,
Succeeding tears,
Are Cupid's various train.
The tyrant boy
Prepares his darts,
With ſoothing wiles,
With cruel arts,
And pleaſure blends with pain.

CAN-

CANTATA.

PASTORAL.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG Strephon, by his folded ſheep,
Sat wakeful on the plains:
Love held his weary eyes from ſleep,
While, ſilent in the vale,
The liſtening nightingale
Forgot her own, to hear his ſtrains.
And now the beauteous Queen of Night,
Unclouded and ſerene,
Sheds on the neighbouring ſea her ſilver light;
The neighbouring ſea was calm and bright;
The ſhepherd ſung inſpir'd, and bleſs'd the lovely ſcen

AIR.

While the ſky and ſeas are ſhining,
See, my Flora's charms they wear;
Secret night, my joys divining,
Pleas'd my amorous tale to hear;
Smiles, and ſofily turns her ſphere.
While the ſky and ſeas are ſhining,
See, my Flora's charms they wear.

RECITATIVE.

Ah, foolish Strephon! change thy strain;
The lovely scene false joy inspires:
For look, thou fond, deluded swain,
A rising storm invades the main!
The Planet of the night,
Inconstant, from thy sight
Behind a cloud retires.
Flora is fled; thou lov'st in vain:
Ah, foolish Strephon! change thy strain.

AIR.

Hope beguiling,
Like the moon and ocean smiling,
Does thy easy faith betray,
Flora ranging,
Like the moon and ocean changing,
More inconstant proves than they.

BEAUTY,

AN ODE.

I.

FAIR rival to the god of day,
Beauty, to thy cœlestial ray
A thousand sprightly fruits we owe;
Gay wit, and moving eloquence,
And every art t' improve the sense,
And every grace that shines below.

II.

Not Phœbus does our ſongs inſpire,
Nor did Cyllenius form the lyre,
'Tis thou art Muſick's living ſpring;
To thee the Poet tunes his lays,
And, ſweetly warbling Beauty's praiſe,
Deſcribes the power that makes him ſing.

III.

Painters from thee their ſkill derive,
By thee their works to ages live,
For ev'n thy ſhadows give ſurprize,
As when we view in cryſtal ſtreams
The morning ſun, and riſing beams
That ſeem to ſhoot from other ſkies.

IV.

Enchanting viſion! who can be
Unmov'd that turns his eyes on thee?
Yet brighter ſtill thy glories ſhine,
And double charms thy power improve,
When Beauty, dreſt in ſmiles of Love,
Grows, like its parent Heaven, divine!

MYRA.

MYRA.

A CANTATA.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

LOVE frowns in beauteous Myra's eyes;
Ah, nymph! thoſe cruel looks give o'er.
While Love is frowning, Beauty dies,
And you can charm no more.

RECITATIVE.

Mark, how when ſullen clouds appear,
And wintery ſtorms deface the year,
The prudent cranes no longer ſtay,
But take the wing, and through the air,
From the cold region fly away,
And far o'er land and ſeas to warmer climes repair.
Juſt ſo, my heart—But ſee—Ah no!
She ſmiles—I will not, cannot go.

AIR.

Love and the Graces ſmiling,
In Myra's eyes beguiling,
Again their charms recover.
Would you ſecure our duty,
Let kindneſs aid your beauty,
Ye fair, to ſooth the lover.

ALEX-

O D

IN

HONOUR OF ST. CECIL

BY MR. DRYI

ALTERED FOR MUSIC BY MR

I.

RECITATIVE

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for
By Philip's warlike ſon;
Aloft in awful ſtate,
The godlike hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd ar
Their brows with roſes and with m

II.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
Trembling the notes aſcend the ſky,
And heavenly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above;
(Such is the power of mighty Love!
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt;
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſovereign of the world.
The liſtening croud adore the lofty ſound,
A preſent deity, they ſhout around;
A preſent deity, the echoing roofs rebound!

AIR.

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects the nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

III.

RECITATIVE.

The praiſe of Bacchus then the ſweet Muſician ſu
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
Behold he comes, the victor god!
Fluſh'd with a purple grace,
He ſhews his honeſt face;
As when, by tigers drawn, o'er India's plains he r
While, loud with conqueſt and with wine,
His jolly troop around him reel'd along,
And taught the vocal ſkies to join
In this applauding ſong.

DUETTO.

Bacchus ever gay and young,
Firſt did drinking joys ordain:
1. Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure;
2. Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure
1. Rich the treaſure,
2. Sweet the pleaſure!
BOTH. Sweet is pleaſure after pain!

VI.

RECITATIVE.

Fir'd with the ſound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he
the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;

And while he Heaven and Earth defy'd,
He choſe a mournful Muſe,
Soft pity to infuſe;
Then thus he chang'd his ſong, and check'd his pride.

AIR.

See Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fall'n from his high eſtate;
Behold his flowing blood!
On earth th' expiring monarch lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.

V.

RECITATIVE.

With downcaſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole,
And tears began to flow.
The mighty maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That love was in the next degree,
'Twas but a kindred-ſound to move:
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.

AIR with flutes.

War is toil and trouble,
Honour is an airy bubble,

Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it, worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

VI.

RECITATIVE.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

DUETTO.

1. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,
2. Cupid, god of ſoft deſire,
1. Cupid, god of ſoft deſire,
2. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,
1 & 2. How victorious are your charms?
1. Crown'd with conqueſt,
2. Full of glory,
1 & 2. See a monarch fall'n before ye,
Chain'd in beauty's claſping arms!

VII.

RECITATIVE.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain:
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
Rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he ſtares around!

AIR [with ſymphonies.]

Revenge, Revenge, Alecto cries,
See the furies ariſe!
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!

VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hoſtile gods!

AIR.

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

IX.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

AIR.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies,
She drew an angel down.

SONGS.

SONGS.

I.

THY origin 's divine, I ſee,
Of mortal race thou can'ſt not be;
Thy lip a ruby luſtre ſhows;
Thy purple cheek outſhines the roſe,
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any ſtar.
Thy ſordid way of life deſpiſe,
Above thy ſlavery, Silvia, riſe;
Diſplay thy beauteous form and mien,
And grow a goddeſs, or a queen.

II.

CONSTANTIA, ſee, thy faithful ſlave,
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave!
Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try
From fond purſuing love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding aching heart,
Regard my ſighs and flowing tears,
And with a ſmile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou would'ſt be,
By ſacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the weſtern ſun decline,
My hand and heart ſhall both be thine.

III.

THRICE lov'd Conſtantia, heavenly fair,
For thee a ſervant's form I wear;
Though bleſt with wealth, and nobly born,
For thee, both wealth and birth I ſcorn:
Truſt me, fair maid, my conſtant flame
For ever will remain the ſame;
My love, that ne'er will ceaſe, my love
Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

TRANSLATED FROM PERSIAN VERSES,

ALLUDING TO THE CUSTOM OF WOMEN BEING BURIED WITH THEIR HUSBANDS, AND MEN WITH THEIR WIVES.

ETERNAL are the chains which here
The generous ſouls of lovers bind,
When Hymen joins our hands, we ſwear
To be for ever true and kind:
And when, by death, the fair are ſnatch'd away,
Leſt we our ſolemn vows ſhould break,
In the ſame grave our living corpſe we lay,
And willing the ſame fate partake.

ANO-

ANOTHER.

MY deareſt ſpouſe, that thou and I
May ſhun the fear which firſt ſhould die,
Claſp'd in each other's arms we'll live,
Alike conſum'd in love's ſoft fire,
That neither may at laſt ſurvive,
But gently both at once expire.

ON
ARQUEÄNASSA
OF
COLOPHOS.

ARQUEÄNASSA's charms inſpire
Within my breaſt a lover's fire;
Age, its feeble ſpite diſplaying,
Vainly wrinkles all her face,
Cupids, in each wrinkle playing,
Charm my eyes with laſting grace:
But, before old Time purſued her,
Ere he ſunk theſe little caves,
How I pity thoſe who view'd her,
And in youth were made her ſlaves!

ON FULVIA, THE WIFE OF ANTHONY.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

WHILE from his conſort falſe Antonius flies,
And doats on Glaphyra's far brighter eyes,
Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,
Repriſals ſeeks, and ſpreads for me her ſnares.
"The huſband's falſe"—But why muſt I endure
This nauſeous plague, and her revenge procure?
What though ſhe aſk?—How happy were my doom,
Should all the diſcontented wives of Rome
Repair in crowds to me, when ſcorn'd at home!
"'Tis war," ſhe ſays, "if I refuſe her charms:"
Let's think—She's ugly—Trumpets, ſound to arms!

HUDIBRAS IMITATED.

WRITTEN IN 1710.

O Bleſſed time of reformation,
That's now beginning through the nation!
The Jacks bawl loud for church triumphant,
And ſwear all whigs ſhall kiſs the rump on't.

See

See how they draw the beaſtly rabble
With zeal and noiſes formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join notes to roar fanatics down!
As bigots give the ſign about,
They ſtretch their throats with hideous ſhout.
Black tinkers bawl aloud "to ſettle
"Church-privilege"—for "mending kettle."
Each ſow-gelder, that blows his horn,
Cries out "to have diſſenters ſworn."
The oyſter-wenches lock their fiſh up,
And cry "no Preſbyterian biſhop!
The mouſe-trap men lay ſave-alls by,
And 'gainſt "low church men" loudly cry,
A creature of amphibious nature,
That trims betwixt the land and water,
And leaves his mother in the lurch,
To ſide with rebels 'gainſt the church!
Some cry for "penal laws," inſtead
Of "pudding-pies, and ginger-bread:"
And ſome, for "brooms, old boots, and ſhoes,"
Roar out, "God bleſs our commons houſe!
Some bawl "the votes" about the town,
And wiſh they'd "vote diſſenters down."
Inſtead of "kitchen-ſtuff," ſome cry,
"Confound the late whig-miniſtry!"
And ſome, for "any chairs to mend,"
The commons late addreſs commend.
Some for "old gowns for china ware,"
Exclaim againſt "extempore prayer:"

And

And ſome for "old ſuits, cloaks, or coats,"
Cry, "D—n your preachers without notes!"
He that cries "coney-ſkins, or onions,"
Blames "toleration of opinions,"
Blue-apron whores, that ſit with furmety,
Rail at "occaſional conformity."
Inſtead of "cucumbers to pickle,"
Some cry aloud, "No conventicle!"
Maſons, inſtead of "building houſes,"
To "build the church," would ſtarve their ſpouſes,
And gladly leave their trades, for ſtorming
The meeting-houſes, or informing.
Bawds, ſtrumpets, and religion-haters,
Pimps, pandars, atheiſts, fornicators,
Rogues, that, like Falſtaff, ſcarce know whether
A church's inſide 's ſtone or leather,
Yet join the parſons and the people,
To cry "the church,"—but mean "the ſteeple."

If, holy mother, ſuch you'll own
For your true ſons, and ſuch alone,
Then Heaven have mercy upon you,
But the de'il take your beaſtly crew!

AN

A N

O D E

TO THE

CREATOR OF THE WORLD:

OCCASIONED BY

THE FRAGMENTS OF ORPHEUS.

" Quid prius dicam ſolitis parentis
" Laudibus?———
" Qui mare & terras variiſque mundum
" Temperat horis?
" Unde nil majus generatur ipſo,
" Nec viget quicquam ſimile aut ſecundum."

HORAT.

INTRODUCTIO

TO THE FOLLOWING

O D E.

THAT the praiſes of the Author of Nature, wh
is the fitteſt ſubject for the ſublime way of wri
ing, was the moſt ancient uſe of Poetry, cannot
learn'd from a more proper inſtance (next to exa
ples of holy writ) than from the Greek fragment
Orpheus; a relique of great antiquity: they con
ſeveral verſes concerning God, and his making
governing the univerſe; which, though imper
have many noble hints and lofty expreſſions.
whether theſe verſes were indeed written by that c
brated Father of Poetry and Muſick, who prec
Homer, or by Onomacritus who lived about the
of Piſiſtratus, and only contain ſome of the doctri
of Orpheus, is a queſtion of little uſe or importance.

A large paraphraſe of theſe in French verſe has l
prefixed to the tranſlation of Phocylides, but in a
ſtile, much inferior to the deſign. The following O
with many alterations and additions proper to a m
dern poem, is attempted upon the ſame model, in
language which, having ſtronger ſinews than the Fren
is, by the confeſſion of their beſt critick Rapin, m
capable of ſuſtaining great ſubjects.

AN ODE TO THE CREATOR OF THE WORLD.

I.

O MUSE unfeign'd! O true cœleſtial fire,
Brighter than that which rules the day,
Deſcend! a mortal tongue inſpire
To ſing ſome great immortal lay!
Begin, and ſtrike aloud the conſecrated lyre!
Hence, ye profane! be far away!
Hence all ye impious ſlaves that bow
To idol luſts, or altars raiſe,
And to falſe heroes give fantaſtic praiſe!
And hence ye gods, who to a crime your ſpurious beings owe!
But hear, O Heaven, and Earth, and Seas profound!
Hear, ye fathom'd deeps below,
And let your echoing vaults repeat the ſound;
Let nature, trembling all around,
Attend her maſter's awful name,
From whom heaven, earth, and ſeas, and all the wide *creation came!* 15

II. He

II.

He ſpoke the great command ; and Light,
Heaven's eldeſt-born and faireſt child,
Flaſh'd in the lowering face of ancient Night,
And, pleas'd with its own birth, ſerenely ſmil'd.
The Sons of Morning, on the wing,
Hovering in choirs, his praiſes ſung,
When from th' unbounded vacuous ſpace
A beauteous riſing world they ſaw,
When Nature ſhew'd her yet unfiniſh'd face,
And motion took th' eſtabliſh'd law
To roll the various globes on high ;
When Time was taught his infant wings to try,
And from the barrier ſprung to his appointed race.

III.

Supreme, Almighty, ſtill the ſame !
'Tis he, the great inſpiring mind,
That animates and moves this univerſal frame,
Preſent at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
Not Heaven itſelf can bound his ſway,
Beyond th' untravel'd limits of the ſky,
Inviſible to mortal eye
He dwells in uncreated day.
Without beginning, without end ; 'tis he
That fills th' unmeaſur'd growing orb of vaſt immenſity.

IV. What

IV.

What power but his can rule the changeful main,
And wake the ſleeping ſtorm, or its loud rage reſtrain?
When winds their gather'd forces try,
And the chaf'd ocean proudly ſwells in vain,
His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
In murmuring tides th' abated billows fly,
And the ſpent tempeſt dies upon the ſhore.
The meteor world is his, Heaven's wintery ſtore,
The moulded hail, the feather'd ſnow;
The ſummer breeze, the ſoft refreſhing ſhower,
The looſe divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow;
The crooked lightning darts around,
His ſovereign orders to fulfill;
The ſhooting flame obeys th' eternal will,
Lanch'd from his hand, inſtructed where to kill,
Or rive the mountain oak, or blaſt th' unſhelter'd ground.

V.

Yet, pleas'd to bleſs, indulgent to ſupply,
He, with a father's tender care,
Supports the numerous family
That peoples earth and ſea and air.
From Nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant,
Down to the inſect worm and creeping ant;
From th' eagle, ſovereign of the ſky,
To each inferior feather'd brood;
From crowns and purple majeſty
To humble ſhepherds on the plains,
His hand unſeen divides to all their food,
And the whole world of life ſuſtains.

VI.

At one wide view his eye ſurveys
His works, in every diſtant clime;
He ſhifts the ſeaſons, months, and days,
The ſhort-liv'd offſpring of revolving time;
By turns they die, by turns are born;
Now chearful Spring the circle leads,
And ſtrows with flowers the ſmiling meads;
Gay Summer next, whom ruſſet robes adorn,
And waving fields of yellow corn;
Then Autumn, who with laviſh ſtores the lap of Nature ſpreads;
Decrepit Winter, laggard in the dance,
(Like feeble age oppreſt with pain)
A heavy ſeaſon does maintain,
With driving ſnows and winds and rain;
Till ſpring, recruited to advance,
The various year rolls round again.

VIII.

But who, thou great Ador'd! who can withſtand
The terrors of thy lifted hand,
When, long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
And conſcious Nature to her center ſhakes?
Rais'd by thy voice, the thunder flies,
Hurling pale fear and wild confuſion round,
How dreadful is th' inimitable ſound,
The ſhock of earth and ſeas, and labour of the ſkies!

Then

Then where 's Ambition's haughty creſt?
Where the gay head of wanton Pride?
See! tyrants fall, and wiſh the opening ground
Would take them quick to ſhades of reſt,
And in their common parent's breaſt
From thee their bury'd forms for ever hide;
In vain—for all the elements conſpire,
The ſhatter'd earth, the ruſhing ſea,
Tempeſtuous air, and raging fire,
To puniſh vile mankind, and fight for thee;
Nor Death itſelf can intercept the blow,
Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

VIII.

O Cyrus! Alexander! Julius! all
Ye mighty lords that ever rul'd this ball!
Once gods of earth, the living deſtinies
That made a hundred nations bow!
Where 's your extent of empire now!
Say where preſerv'd your phantom glory lies?
Can braſs the fleeting thing ſecure?
Enſhrin'd in temples does it ſtay?
Or in huge amphitheatres endure
The rage of rolling Time, and ſcorn decay?
Ah no? the mouldering monuments of Fame
Your vain deluded hopes betray,
Nor ſhew th' ambitious founder's name,
Mix'd with yourſelves in the ſame maſs of clay.

IX.

Proceed, my Muſe! Time's waſting thread purſue,
And ſee at laſt th' unravel'd clue,
When cities ſink, and kingdoms are no more,
And weary nature ſhall her work give o'er.
Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
See in his hand the book of fate!
Myriads of ſpirits fill the ſky
T' attend, with dread ſolemnity,
The world's laſt ſcene, and time's concluding date.
The feeble race of ſhort-liv'd Vanity
And fickly Pomp at once ſhall die;
Foul Guilt to midnight caves will ſhrink away,
Look back, and tremble in her flight,
And curſe at Heaven's purſuing light,
Surrounded with the vengeance of that day.
How will you then, ye impious, 'ſcape your doom,
Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
Your clouds of painted bliſs ſhall melt before your
ſight.
Yet ſhall you not the giddy chace refrain,
Nor hope more ſolid bliſs t' obtain,
Nor once repeat the joys you knew before;
But ſigh, a long eternity of pain,
Toſt in an ocean of deſire, yet never find a ſhore.

X.

But ſee where the mild Sovereign ſits prepar'd
His better ſubjects to reward!
Where am I now! what power divine
Tranſports me! what immortal ſplendors ſhine!

Torr

Torrents of glory that oppreſs the ſight!
What joys, cœleſtial king! thy throne ſurround!
The ſun, who, with thy borrow'd beams ſo bright,
Sees not his peer in all the ſtarry round,
Would here diminiſh'd fade away,
Like his pale ſiſter of the night,
When ſhe reſigns her delegated light,
Loſt in the blaze of day.
Here wonder only can take place;—
Then, Muſe, th' adventurous flight forbear!
Theſe myſtic ſcenes thou canſt no farther trace;
Hope may ſome boundleſs future bliſs embrace,
But what, or when, or how, or where,
Are mazes all, which Fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
The vaſt immeaſurable thought contain.

TO
MR. ADDISON,
ON HIS
TRAGEDY OF CATO.

THOUGH Cato ſhines in Virgil's epic ſong,
Preſcribing laws among th' Elyſian throng;
Though Lucan's verſe, exalted by his name,
O'er gods themſelves has rais'd the hero's fame;

The Roman ſtage did ne'er his image ſee,
Drawn at full length; a taſk reſerv'd for thee.
By thee we view the finiſh'd figure riſe,
And awful march before our raviſh'd eyes;
We hear his voice, aſſerting virtue's cauſe;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy ſcene appears.

On Tyber's bank thy thought was firſt inſpir'd;
'Twas there, to ſome indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
Thy happy Muſe this manly work deſign'd:
Or in a dream thou ſaw'ſt Rome's genius ſtand,
And, leading Cato in his ſacred hand,
Point out th' immortal ſubject of thy lays,
And aſk this labour to record his praiſe.

'Tis done—the hero lives, and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the Britiſh ſtage.
Great Shakeſpeare's ghoſt, the ſolemn ſtrain to hear,
(Methinks I ſee the laurel'd ſhade appear!)
Will hover o'er the ſcene, and wondering view
His favourite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
Such Roman greatneſs in each action ſhines,
Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
That ſure the Sibyls books this year foretold;
And in ſome myſtic leaf was found inroll'd,
'Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Africk's ſhore,
'Nor in her ſands thy Cato's tomb explore!

'When

'When thrice ſix hundred times the circling ſun
'His annual race ſhall through the zodiack run,
'An iſle remote his monument ſhall rear,
'And every generous Briton pay a tear.'

ADVICE TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS INTENDED TRANSLATION OF

HOMER'S ILIAD, 1714.

O THOU, who, with a happy genius born,
Canſt tuneful verſe in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windſor's plains with early bays,
Be early wiſe, nor truſt to barren praiſe.
Blind was the bard that ſung Achilles' rage,
He ſung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age;
If Britain his tranſlated ſong would hear,
Firſt take the gold—then charm the liſtening ear,
So ſhall thy father Homer ſmile to ſee
His penſion paid—though late, and paid to thee.

TO THE
MEMORY OF MR. MILTON.

Homer's Deſcription of Himſelf, under the Character of Demodochus the Muſician, at the Feaſt of King Alcinous.

FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSES.

THE Muſe with tranſport lov'd him; yet, to fill
His various lot, ſhe blended good with ill;
Depriv'd him of his eyes, but did impart
The heavenly gift of ſong, and all the tuneful art.

TO
A LADY,
WITH THE
TRAGEDY OF CATO.

TWO ſhining maids this happy work diſplays;
Each moves our rapture, both divide our praiſe:
In Marcia, we her godlike father trace;
While Lucia triumphs with each ſofter grace.
One ſtrikes with awe, and one gives chaſte delight;
That bright as lightning, this ſerene as light.

Yet by the Muſe the ſhadow'd forms were wrought,
And both are creatures of the Poet's thought.

In her that animates theſe lines, we view
The wonder greater, the deſcription true;
Each living virtue, every grace combin'd,
And Marcia's worth with Lucia's ſweetneſs join'd.

Had ſhe been born ally'd to Cato's name;
Numidia's prince had felt a real flame;
And, pouring his reſiſtleſs troops from far,
With bolder deeds had turn'd the doubtful war;
Cæſar had fled before his conquering arms,
And Roman Muſes ſung her beauty's charms.

A

FRAGMENT.

PROMISCUOUS crouds to worthleſs riches born,
Thy pencil paints, 'tis true, yet paints with ſcorn.
Sometimes the fool, by nature left half-made,
Mov'd by ſome happy inſtinct aſks thy aid,
To give his face to reaſon ſome pretence,
And raiſe his looks with ſupplemental ſenſe.

SERENATA,

FOR TWO VOICES.

ON THE

MARRIAGE

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

LORD COBHAM TO MRS. ANNE HALSEY.

DUETTO.

WAKE th' harmonious voice and ſtring,
Love and Hymen's triumph ſing.
Sounds with ſecret charms combining,
In melodious union joining,
Beſt the wondrous joys can tell,
That in hearts united dwell.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST VOICE.

To young Victoria's happy fame,
Well may the Arts a trophy raiſe,
Muſick grows ſweeter in her praiſe,
And, own'd by her, with rapture ſpeaks her name,
To

To touch the brave Cleander's heart,
The Graces all in her conſpire;
Love arms her with his ſureſt dart,
Apollo with his lyre.

AIR.

The liſtening Muſes, all around her,
Think 'tis Phœbus' ſtrains they hear:
And Cupid, drawing near to wound her,
Drops his bow, and ſtands to hear.

RECITATIVE.

SECOND VOICE.

While crowds of rivals, with deſpair,
Silent admire, or vainly court the fair,
Behold the happy conqueſt of her eyes,
A hero is the glorious prize!
In courts, in camps, through diſtant realms renown'd,
Cleander comes—Victoria, ſee,
He comes, with Britiſh honour crown'd;
Love leads his eager ſteps to thee.

AIR.

In tender ſighs he ſilence breaks,
The fair his flame approves.
Conſenting bluſhes warm her cheeks,
She ſmiles,—ſhe yields,—ſhe loves.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST VOICE.

Now Hymen at the altar ſtands,
And while he joins their faithful hands,
Behold! by ardent vows drawn down,
Immortal Concord, heavenly bright,
Array'd in robes of pureſt light,
Deſcends, th' auſpicious rites to crown.
Her golden harp the goddeſs brings;
Its magic ſound
Commands a ſudden ſilence all around,
And ſtrains prophetic thus attune the ſtrings.

DUETTO.

1 VOICE. The ſwain his nymph poſſeſſing,
2 VOICE. The nymph her ſwain careſſing,
1 and 2. Shall ſtill improve the bleſſing.
For ever kind and true.

BOTH. While rolling years are flying,
Love, Hymen's lamp ſupplying,
With fuel never dying,
Shall ſtill the flame renew.

HORATIUS,

IN LIBRO PRIMO EPISTOLARUM.

Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. Sapere aude;
Incipe. Vivendi qui rectè prorogat horam,
Ruſticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

TRANSLATED.

TO-MORROW cheats us all. Why doſt thou ſtay,
And leave undone what ſhould be done to-day?
Begin—the preſent minute 's in thy power;
But ſtill t' adjourn, and wait a fitter hour,
Is like the clown, who at ſome river's ſide
Expecting ſtands, in hopes the running tide
Will all ere long be paſt—Fool! not to know,
It ſtill has flow'd the ſame, and will for ever flow.

ON A
COLLAR
PRESENTED FOR
HAPPY GILL. 1712.

THOU little favourite of the fair!
When thou theſe golden bands ſhall wear,
The hand that binds them ſoftly kiſs,
With conſcious joy, and own thy bliſs.
Proud of his chain, who would not be
A ſlave, to gain her ſmiles, like thee?

THE
CHARACTER
OF THE
LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES*. 1712-13.

SUCH early wiſdom, ſuch a lovely face,
Such modeſt greatneſs, ſuch attractive grace;
Wit, beauty, goodneſs, charity, and truth,
The riper ſenſe of age, the bloom of youth!

* This Lady, alſo celebrated by Mr. Prior in a beautiful ode, called "Colin's Miſtake," was afterwards married to Edward Earl of Oxford, and was mother of the preſent Dutcheſs Dowager of Portland.

Whence

Whence is it, that in one fair piece we find
Theſe various beauties of the female kind?
Sure but in one ſuch different charms agree,
And Henrietta is that phœnix-ſhe.

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY,

THE

MOTTO CHOSEN BY THE RIGHT HON.

THE

LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES.

IN thee, bright maid, though all the virtues ſhine,
With rival beams, and every grace is thine,
Yet three, diſtinguiſh'd by thy early voice,
Excite our praiſe, and well deſerve thy choice.

Immortal Truth in Heaven itſelf diſplays
Her charms celeſtial born, and pureſt rays,
Which thence in ſtreams, like golden ſunſhine, flow,
And ſhed their light on minds like yours below.

Fair Honour, next in beauty and in grace,
Shines in her turn, and claims the ſecond place:
She fills the well-born ſoul with noble fires,
And generous thoughts and godlike acts inſpires.

Then Honeſty, with native air, ſucceeds,
Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds;
And, juſt alike to friends and foes, ſhe draws
The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from equal laws.

From Heaven this ſcale of virtues thus deſcends
By juſt degrees, and thy full choice defends.
So when, in viſionary trains, by night
Attending angels bleſs'd good Jacob's ſight,
The myſtic ladder thus appear'd to riſe,
Its foot on earth, its ſummit in the ſkies.

HYMN.

SUNG BY THE CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, AT THE ENTRY OF KING GEORGE INTO LONDON, 1714.

I.

HEAR us, O God, this joyful day!
Whole nations join their voice,
To Thee united thanks to pay,
And in thy ſtrength rejoice.

II.

For led by thee, O King of Kings!
Our Sovereign George we ſee;
Thy hand the Royal bleſſing brings,
He comes, he reigns, by thee!

III.

Plenteous of grace, pour from above
Thy favours on his head;
Truth, Mercy, Righteouſneſs, and Love,
As guards around him ſpread.

VI.

With length of days, and glory crown'd,
With wealth and fair increaſe,
Let him abroad be far renown'd,
Still bleſt at home with peace.

A MONUMENTAL

O D E.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES,

LATE

WIFE OF EDWARD HUGHES, ESQ.

OF

HERTINGFORDBURY IN THE COUNTY OF HERTFORD,

AND DAUGHTER OF RICHARD HARRISON, ESQ. OF BALLS IN THE SAME COUNTY.

OBIT 15 NOV. MDCCXIV.

I.

SEE! how thoſe dropping monuments decay!
Frail manſions of the ſilent dead,
Whoſe ſouls to uncorrupting regions fled,
With a wiſe ſcorn their mouldering duſt ſurvey.
Their tombs are rais'd from duſt as well as they;
For ſee! to duſt they both return,
And Time conſumes alike the aſhes and the urn.

II.

We aſk the ſculptor's art in vain
To make us for a ſpace ourſelves ſurvive;
In Parian ſtone we proudly breathe again,
Or ſeem in figur'd braſs to live.

Yet ſtone and braſs our hopes betray,
Age ſteals the mimic forms and characters away.
In vain, O Egypt, to the wondering ſkies
With giant pride thy pyramids ariſe;
Whate'er their vaſt and gloomy vaults contain,
No names diſtinct of their great dread remain,
Beneath the maſs confus'd, in heaps thy monarchs lie,
Unknown, and blended in mortality.

III.

To death our ſelves and all our works we owe.
But is there nought, O Muſe, can ſave
Our memories from darkneſs and the grave,
And ſome ſhort after-life beſtow?
That taſk is mine, the Muſe replies,
And hark! ſhe tunes the ſacred lyre!
Verſe is the laſt of human works that dies,
When virtue does the ſong inſpire.

IV.

Then look, Eliza, happy ſaint, look down!
Pauſe from immortal joys awhile
To hear, and gracious with a ſmile
The dedicated numbers own;
Say how in thy life's ſcanty ſpace,
So ſhort a ſpace, ſo wondrous bright,
Bright as a ſummer's day, ſhort as a ſummer's night,
Could'ſt thou find room for every crouded grace?
As if thy thrifty ſoul foreknew,
Like a wiſe envoy, Heaven's intent
Soon to recall whom it had ſent,
And all its taſk reſolv'd at once to do.

Or wert thou but a traveller below,
That hither didſt awhile repair,
Curious our cuſtoms and our laws to know?
And, ſickening in our groſſer air,
And tir'd of vain repeated ſights,
Our fooliſh cares, our falſe delights,
Back to thy native ſeats would'ſt go?
Oh! ſince to us thou wilt no more return,
Permit thy friends, the faithful few
Who beſt thy numerous virtues knew,
Themſelves, not thee to mourn.

V.

Now, penſive Muſe, enlarge thy flight!
(By turns the penſive Muſes love
The hilly heights and ſhady grove)
Behold where, ſwelling to the ſight,
Balls, a fair ſtructure, graceful ſtands!
And from yon verdant riſing brow
Sees Hertford's ancient town, and lands
Where Nature's hand in ſlow meanders leads
The Lee's clear ſtream its courſe to flow
Through flowery vales, and moiſten'd meads,
And far around in beauteous proſpects ſpreads
Her map of plenty all below.
'Twas here—and ſacred be the ſpot of earth!
Eliza's ſoul, born firſt above,
Deſcended to an humbler birth,
And with a mortal's frailties ſtrove.

So,

So, on ſome towering peak that meets the ſky,
When miſſive ſeraphs downward fly,
They ſtop, and for awhile alight.
Put off their rays cœleſtial-bright,
Then take ſome milder form familiar to our eye.

VI.

Swiftly her infant virtues grew:
Water'd by Heaven's peculiar care
Her morning bloom was doubly fair,
Like ſummer's day-break, when we ſee
The freſh-drop'd ſtores of roſy dew,
(Tranſparent beauties of the dawn)
Spread o'er the graſs their cobweb-lawn,
Or hang moiſt pearls on every tree.
Pleas'd with the lovely ſight awhile
Her friends behold, and joyful ſmile,
Nor think the ſun's exhaling ray
Will change the ſcene ere noon of day,
Dry up the gliſtering drops, and draw thoſe dews away.

VII.

Yet firſt, to fill her orb of life,
Behold, in each relation dear,
The pious ſaint, the duteous child appear,
The tender ſiſter, and the faithful wife.
Alas! but muſt one circlet of the year
Unite in bliſs, in grief divide
The deſtin'd bridegroom and the bride?
Stop, generous youth, the gathering tear,
That as you read theſe lines or hear

Perhaps may ſtart, and ſeem to ſay,
That ſhort-liv'd year was but a day!
Forbear—nor fruitleſs ſorrowings now employ,
Think ſhe was lent awhile, not given,
(Such was th' appointed will of Heaven)
Then grateful call that year an age of virtuous joy.

AN

ALLUSION TO HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

PRINTED AT THE BREAKING OUT OF THE REBELLION IN THE YEAR 1715.

THE man that loves his king and nation,
And ſhuns each vile aſſociation,
That truſts his honeſt deeds i' th' light,
Nor meets in dark cabals, by night,
With fools, who, after much debate,
Get themſelves hang'd, and ſave the ſtate,
Needs not his hall with weapons ſtore;
Nor dreads each rapping at his door;
Nor ſculks, in fear of being known,
Or hides his guilt in parſon's gown;
Nor wants, to guard his generous heart,
The poniard or the poiſon'd dart;

And,

And, but for ornament and pride,
A ſword of lath might croſs his ſide.

If o'er St. James's park he ſtray,
He ſtops not, pauſing in his way;
Nor pulls his hat down o'er his face,
Nor ſtarts, looks back, and mends his pace:
Or if he ramble to the Tower,
He knows no crime, and dreads no power,
But thence returning, free as wind,
Smiles at the bars he left behind.
Thus, as I loiter'd t' other day,
Humming—O every month was May—
And, thoughtleſs how my time I ſquander'd,
From Whitehall, through the Cockpit wander'd,
A meſſenger with ſurly eye,
View'd me quite round, and yet paſs'd by.
No ſharper look or rougher mien
In Scottiſh highlands e'er were ſeen;
Nor ale and brandy ever bred
More pimpled cheeks, or noſe more red;
And yet, with both hands in my breaſt,
Careleſs I walk'd, nor ſhunn'd the beaſt.

Place me among a hundred ſpies,
Let all the room be ears and eyes;
Or ſearch my pocket-books and papers,
No word or line ſhall give me vapours.
Send me to Whigs as true and hearty,
As ever pity'd poor Maccarty;

Let Townſend, Sunderland, be there,
Or Robin Walpole in the chair.
Or ſend me to a club of Tories,
That damn and curſe at Marlborogh's glories,
And drink—but ſure none ſuch there are!—
The Devil, the Pope, and rebel Mar;
Yet ſtill my loyalty I'll boaſt,
King George ſhall ever be my toaſt;
Unbrib'd his glorious cauſe I'll own,
And fearleſs ſcorn each traitor's frown.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A

MASQUE.

SET TO MUSICK BY DR. PEPUSCH.

AND PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

"Protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis."

OVID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

APOLLO,	Mrs. Margarita.
DAPHNE,	Mrs. Barbier.
PENEUS,	Mr. Turner.
DORIS,	Mrs. Willis.

SCENE, the VALLEY of TEMPE, in THESSALY.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

THE FIRST SCENE IS A RIVER.

PENEUS, a River-God, appears on a bed of ruſhes, leaning on his urn. He riſes and comes forward, his head crowned with ruſhes and flowers, a reed in his hand.

PENEUS.

HOW long muſt Peneus chide in vain,
His daughter's coyneſs and diſdain?
Through Tempe's pleaſant vales and bowers
As my full urn its current pours,
In every plain, from every grove,
I hear the ſighs of ſlighted love?
And on my ruſhy banks the Sylvans cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?
But ſee ſhe comes, the beauteous cauſe;
Daphne, my juſt commands attend,
Hear me, thy father and thy friend,
And yield at laſt to Love and Hymen's laws.

DAPHNE.

O Peneus, urge this cruel ſuit no more,
Have I not to Diana ſwore?

Behold

Behold again to her I bow,
Devoted ever to remain
A virgin of her ſpotleſs train,
Hear, Cynthia, and confirm my vow.

How happy are we,
How airy, how free,
That rove through the woods and the plains!
In vain the blind boy
Our hearts would decoy,
We ſcorn all his joys and his pains.

[Exit Daphne.

PENEUS.

Raſh maid, return——
What haſt thou ſworn?
With thee ſhall Peneus' race expire?
Then hear once more thy ſlighted ſire,
And know, thy fatal vow draws down
The curſe of Heaven, a father's frown,
And ſure deſtruction waits thy ſcorn.

Feeble Cupid! vain deceiver!
What avails thy boaſted quiver?
Where are all thy conquering arts?
They that fly thee
May defy thee;
They who fear thee
And revere thee
Ever meet thy keeneſt darts. [Exit Peneus.

SCEN

SCENE changes to a Foreſt.

APOLLO enters with his bow and arrows, as having newly ſlain the PYTHON.

APOLLO.

'Tis done—the monſter Python, ſlain
By Phœbus' ſhafts, lies breathleſs on the plain.
Yet why with conqueſt am I thus adorn'd?
Alas! I feel a mortal's pain,
Conquer'd by Love, whom once I ſcorn'd.
O Daphne! till thy ſmiles I can obtain,
No more theſe marks of triumph let me bear;
But thus a ſhepherd's ſemblance wear,
Till bleſt by thee I grow a god again.

[Throws away his bow and arrows, and takes up a ſheep-hook.

See—She appears; how wondrous fair!
Hail, goddeſs of theſe verdant groves!

DAPHNE.

What art thou, or from whence?

APOLLO.

A ſwain that loves.

DAPHNE.

Thy unavailing courtſhip ſpare.
Doſt thou not daily hear the ſhepherds cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?—
Go—with the reſt deſpair.

APOL-

APOLLO.

No, let the reſt deſpair, while I
Diſtinguiſh'd, triumph in the joy.

Fair blooming creature!
Each tender feature
Speaks thee by nature
For love deſign'd.
Then ſmile conſenting,
Loſt time repenting,
Let ſoft relenting
Now ſhew thee kind.

DAPHNE.

Canſt thou the mountain tiger bind,
Or ſtop the floods, or fix the wind?
Do this—then Daphne will perhaps be kind.

APOLLO.

Ev'n tigers Love's ſoft laws obey;
Art thou more ſavage far than they?
Look all around thee, and above!
Love lights the ſkies, and paints the meads;
Its genial flame
Through Heav'n and Earth and Ocean ſpreads;
Thou art thyſelf the happieſt child of Love,
Do not thy birth diſclaim.

DAPHNE.

Though fair as Phœbus thou ſhould'ſt ſeem,
And were thy words ſoft as his lyre,
They could not move me to deſire;
Wake, ſhepherd, from thy dream.

Ceaſe to ſooth thy fruitleſs pain;
Why for frowns wilt thou be ſuing?
Ceaſe to languiſh and complain.
'Tis to ſeek thy own undoing,
Still to love, and love in vain.

APOLLO.

In her ſoft cheeks and beauteous eyes,
What new enchanting graces riſe! [Aſide.

DUETTO for APOLLO and DAPHNE.

APOL. No more deny me,
O ceaſe to fly me
Your faithful ſwain.

DAPH. No longer try me,
For ever fly me,
Deſpairing ſwain.

APOL. Yet hear me.

DAPH. Forbear me.

APOL. Let ſighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
Still ſpeak my pain.

DAPH. Your ſighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
But move diſdain. [Exit Daphne.

APOL.

APOLLO.

She's gone—nor knows from whom ſhe flies.
Miſtaken coyneſs! falſe diſdain!
Phœbus ſhe prais'd, but ſcorns the ſwain—
Then, breaking from this dark diſguiſe,
When Phœbus what he is ſhall ſeem,
My glittering rays and melting lyre,
At laſt ſhall warm thee to deſire,
And wake thee, Daphne, from thy dream.

Where Cupid's bow is failing,
Ambition's charms prevailing,
Shall triumph o'er the fair.
The nymph that Love deſpiſes,
Some ſecret paſſion prizes,
That ſtill forbids deſpair. [Exit Apollo

Enter DAPHNE and DORIS.

DAPHNE.

Doris, why this trifling tale?

DORIS.

That good advice may once prevail;
Save one—nor all your lovers loſe
Alas! that I, poor I might gain
What you each day refuſe!

DAPHNE.

Take all, and eaſe me of the pain.

DORIS.

I would—but ah! 'twere now in vain.

Whe

When I was a maiden of twenty,
And my charms and my lovers were plenty,
Ah! why did I ever ſay no?
Now the ſwains, though I court them, all fly me;
I ſigh, but no lover comes nigh me;
Ye virgins, be warn'd by my woe!
Ah! why did I ever ſay no?

DAPHNE.

Poor Doris! dry thy weeping eyes;
Doſt thou repent thou once wert wiſe?

Tender hearts to every paſſion
Still their freedom would betray,
But how calm is inclination,
When our reaſon bears the ſway;

Swains themſelves, while they purſue us,
Often teach us to deny.
While we fly, they fondly wooe us;
If we grow too fond, they fly.

DORIS.

Yet might I ſee one courting ſwain,
Though but to ſlight him once again!—
But come—I'll amorous thoughts give o'er.

DAPHNE.

'Tis well! to leave them at threeſcore.
Haſte then, and at th' appointed place,
See if the nymphs expect me for the chace.

[Exit Doris.

[A ſym-

[A ſymphony of inſtruments is heard, whilſt Apollo deſcends in the chariot of the ſun; a crown of rays about his head, and his lyre in his hand.

DAPHNE.

What ſounds cœleſtial ſtrike my ear!
Why does the golden ſource of light
Pour out new day?—how wondrous bright!
Some god deſcends to human ſight;
I'm charm'd, yet aw'd with fear.

APOLLO.

Daphne on Phœbus fix thy eye,
With meaner ſhapes deceiv'd no more!
Know, I thy beauteous form adore:
Wilt thou a god, a god that loves thee, fly?

[Apollo ſtrikes his lyre, and Daphne turns back as ſurprized at the ſound.

Faireſt mortal! ſtay and hear,
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear!
Cannot Love with Muſick join'd
Touch thy unrelenting mind?
Faireſt mortal! ſtay and hear,
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear.

Hark how the river-ſhores prolong
My ſoft complaints, and murmur to my ſong!

Thy

Thy father Peneus feels my pain;
See! how his oſiers gently bow,
And ſeem my ſecret ſoul to know—

DAPH. aſide.] Alas! my raſh, my fatal vow!
APOL. Wilt thou alone unmov'd remain?

[As Daphne is going out, ſhe ſtops, and ſings the following air.

DAPHNE.

Shall I return?—or no?—
Charms yet unknown ſurround me;
Yet, Love, thou ne'er ſhalt wound me,
No more alarm my breaſt.
Then let me haſte to go—
Ah no, my heart replies
In tender heaving ſighs.—
Ye powers reſtore my reſt.

APOL. O do not go—
DAPH. Doſt thou not know,
I'm of Diana's train?
Thy love forbear—
APOL. Thy ſcorn forbear—
DAPH. I muſt not hear;
APOL. O ſtay and hear;
DAPH. Thy love } is vain.
APOL. Thy flight }

[Exit Daphne purſued by Apollo.

SCENE changes to the river.

Re-enter DAPHNE looking back as affrighted.

DAPHNE.

He comes—the ſwift purſuer comes—O where
Shall I eſcape his piercing ſight,
Where hide me from the God of Light?
Ah! 'tis in vain—he's here.

[DAPHNE runs to the ſide of the river, and, as ſhe ſings the following air, is transformed into a laurel-tree.

Father Peneus! hear me, aid me!
Let ſome ſudden change invade me,
Fix me rooted on thy ſhore.
Ceaſe, Apollo, to perſuade me,
I am Daphne now no more—

[APOLLO enters at the latter end of the air, and is met by Peneus.

APOLLO.

O fatal flight!—O curſt diſdain!
O Peneus, how ſhall we our loſs deplore?
But ſee!
The trembling branches yet her ſhape retain!
Though Daphne lives a nymph no more,
She lives, fair verdant plant, in thee:
Henceforth be thou Apollo's tree,
And hear what honours to thy leaves remain.

No

No thunder e'er ſhall blaſt thy boughs,
Preſerv'd to grace Apollo's brows,
Kings, victors, poets, to adorn;
Oft in Britannia's iſle thy proſperous green
Shall on the heads of her great chiefs be ſeen,
And by a Naſſau, and a George, be worn.

PENEUS.

Still Peneus, with a father's care,
Shall feed thee from his flowing urn
With verdure ever freſh and fair,
Nor this thy deſtin'd change ſhall mourn.

CHORUS, or Duetto of Apollo and Peneus.

Nature alone can love inſpire,
Art is vain to move deſire.
If nature once the fair incline,
To their own paſſion they reſign.
Nature alone can love inſpire,
Art is vain to move deſire.

A N

O D E

FOR THE

BIRTH DAY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS OF WALES,

ST. DAVID'S DAY, THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1715-16.

SET TO MUSICK BY DR. PEPUSCH.

And performed at the Anniverſary Meeting of the Society of ANCIENT BRITONS, eſtabliſhed in Honour of Her Royal Highneſs's Birth-Day, and of the Principality of Wales.

" Salve læta dies! meliorque revertere ſemper,
" A populo rerum digna potente coli!" OVID.

O D E

FOR

TWO VOICES.

First Voice, FAME.

Second Voice, CAMBRIA, or the Principality of WALES.

Both voices, with a trumpet.

TO joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!

CAMBRIA.

Riſe, goddeſs of immortal fame,
And, with thy trumpet's ſwelling ſound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double feſtival proclaim.

FAME.

The goddeſs of immortal fame
Shall, with her trumpet's ſwelling ſound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double feſtival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's diſtant hills let the loud notes rebound!
Each Britiſh ſoul be rais'd, and every eye be gay!
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

FAME.

Hail, Cambria! long to Fame well known!
Thy patron-ſaint looks ſmiling down,
Well pleas'd to ſee,
This day, prolific of renown,
Increas'd in honours to himſelf, and thee;
See Carolina's natal ſtar ariſe,
And with new beams adorn thy azure ſkies!
Though on her virtues I ſhould ever dwell,
Fame cannot all her numerous virtues tell.
Bright in herſelf, and in her offspring bright,
On Britain's throne ſhe caſts diffuſive light;
Detraction from her preſence flies;
And, while promiſcuous crouds in rapture gaze,
Ev'n tongues diſloyal learn her praiſe,
And murmuring Envy ſees her ſmile, and dies.

Happy morn! ſuch gifts beſtowing!
Britain's joy from thee are flowing;
Ever thus auſpicious ſhine!
Happy iſle! ſuch gifts poſſeſſing!
Britain, ever own the bleſſing!
Carolina's charms are thine.

CAMBRIA.

Nor yet, O Fame, doſt thou diſplay
All the triumphs of this day;
More wonders yet ariſe to ſight;
See! o'er theſe rites what mighty power preſides;
Behold, to thee his early ſteps he guides;
What noble ardour does his ſoul excite!

Hence-

Henceforth, when to the liſtening univerſe
Thou number'ſt o'er my princes of renown,
The ſecond hope of Britain's crown,
When my great Edward's deeds thou ſhalt rehearſe,
And tell of Creſſy's well-fought plain,
Thy golden trumpet ſound again!
The brave Auguſtus ſhall renew thy ſtrain,
And Oudenarda's fight immortalize the verſe.

AIR with a harp.

Heavenly Muſes! tune your lyres,
Far reſounding;
Grace the hero's glorious name.
See! the ſong new life inſpires!
Every breaſt, with joy abounding,
Seems to ſhare the Hero's flame.

FAME.

O thou, with every virtue crown'd,
Britannia's father, and her king renown'd!
Thus in thy offspring greatly bleſt,
While through th' extended royal line
Thou ſeeſt thy propagated luſtre ſhine,
What ſecret raptures fill thy breaſt!
So ſmiles Apollo, doubly gay,
When in the diamond, with full blaze,
He views his own paternal rays,
And all his bright reflected day.

CAM-

CAMBRIA.

Hail ſource of bleſſings to our iſle!
While gloomy clouds ſhall take their flight,
Shot through by thy victorious light,
Propitious ever on thy Britons ſmile!

BOTH VOICES.

To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

CAMBRIA.

Riſe, goddeſs of immortal fame,
And, with thy trumpet's ſwelling ſound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double feſtival proclaim.

FAME.

The goddeſs of immortal fame
Shall, with her trumpet's ſwelling ſound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double feſtival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's diſtant hills let the loud notes rebound!
Each Britiſh ſoul be rais'd, and every eye be gay!
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

EX-

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. HUGHES TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER.

—— "THIS little Poem was writ by the acci-
"dent of having Horace for my com-
"panion in a confinement by ſickneſs, and fancying
"I had diſcovered a new ſenſe of one of his odes, for
"which I have found your lordſhip's great indulgence
"and partiality to me, the beſt expoſition.

"Perhaps we never read with that attention, as
"when we think we have found ſomething applicable
"to ourſelves. I am now grown fond enough of this
"ſenſe to believe it the true one, and have drawn two
"or three learned friends (to whom I have mentioned
"it) into my opinion.

"The Ode, your lordſhip will ſee, is that in which
"Horace feigns himſelf turned into a ſwan. It paſſes
"(for aught I know univerſally) for a compliment on
"himſelf, and a mere enthuſiaſtick rant of the poet
"in his own praiſe, like his EXEGI MONUMENTUM,
"&c. I confeſs I had often ſlightly read it in that
"view,

" view, and have found every one I have lately aſked,
" deceived by the ſame opinion, which I cannot but
" think ſpoils the ode, and ſinks it to nothing; I had
" almoſt ſaid, turns the ſwan into a gooſe.

" The Grammarians ſeem to have fallen into this
" miſtake, by wholly overlooking the reaſon of his
" rapture, viz. its being addreſſed to Mæcenas; and
" have prefaced it with this, and the like general in-
" ſcriptions—VATICINATUR CARMINUM SUORUM
" IMMORTALITATEM, &c. which I think is not the
" ſubject.

" I am very happy in the occaſion which ſhewed it
" me in a quite different ſenſe from what I had ever
" apprehended, till I had the honour to be known to
" your lordſhip; I am ſure a much more advantage-
" ous one to the Poet, as well as more juſt to his great
" patron. If I have exceeded the liberty of an imi-
" tator, in purſuing the ſame hint further, to make
" it leſs doubtful, yet his favourers will forgive me,
" when I own I have not on this occaſion ſo much
" thought of emulating his poetry, as of rivaling his
" pride, by the ambition of being known as,

MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S MOST OBLIGED,

AND DEVOTED HUMBLE SERVANT,

J. HUGHES.

ODE

O D E

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER.

ANNO MDCCXVII.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, LIB. II. ODE XX.

I.

I 'M rais'd, tranſported, chang'd all o'er!
Prepar'd, a towering ſwan, to ſoar
Aloft; ſee, ſee the down ariſe,
And clothe my back, and plume my thighs!
My wings ſhoot forth; now will I try
New tracks, and boldly mount the ſky;
Nor Envy, nor Ill-fortune's ſpite,
Shall ſtop my courſe, or damp my flight.

II.

Shall I, obſcure or diſeſteem'd,
Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?
Or vainly toil my name to ſave
From dark oblivion and the grave?
No—He can never wholly die,
Secure of immortality,
Whom Britain's Cowper condeſcends
To own, and numbers with his friends.

III. 'Tis

III.

'Tis done—I ſcorn mean honours now;
No common wreaths ſhall bind my brow.
Whether the Muſe vouchſafe t' inſpire
My breaſt with the cœleſtial fire;
Whether my verſe be fill'd with flame,
Or I deſerve a Poet's name,
Let Fame be ſilent; only tell
That generous Cowper loves me well.

IV.

Through Britain's realms I ſhall be known
By Cowper's merit, not my own.
And when the tomb my duſt ſhall hide,
Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,
Vain pomp be ſpar'd, and every tear;
Let but ſome ſtone this ſculpture bear:
"Here lies his clay, to earth conſign'd,
"To whom great Cowper once was kind."

WHAT IS MAN.

) SON of man! O creature of a day!
Proud of vain wiſdom, with falſe greatneſs gay!
ir of thy father's vice, to whoſe bad ſtore
ıy guilty days are ſpent in adding more;
ıou propagated folly!—What in thee
uld Heaven's Supreme, could perfect Wiſdom ſee,
ı fix one glance of his regarding eye?
hy art thou choſe the favourite of the ſky?
hile angels wonder at the mercy known,
ıd ſcarce the wretch himſelf, the debt immenſe will
own!

BOILEAU,

DANS SA I. EPISTRE AU ROY.

POURQUOI ces elephans, ces armes, ce bagage,
Et ces vaiſſeaux tout preſts à quitter le rivage?
Diſoit au roi Pyrrhus, un ſage confident,
Conſeiller tres-ſenſé d'un roi tres-imprudent.
Je vais, lui dit ce prince, à Rome où l'on m'apelle.
Quoi faire? l'aſſieger. L'entrepriſe eſt fort belle,
Et digne ſeulement d'Alexandre ou de vous,
Mais quand nous l'aurons priſe, & bien que ferons-nous?
Du reſte des Latins la conqueſte eſt facile.
Sans doute, ils ſont à nous: eſt-ce tout? La Sicile
Delà nous tend les bras, & bien-toſt ſans effort
Syracuſe recoit nos vaiſſeaux dans ſon port.
En demeurés-vous là? Dés que nous l'aurons priſe,
Il ne faut qu'un bon vent & Carthage eſt conquiſe:
Les chemins ſont ouverts: qui peut nous arreſter?
Je vous entens, ſeigneur, nous allons tout dompter:
Nous allons traverſer les ſables de Lybie;
Aſſervir en paſſant l'Egypte, l'Arabie;

Cou-

FROM BOILEAU,

IN HIS FIRST EPISTLE TO LEWIS XIV.

WHAT mean theſe elephants, arms, warlike ſtore,
And all theſe ſhips, prepar'd to leave the ſhore?
Thus Cyneas, faithful, old, experienc'd, wiſe,
Addreſs'd king Pyrrhus;—thus the king replies;
'Tis glory calls us hence; to Rome we go.
For what?—To conquer.—Rome's a noble foe,
A prize for Alexander fit, or you;
But Rome reduc'd, what next, Sir, will you do?
The reſt of Italy my chains ſhall wear.
And is that all?—No, Sicily lies near;
See how ſhe ſtretches out her beauteous arms,
And tempts the victor with unguarded charms!
In Syracuſa's port this fleet ſhall ride.
'Tis well—and there you will at laſt abide?—
No; that ſubdued, again we'll hoiſt our ſails
And put to ſea; and, blow but proſperous gales,
Carthage muſt ſoon be ours, an eaſy prey,
The paſſage open: what obſtructs our way?—
Then, Sir, your vaſt deſign I underſtand,
To conquer all the earth, croſs ſeas and land,
O'er Africk's ſpacious wilds your reign extend,
Beneath your ſword make proud Arabia bend;

Courir delà le Gange en de nouveaux païs ;
Faire trembler le Scythe aux bords du Tanaïs ;
Et ranger ſous nos loix tout ce vaſte Hemiſphere ;
Mais de retour enfin, que pretendez-vous faire ?
Alors, cher Cineas, victorieux, contens,
Nous pourrons rire à l'aiſe, & prendre du bon temps.
Hé, ſeigneur, dés ce jour, ſans ſortir de l'Epire,
Du matin juſqu'au ſoir qui vous défend de rire ?

Then ſeek remoter worlds, where Ganges pours
His ſwelling ſtream; beyond Hydaſpes' ſhores,
Through Indian realms to carry dire alarms,
And make the hardy Scythian dread your arms.
But ſay—this wondrous race of glory run,
When we return, ſay what ſhall then be done?
Then pleas'd, my friend, we'll ſpend the joyful day
In full delight, and laugh our cares away.
And why not now? Alas! Sir, need we roam
For this ſo far, or quit our native home?
No—let us now each valued hour employ,
Nor for the future loſe the preſent joy.

AN

IMAGE OF PLEASURE.

IN IMITATION OF

AN ODE IN CASIMIRE.

I.

SOLACE of life, my ſweet companion lyre!
On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,
While the gay fields all ſoft delights inſpire,
And not one cloud deforms the ſmiling ſky.

II.

While whiſpering gales, that court the leaves and flowers,
Play through thy ſtrings, and gently make them ſound,
Luxurious I'll diſſolve the flowing hours
In balmy ſlumbers on the carpet ground.

III.

But ſee—what ſudden gloom obſcures the air!
What falling ſhowers impetuous change the day!
Let's riſe, my lyre—Ah Pleaſure falſe as fair!
How faithleſs are thy charms, how ſhort thy ſtay!

AN ODE IN THE PARK AT ASTED.

I.

YE Muſes, that frequent theſe walks and ſhades,
The ſeat of calm repoſe,
Which Howard's happy genius choſe;
Where, taught by you, his Lyre he ſtrung,
And oft, like Philomel, in duſky glades,
Sweet amorous Voluntaries ſung!
O ſay, ye kind inſpiring powers!
With what melodious ſtrain
Will you indulge my penſive vein,
And charm my ſolitary hours?

II.

Begin, and Echo ſhall the ſong repeat;
While, ſkreen'd from Auguſt's feveriſh heat,
Beneath this ſpreading elm I lie,
And view the yellow harveſt far around,
The neighbouring fields with plenty crown'd,
And over head a fair unclouded ſky.

The wood, the park's romantic ſcene,
The deer, that innocent and gay
On the ſoft turf's perpetual green
Paſs all their lives in love and play,
Are various objects of delight,
That ſport with fancy, and invite
Your aid, the pleaſure to compleat;
Begin—and Echo ſhall the ſong repeat.

III.

Hark!—the kind inſpiring powers
Anſwer from their ſecret bowers,
Propitious to my call!
They join their choral voices all,
To charm my ſolitary hours.
Liſten, they cry, thou penſive ſwain!
Though much the tuneful ſiſters love
The fields, the park, the ſhady grove:
The fields, and park, and ſhady grove,
The tuneful ſiſters now diſdain,
And chuſe to ſooth thee with a ſweeter ſtrain;
Molinda's praiſes ſhall our ſkill employ,
Molinda, Nature's pride, and every Muſe's joy!
The Muſes triumph'd at her birth,
When, firſt deſcending from her parent ſkies,
This ſtar of beauty ſhot to earth;
Love ſaw the fires that darted from her eyes,
He ſaw, and ſmil'd—the winged boy,
Gave early omens of her conquering fame,
And to his mother liſp'd her name,
Molinda!—Nature's pride, and every Muſe's joy.

W. Say,

IV.

Say, beauteous Aſted! has thy honour'd ſhade
Ever receiv'd that lovely maid?
Ye nymphs and ſylvan deities, confeſs
That ſhining feſtal day of happineſs!
For if the lovely maid was here,
April himſelf, though in ſo fair a dreſs
He clothe the meads, though his delicious ſhowers,
Awake the bloſſoms and the breathing flowers,
And new-create the fragrant year;
April himſelf, or brighter May,
Aſſiſted by the god of day,
Never made your grove ſo gay,
Or half ſo full of charms appear.

V.

Whatever rural ſeat ſhe now doth grace,
And ſhines a goddeſs of the plains,
Imperial Love new triumphs there ordains,
Removes with her from place to place,
With her he keeps his court, and where ſhe lives he reigns.
A thouſand bright attendants more
Her glorious equipage compoſe:
There circling Pleaſure ever flows:
Friendſhip, and Arts, a well-ſelected ſtore,
Good-humour, Wit, and Muſick's ſoft delight,
The ſhorten'd minutes there beguile,
And ſparkling Mirth, that never looks ſo bright,
As when it lightens in Molinda's ſmile.

VI.

Thither, ye guardian powers (if ſuch there are,
Deputed from the ſky
To watch o'er human-kind with friendly care,)
Thither, ye gentle ſpirits, fly!
If goodneſs like your own can move
Your conſtant zeal, your tendereſt love,
For ever wait on this accompliſh'd fair!
Shield her from every ruder breath of air.
Nor let invading ſickneſs come
To blaſt thoſe beauties in their bloom.
May no miſguided choice, no hapleſs doom,
Diſturb the heaven of her fair life
With clouds of grief, or ſhowers of melting tears;
Let harſh unkindneſs, and ungenerous ſtrife,
Repining diſcontent, and boding fears,
With every ſhape of woe, be driven away
Like ghoſts prohibited the day.
Let Peace o'er her his dovelike wings diſplay,
And ſmiling joys crown all her bliſsful years!

TO

MR. CONSTANTINE,

ON HIS

PAINTINGS.

WHILE o'er the cloth thy happy pencil ſtrays,
And the pleas'd eye its artful courſe ſurveys,
Behold the magick power of ſhade and light!
A new creation opens to our ſight.
Here tufted groves riſe boldly to the ſky,
There ſpacious lawns more diſtant charm the eye;
The cryſtal lakes in borrow'd tinctures ſhine,
And miſty hills the fair horizon join,
Loſt in the azure borders of the day,
Like ſounds remote that die in air away.
The peopled proſpect various pleaſure yields,
Sheep grace the hills, and herds or ſwains the fields;
Harmonious order o'er the whole preſides,
And Nature crowns the work, which Judgment guides.

Nor with leſs ſkill diſplay'd by thee appear
The different products of the fertile year;
While fruits with imitated ripeneſs glow,
And ſudden flowers beneath thy pencil blow.
Such, and ſo various, thy extenſive hand,
Oft in ſuſpence the pleas'd ſpectators ſtand,

Doubt-

As Neptune's trident ſtrook the
Here the proud horſe upſtarted
And there, as Pallas bleſs'd th
The ſpreading olive rear'd its fl
In dumb ſurprize the gazing cr
Nor knew on which to fix their

TO

U R A

ON HE

ARRIVAL AT

THROUGH yielding w
flies,
That bears Urania from our ea
Deaf to our call, the billows w

So from the ſea when Venus roſe ſerene,
And by the nymphs and tritons firſt was ſeen,
The watery world beheld, with pleas'd ſuprize,
O'er its wide waſte new tracks of light ariſe;
The winds were huſh'd, the floods forgot to move,
And nature own'd th' auſpicious Queen of Love.

Henceforth no more the Cyprian iſle be nam'd,
Though for th' abode of that bright goddeſs fam'd;
Jamaica's happier groves, conceal'd ſo long
Through ages paſt, are now the poets ſong.
The Graces there, and Virtues fix their throne;
Urania makes th' adopted land her own.

The Muſe, with her in thought tranſported, ſees
The opening ſcene, the bloomy plants and trees,
By brighter ſkies rais'd to a nobler birth,
And fruits deny'd to Europe's colder earth.
At her approach, like courtiers doubly gay
To grace the pomp of ſome lov'd prince's day,
The gladden'd ſoil in all its plenty ſhines,
New ſpreads its branching palms, and new adorns its pines;
With gifts prepares the ſhining gueſt to meet,
And pours its verdant offerings at her feet.
As in the fields with pleaſure ſhe appears,
Smiles on the labourers, and their labours cheers,
The luſcious canes with ſweeter juices flow,
The melons ripen, and the citrons blow,
The golden orange takes a richer dye,
And ſlaves forget their toil, while ſhe is by.

Not

Not Ceres' ſelf more bleſſings could diſplay,
When through the earth ſhe took her wandering way,
Far from her native coaſt, and all around
Diffus'd ripe harveſts through the teeming ground.

Mean while our drooping vales deſerted mourn,
Till happy years bring on her wiſh'd return;
New honours then, Urania, ſhall be thine,
And Britain ſhall again the world outſhine.

So when of late our ſun was veil'd from ſight
In dark eclipſe, and loſt in ſudden night,
A ſhivering cold each heart with horror thrill'd,
The birds forſook the ſkies, the herds the field;
But when the conquering orb, with one bright ray,
Broke through the gloom, and reinthron'd the day,
The herds reviv'd, the birds renew'd their ſtrains,
Unuſual tranſports rais'd the chearful ſwains,
And joy returning echo'd through the plains.

THE

THE FOLLOWING

SUPPLEMENT AND CONCLUSION TO

Mr. MILTON's incomparable Poem, entitled, IL PENSEROSO, or THE PENSIVE MAN, was alſo writ by Mr. Hughes.

It ſeems neceſſary to quote the eight foregoing lines for the right underſtanding of it.

'AND may at laſt my weary age
'Find out the peaceful hermitage,
'The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
'Where I may ſit, and rightly ſpell
'Of every ſtar that Heaven doth ſhew,
'And every herb that ſips the dew;
'Till old experience do attain
'To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.'

There let Time's creeping winter ſhed
His hoary ſnow around my head;
And while I feel, by faſt degrees,
My ſluggard blood wax chill, and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fixt eye
The ſcenes of deep eternity,
Till life diſſolving at the view,
I wake, and find thoſe viſions true!

THE

THE

HUE AND CRY.

O YES!—Hear, all ye beaux and wits,
Muſicians, poets, 'ſquires, and cits,
All, who in town or country dwell!
Say, can you tale or tidings tell
Of Tortorella's haſty flight?
Why in new groves ſhe takes delight,
And if in concert, or alone,
The cooing murmurer makes her moan?

Now learn the marks, by which you may
Trace out and ſtop the lovely ſtray!

Some wit, more folly, and no care,
Thoughtleſs her conduct, free her air;
Gay, ſcornful, ſober, indiſcreet,
In whom all contradictions meet;
Civil, affronting, peeviſh, eaſy,
Form'd both to charm you and diſpleaſe you;
Much want of judgment, none of pride,
Modiſh her dreſs, her hoop full wide;
Brown ſkin, her eyes of ſable hue,
Angel, when pleas'd, when vex'd, a ſhrew.

Genteel her motion, when ſhe walks,
Sweetly ſhe ſings, and loudly talks;

One

Knows all the world, and its affairs.
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers,
Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives,
Leads honeſt, or diſhoneſt, lives;
What money match'd each youth or maid,
And who was at each maſquerade;
Of all fine things in this fine town,
She's only to herſelf unknown.

By this deſcription, if you meet her,
With lowly bows, and homage greet her;
And if you bring the vagrant beauty
Back to her mother and her duty,
Aſk for reward a lover's bliſs,
And (if ſhe'll let you) take a kiſs;
Or more, if more you wiſh and may,
Try if at church the words ſhe'll ſay,
Then make her, if you can—"obey."

THE

THE

PATRIOT.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM LORD COWPER,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

HOW godlike is the man, how truly great,
Who, midſt contending factions of the ſtate,
In council cool, in reſolution bold,
Nor brib'd by hopes, nor by mean fears control'd,
And proof alike againſt both foes and friends,
Ne'er from the golden mean of virtue bends!
But wiſely fix'd, nor to extremes inclin'd,
Maintains the ſteady purpoſe of his mind.

So Atlas, pois'd on his broad baſe, defies
The ſhock of gathering ſtorms and wintry ſkies;
Above the clouds, ſerene, he lifts his brow,
And ſees unmov'd the thunder break below.

But where's the patriot, by theſe virtues known,
Unſway'd by others paſſions, or his own?
Juſt to his prince, and to the publick true,
That ſhuns, in all events, each partial view?
That ne'er forgets the whole of things to weigh,
And ſcorns the ſhort-liv'd wiſdom of a day?

If there be one—hold Muſe, nor more reveal—
(Yet oh that numbers could his name conceal!)
Thrice happy Britain, of ſuch wealth poſſeſt!
On thy firm throne, great George, unſhaken reſt,
Safe in his judgment, on his faith rely,
And prize the worth which kingdoms cannot buy!

Rich in itſelf, the genuine diamond ſhines,
And owes its value to its native mines;
Yet ſet in Britain's crown, drinks ampler rays
Of the ſun's light, and caſts a wider blaze.
With pleaſure we the well-plac'd gem behold,
That adds a luſtre to the royal gold.

January 25, 1717-18.

THE SECOND SCENE OF THE FIRST ACT OF ORESTES, A TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED FROM EURIPIDES.

ARGUMENT.

Oreſtes had killed his mother Clytemneſtra, in revenge of his father's death, who was murdered by her. This part of the ſtory is the ſubject of the Electra of Sophocles, where, in the concluſion of the play, Clytemneſtra is heard behind the ſcene crying out in vain for mercy, while her ſon is executing his revenge. Perhaps this play was written firſt; and Euripides took up the ſtory where the other left off. The reflection on his guilt in putting his mother to death, though a criminal, with his own hands, filled Oreſtes's mind with ſo much horror as afterwards cauſed his diſtraction. In this condition he is repreſented in the following ſcene, lying on a couch, and his ſiſter Electra, with a chorus of Grecian women, waiting near him.

I ſhall

I ſhall detain the reader no longer than to obſerve, that the tenderneſs of Electra, and the alternate ſtarts and returns of madneſs and reaſon in Oreſtes, are touched with the moſt exquiſite ſtrokes of nature and paſſion.

CHORUS, ORESTES, ELECTRA.

CHORUS.

DRAW near, Electra, to thy brother's couch;
See if he breathes; this long-protracted reſt
May end in death, and fatally deceive thee.

ORESTES, waking.

O ſweet refreſhing ſleep! thou balmy cure
Of ſickneſs and of pain!
How has thy gentle power at length reliev'd me!
O ſoft oblivion of ſurrounding ills,
How grateful to th' afflicted are thy charms!
Where am I?—ſpeak—inform me, tell me where?
How came I hither? for I know not how!
Alas! I've lately been bereft of reaſon!
And now, no track of former thought remains.

ELECTRA.

O my much-lov'd Oreſtes! O my brother!
With joy I've watch'd o'er thy late healing ſlumbers.
Come—ſhall I help to raiſe thee from thy couch?

ORESTES.

Soft, I pray thee—firſt wipe away theſe drops,
That ſit all dewy o'er my face.

ELECTRA.

Ye gods!
How pleaſant is this taſk to a ſiſter's love!

ORESTES.

Come, let me lean upon thee;—how canſt thou bear me?—
Put forth thy hand; remove the clotted locks,
That ſhade my ſight; I ſcarcely yet can ſee—

ELECTRA.

O my poor brother; how has ſickneſs chang'd thee!
Thy face, thy beard, ſo long unwaſh'd, deform thee,
And ſpread an unknown horror o'er thy mien.

ORESTES.

I'm weary;—lead me to my couch again.
When my fit leaves me, I am weak and faint,
And a cold trembling runs through all my limbs.

ELECTRA.

How friendly is the ſick man's bed; though pain
Dwell there, yet there he beſt may bear it.

ORESTES.

O! help once more; and gently bend me forward.

CHORUS.

The ſick are ever reſtleſs;
Uneaſineſs and pain make them impatient.

ELEC-

ELECTRA.

Wilt thou get up, and try again to walk?
Change will perhaps relieve thee.

ORESTES.

I fain would walk—and, ſeeming well awhile,
Delude my anxious thoughts.

ELECTRA.

Now hear me, brother;
Hear me, while yet the cruel furies leave thee
This pauſe from grief, this interval of reaſon.

ORESTES.

Speak quick thy news—if it be good, 'tis welcome;
If ill—I've load enough; nor add thou more.

ELECTRA.

Then know, thy uncle Menelaus comes;
His ſhip is in the port—

ORESTES.

What doſt thou ſay?—
He comes, like dawning light, to cheer our griefs,
And chace away the blackneſs of deſpair;
My father's brother, and his beſt-lov'd friend!

ELECTRA.

He's now arriv'd—and brings from conquer'd Troy
His beauteous Helen—

ORESTES.

Say'ſt thou?—better far

He came alone—and he alone ſurviving;
But if with Helen—then he brings a curſe,
A heavy curſe—

ELECTRA.

The race of Tyndarus
Have through all Greece ſpread infamy and ſhame.

ORESTES.

Beware then—ſhun the deeds of impious women.
Wear no falſe face—be good, as well as ſeem ſo—
Beware, I ſay—

ELECTRA.

Alas! what means my brother? you are chang'd,
Your colour ſhifts—your eyes look fiercely wild—
Your fit returns—O Heavens! he's loſt again.

ORESTES.

Mother, forbear!—What! no forgiveneſs—never?
O! take away thoſe furies—how they ſhake
Their ſnaky locks, and grin around me!

ELECTRA.

Alas! poor wretch; 'tis thy own fear alarms thee.
Compoſe thyſelf: why doſt thou leave thy couch?
Here are no fiends; thou talk'ſt to ſhapeleſs air.

ORESTES.

Help, help me, Phœbus—See, thoſe dogs of hell
With famiſh'd jaws gape horrid to devour me!

The

Th' infernal prieſteſſes look fiercely on me;
They thirſt for blood, and I 'm the deſtin'd victim!

ELECTRA.

Nay, ſtrive not—for I will not let thee go,
While theſe weak arms can fold thee—

ORESTES.

What art thou?
One of my curſt tormentors?—Hence—I know thee;
Thou graſp'ſt me thus to plunge me down to hell.

ELECTRA.

Oh! whence can wretched mortals hope for ſuccour,
When Heaven is deaf, and all the gods our foes!

ORESTES.

Reach me the weapons of the ſhooting god,
Apollo's gift, the ſhafts and horny bow;
With theſe he bad me drive the fiends away,
When cruel, they attack me—

ELECTRA.

Can they feel?
Can deathleſs beings feel a mortal wound?

ORESTES.

They ſhall—or leave my tortur'd ſight—behold!
Doſt thou not ſee their feather'd ſhafts fly round me?
Begone, ye miniſters of wrath—Away! away!
The guilt 's not mine—Hence, through the yielding
ſkies,

Fly ſwift to Heaven—and charge Apollo there,
Whoſe oracle betray'd me—Ah! I faint;
My ſpirits ſink—Where am I now? Alas!
How have I left my bed?—how ſtray'd I hither?
O—I perceive—once more the raging waves
Have ſpent their force—and all is calm again—
My ſiſter?—weeping too? Why doſt thou turn
Thy face away, thus muffled in thy garment?
I grieve to think what I have made thee ſuffer;
I know, my ſickneſs bears too hard upon thee;
Yet weep not for my crimes, unhappy maid!
The deed was mine—Thou only didſt conſent:
'Twas I that ſlew my mother—Phœbus himſelf
Advis'd that impious act—the guilt be his,
Whoſe words ſpoke comfort, but who now forſakes me.
But oh! Electra, had our father's ſhade
Been preſent then—had I, before the god,
Aſk'd his conſent, to ſtrike the murdereſs dead,
The pitying manes ſure had ſtop'd my hand,
Nor would have wiſh'd for his own life again.
Redeem'd by guilt, ſo horrid in a ſon.
Now wipe away thy tears, lamenting maid;
Though we 're both wretched, tears are ſhed in vain;
And when thou ſeeſt again my faltering reaſon,
Be ready thou to rule my broken ſenſe,
And comfort my affliction—And when thou
Shalt ſink beneath thy preſſing woes, I 'll ſtrive
By ſoothing words to mitigate thy ſorrows.
Such offices become our fond affection.

But now, retiring to thy own apartment,
Let gentle ſlumber cloſe thy wakeful eyes;
Then riſe refreſh'd; anoint thy wearied limbs,
And with due nouriſhment recruit thy ſpirits.
Such ceaſeleſs watchings will exhauſt thy ſtrength,
And make thy languid life a burden to thee.
Thou ſeeſt, all other friends are fled; thou art
My only ſolace in this dire affliction.
Should'ſt thou forſake me too, I 'm loſt indeed.

ELECTRA.

O no! thy ſiſter never will forſake thee;
Nor only will I live, but die with thee;
What joy could life afford a wretched woman,
Bereft of father, brother, every friend?—

But if you ſo command, I will retire;
In the mean while, compoſe thyſelf to reſt,
Reclin'd upon thy couch; nor let vain terrors
Rouze thee again—Thy own upbraiding conſcience
Is the revengeful fiend, that haunts thy breaſt!

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD CHANCELLOR PARKE

JULY XXIII, M DCC XIX.

AS father Thames pours out his plenteous urn
O'er common tracts, with ſpeed his waters flo
But where ſome beauteous palace does adorn
His banks, the river ſeems to move more ſlow;

As if he ſtopp'd awhile, with conſcious pride,
Nor to the ocean would purſue his race,
Till he reflect its glories in his tide,
And call the water-nymphs around to gaze.

So in Time's common flood the huddled throng
Of months and hours unheeded paſs away,
Unleſs ſome general good our joy prolong,
And mark the moments of ſome feſtal day.

Not fair July, though Plenty clothe his fields,
Though golden ſuns make all his mornings ſmil
Can boaſt of aught that ſuch a triumph yields,
As that he gave a Parker to our iſle.

H

Hail happy month! ſecure of laſting fame!
Doubly diſtinguiſh'd through the circling year:
In Rome a hero gave thee firſt thy name;
A patriot's birth makes thee to Britain dear.

THE XIVth OLYMPICK OF PINDAR. TO ASOPICUS OF ORCHOMENUS.

I.

YE heavenly Graces, who preſide
O'er Minyæa's happy ſoil, that breeds,
Swift for the race, the faireſt ſteeds;
And rule the land, where with a gentle tide
Your lov'd Cephiſian waters glide!
To you Orchomenus's towers belong,
Then hear, ye goddeſſes, and aid the ſong.

II.

Whatever honours ſhine below,
Whatever gifts can move delight,
Or ſooth the raviſh'd ſoul, or charm the ſight,
To you their power of pleaſing owe.
Fame, beauty, wiſdom, you beſtow;
Nor will the gods the ſacred banquet own,
Nor on the Chorus look propitious down,
If you your preſence have deny'd,
To rule the banquet, and the Chorus guide.

III. In

III.

In Heaven itſelf all own your happy Care;
Bleſs'd by your influence divine,
There all is good, and all is fair:
On thrones ſublime you there illuſtrious ſhine;
Plac'd near Apollo with the golden lyre,
You all his harmony inſpire,
And warbled hymns to Jove perpetual ſing,
To Jove, of Heaven the father and the king.

IV.

Now hear, Aglaia, venerable maid!
Hear thou that tuneful verſe doſt love,
Euphroſyne! join your cœleſtial aid,
Ye daughters of immortal Jove!
Thalia too be preſent with my lays;
Aſopicus has rais'd his city's name,
And, victor in th' Olympic ſtrife, may claim
From you his juſt reward of virtuous praiſe.

V.

And thou, O Fame! this happy triumph ſpread;
Fly to the regions of the dead,
Through Proſerpine's dark empire bear the ſound,
There ſeek Cleodamus below,
And let the pleas'd paternal ſpirit know,
How on the plains of Piſa far renown'd,
His ſon, his youthful ſon, of matchleſs ſpeed,
Bore off from all the victor's meed,
And with an olive wreath his envy'd temples crown'd.

THE

THE

MORNING APPARITION.

WRITTEN AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE, IN SURRY.

THE SEAT OF MR. BRIDGES.

ALL things were hush'd, as noiſe itſelf were dead;
No midnight mice ſtirr'd round my ſilent bed;
Not ev'n a gnat diſturb'd the peace profound,
Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unwound;
No ticking death-worm told a fancy'd doom,
Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room;
No breeze the caſement ſhook, or fann'd the leaves,
Nor drops of rain fell ſoft from off the eaves;
Nor noiſy ſplinter made the candle weep,
But the dim watchlight ſeem'd itſelf aſleep,
When tir'd I clos'd my eyes—How long I lay
In ſlumber wrapp'd, I liſt not now to ſay:
When hark! a ſudden noiſe—See! open flies
The yielding door—I, ſtarting, rubb'd my eyes,
Faſt clos'd awhile; and as their lids I rear'd,
Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,
While through my parted curtains ruſhing broke
A light like day, ere yet the figure ſpoke.
Cold ſweat bedew'd my limbs—Nor did I dream;
Hear, mortals, hear! for real truth 's my theme.

And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones
To look—when lo! 'twas honeſt maſter Jones *;
Who wav'd his hand, to baniſh fear and ſorrow,
Well charg'd with toaſt and ſack, and cry'd "Good
"morrow!"

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE, THEN THE SEAT OF MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES.

M DCC XIX.

ENVY, if thy ſearching eye
Through this window chance to pry,
To thy ſorrow thou ſhalt find,
All that's generous, friendly, kind,
Goodneſs, virtue, every grace,
Dwelling in this happy place:
Then, if thou would'ſt ſhun this ſight,
Hence for ever take thy flight.

* The butler.

THE

THE SUPPLEMENT:

THE CHARACTER OF MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES*.

IMPERFECT.

PAINTER, give o'er; here ends thy feeble art;
For how wilt thou deſcribe th' immortal part?
Though Kneller's or though Raphael's ſkill were thine,
Or Titian's colours on the cloth did ſhine,
The labour'd piece muſt yet half-finiſh'd ſtand,
And mock the weakneſs of the maſter's hand.

Colours are but the phantoms of the day,
With that they're born, with that they fade away;
Like beauty's charms, they but amuſe the ſight,
Dark in themſelves, till, by reflection bright,
With the ſun's aid to rival him they boaſt,
But light withdrawn in their own ſhades are loſt.
Then what are theſe t' expreſs the living fire,
The lamp within, that never can expire?
That work can only by the Muſe be wrought;
Souls muſt paint ſouls, and thought delineate thought.

* She died Dec. 1, 1745, aged 88. See ſome verſes to her memory in Mrs. Tollet's poems, p. 139.

Then

Then Painter-Muſe begin, and unconfin'd
Draw boldly firſt a large extent of mind:
Yet not a barren waſte, an empty ſpace,
For crouds of virtues fill up all the place,
See! o'er the reſt fair Piety preſides,
As the bright ſun th' inferior planets guides;
To the ſoul's powers it vital heat ſupplies,
And hence a thouſand worthy habits riſe.
So when that genial father of the ſpring
Smiles on the meads, and wakes the birds to ſing,
And from the heavenly bull his influence ſheds
On the parterres and fruitful garden beds,
A thouſand beauteous births ſhoot up to ſight,
A thouſand buds unfolding meet the light;
Each uſeful plant does the rich earth adorn,
And all the flowery univerſe is born.

O! could my verſe deſcribe this ſacred queen,
This firſt of virtues, awful, yet ſerene,
Plain in her native charms, nor too ſevere,
Free from falſe zeal, and ſuperſtitious fear;
Such and ſo bright, as by the effects we find
She dwells in this ſelected happy mind,
The ſource of every good ſhould ſtand confeſt,
And all who ſee, applaud the heaven-born gueſt!

Proceed, my Muſe, next in the picture place
Diffuſive charity to human race.
Juſtice thou need'ſt not in the draught expreſs,
Since every greater ſtill includes the leſs.

What were the praiſe if Virtue idly ſtood,
Content alike to do nor harm nor good?
Though ſhunning ill, unactive and ſupine,
Like painted ſuns, that warm not while they ſhine?
The nobler ſoul ſuch narrow life diſdains,
Flows out, and meets another's joys and pains,
Taſteleſs of bleſſings, if poſſeſt alone,
And in imparted pleaſures ſeeks its own.
Hence grows the ſenſe of Friendſhip's generous fires,
Hence Liberality the heart inſpires,
Hence ſtreams of good in conſtant actions flow,
And man to man becomes a god below!

A ſoul thus form'd, and ſuch a ſoul is here,
Needs not the dangerous teſt of riches fear,
But, unſubdued to wealth, may ſafely ſtand,
And count o'er heaps with an unſully'd hand.
Heaven that knew this, and where t' intruſt its ſtore,
And, bleſſing one, oft' bleſſes many more,
Firſt gave a will to give, then fitly join'd
A liberal fortune to a liberal mind.
With ſuch a graceful eaſe her bounty flows;
She gives, and ſcarce that ſhe's the giver knows,
But ſeems receiving moſt, when ſhe the moſt beſtows.
Rich in herſelf, well may ſhe value more
Her wealth within, the mind's immortal ſtore;
Paſſions ſubdued, and knowledge free from pride,
Good humour, ever to good ſenſe ally'd,

Well-ſeaſon'd mirth, and wiſdom unſevere,
An equal temper, and a heart ſincere;
Gifts that alone from Nature's bounty flow,
Which fortune may diſplay, but not beſtow;
For wealth but ſets the picture more in ſight,
And brings the beauties or the faults to light.
How true th' eſteem, that's founded in deſert!
How pleaſing is the tribute of the heart!
Here willing duty ne'er was paid in vain,
And ev'n dependence cannot feel its chain,
Yet whom ſhe thus ſets free ſhe cloſer binds,
(Affection is the chain of grateful minds)
And, doubly bleſſing her adopted care,
Makes them her virtues with her fortune ſhare,
Leads by example, and by kindneſs guards,
And raiſes firſt the merit ſhe rewards.

Oft too abroad ſhe caſts a friendly eye,
As ſhe would help to every need ſupply.
The poor near her almoſt their cares forget,
Their want but ſerves as hunger to their meat;
For, ſince her ſoul 's ally'd to human kind,
Not to her houſe alone her ſtore 's confin'd,
But paſſing on, its own full banks o'erflows,
Enlarg'd, and deals forth plenty as it goes.
Through ſome fair garden thus a river leads
It's watery wealth, and firſt th' incloſure feeds,
Viſits each plant, and every flower ſupplies;
Or, taught in ſportive fountains to ariſe,
Caſts ſprinkled ſhowers o'er every figur'd green;
Or in canals walks round the beauteous ſcene,

et ſtops not there, but its free courſe maintains,
nd ſpreads gay verdure through th' adjacent plains;
he labouring hinds with pleaſure ſee it flow,
nd bleſs thoſe ſtreams by which their paſtures grow.

O generous uſe of power! O virtuous pride!
e'er may the means be to ſuch ſouls deny'd,
xecutors of Heaven's all-bounteous will,
Vho well the great Firſt-giver's ends fulfil,
Vho, from ſuperior heights ſtill looking down
n glittering heaps, which ſcarce they think their own,
eſpiſe the empty ſhow of uſeleſs ſtate,
nd only would by doing good be great!

Now pauſe a while, my Muſe, and then renew
he pleaſing talk, and take a ſecond view!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

a train of virtues yet undrawn appear;
lere juſt Oeconomy, ſtrict Prudence there;
ear Liberality they ever ſtand;
'his guides her judgment, that directs her hand.
y theſe, ſee wild Profuſion chac'd away,
nd wanton Luxury, like birds of prey.
Vhilſt meek Humility, with charms ſerene,
orbids vain Pomp t' approach the hallow'd ſcene;
'et through her veil the more attracts the ſight,
nd on her ſiſter-virtues caſts a light.

But wherefore ſtarts the Painter-Muſe, and why,
ie piece unfiniſh'd, throws the pencil by?

Methinks, (ſhe ſays), Humility I hear,
With gentle voice reproving, cry—Forbear!
Forbear, raſh Muſe! nor longer now commend,
Leſt whom thou would'ſt deſcribe, thou ſhould'ſt offend,
And in her breaſt a painful glowing raiſe,
Who, conſcious of the merit, ſhuns the praiſe.

THE ECSTASY. AN ODE.

" Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Muſæ
" Accipiant, cœlique vias & ſidera monſtrent."
VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be proper to acquaint the reader that the following poem was begun on the model of a Latin ode of Caſimire, intitled E REBUS HUMANIS EXCESSUS, from which it is plain that COWLEY likewiſe took the firſt hint of his ode called the ECSTASY. The former part therefore is chiefly an imitation of that ode, though with conſiderable variations, and the addition of the whole ſecond ſtanza,

ſtanza, except the firſt three lines: but the plan itſelf ſeeming capable of a farther improvement, the latter part, which attempts a ſhort view of the heavens according to the modern philoſophy, is entirely original, and not founded on any thing in the Latin author.

I.

I LEAVE Mortality's low ſphere.
Ye winds and clouds, come lift me high,
And on your airy pinions bear
Swift through the regions of the ſky.
What lofty mountains downward fly!
And lo, how wide a ſpace of air
Extends new proſpects to my eye!
The gilded fanes, reflecting light,
And royal palaces, as bright,
(The rich abodes
Of heavenly and of earthly gods)
Retire apace; whole cities too
Decreaſe beneath my riſing view.
And now far off the rolling globe appears;
Its ſcatter'd nations I ſurvey,
And all the maſs of earth and ſea;
Oh object well deſerving tears!
Capricious ſtate of things below,
That, changeful from their birth, no fix'd duration know!

II.

Here new-built towns, aſpiring high,
Aſcend, with lofty turrets crown'd;
There others fall, and mouldering lie,
Obſcure, or only by their ruins found.
Palmyra's far-extended waſte I ſpy,
(Once Tadmor, ancient in renown)
Her marble heaps, by the wild Arab ſhown,
Still load with uſeleſs pomp the ground.
But where is lordly Babylon? where now
Lifts ſhe to Heaven her giant brow?
Where does the wealth of Nineveh abound?
Or where 's the pride of Africk's ſhore?
Is Rome's great rival then no more?
In Rome herſelf behold th' extremes of fate,
Her ancient greatneſs ſunk, her modern boaſted ſtate!
See her luxurious palaces ariſe
With broken arches mix'd between!
And here what ſplendid domes poſſeſs the ſkies!
And there old temples, open to the day,
Their walls o'ergrown with moſs diſplay;
And columns, awful in decay,
Rear up their roof-leſs heads to form the various ſcene.

III.

Around the ſpace of earth I turn my eye;
But where 's the region free from woe?
Where ſhall the Muſe one little ſpot deſcry
The ſeat of happineſs below?
Here Peace would all its joys diſpenſe,
The vines and olives unmoleſted grow,
But lo! a purple peſtilence

Unpeoples

Unpeoples cities, ſweeps the plains,
Whilſt vainly through deſerted fields
Her unreap'd harveſts Ceres yields,
And at the noon of day a midnight ſilence reigns.
There milder heat the healthful climate warms,
But, ſlaves to arbitrary power,
And pleas'd each other to devour,
The mad poſſeſſors ruſh to arms.
I ſee, I ſee them from afar,
I view diſtinct the mingled war!
I ſee the charging ſquadrons preſt
Hand to hand, and breaſt to breaſt.
Deſtruction, like a vulture, hovers nigh;
Lur'd with the hope of human blood,
She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to fly,
But licks her drowthy jaws, and waits the promis'd food.

IV.

Here cruel Diſcord takes a wider ſcene,
To exerciſe more unrelenting rage;
Appointed fleets their numerous powers engage,
With ſcarce a ſpace of ſea between.
Hark! what a brazen burſt of thunder
Rends the elements aſunder!
Affrighted Ocean flies the roar,
And drives the billows to the diſtant ſhore;
The diſtant ſhore,
That ſuch a ſtorm ne'er felt before,
Tranſmits it to the rocks around;
The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling ſound.

V.

Still greater horrors ſtrike my eyes.
Behold convulſive earthquakes there
And ſhatter'd land in pieces tear,
And ancient cities ſink, and ſudden mountains riſe!
Through opening mines th' aſtoniſh'd wretches go,
Hurry'd to unknown depths below.
The bury'd ruin ſleeps; and naught remains
But duſt above and deſart plains,
Unleſs ſome ſtone this ſad inſcription wear,
Rais'd by ſome future traveller,
"The prince, his people, and his kingdom, here,
"One common tomb contains."

VI.

Again, behold where ſeas, diſdaining bound,
O'er the firm land uſurping ride,
And bury ſpacious towns beneath their ſweeping tide.
Daſh'd with the ſudden flood the vaulted temples ſound.
Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep, lift high
A watery monument, in which profound
The courts and cottages together lie.
Ev'n now the floating wreck I ſpy,
And the wide ſurface far around
With ſpoils of plunder'd countries crown'd.
Such, Belgia, was the ravage and affright,
When late thou ſaw'ſt thy ancient foe
Swell o'er thy digues, oppos'd in vain,
With deadly rage, and riſing in it's might
Pour down ſwift ruin on thy plains below.

Thus

Thus Fire, and Air, and Earth, and Main,
A never-ceaſing fight maintain,
While man on every ſide is ſure to loſe;
And fate has furniſh'd out the ſtage of life
With war, misfortune, and with ſtrife;
Till Death the curtain drops, and ſhuts the ſcene of woes.

VII.

But why do I delay my flight?
Or on ſuch gloomy objects gaze?
I go to realms ſerene with ever-living light.
Haſte, clouds and whirlwinds, haſte a raptur'd bard to raiſe;
Mount me ſublime along the ſhining way,
Where planets, in pure ſtreams of æther driv'n,
Swim through the blue expanſe of heaven.
And lo! th' obſequious clouds and winds obey!
And lo! again the nations downwards fly,
And wide-ſtretch'd kingdoms periſh from my eye.
Heaven! what bright viſions now ariſe!
What opening worlds my raviſh'd ſenſe ſurpriſe!
I paſs cerulean gulphs, and now behold
New ſolid globes their weight, ſelf-balanc'd, bear.
Unprop'd amidſt the fluid air,
And all, around the central ſun, in circling eddies roll'd.
Unequal in their courſe, ſee they advance,
And form the planetary dance!
Here the pale moon, whom the ſame laws ordain
T' obey the earth, and rule the main;

Here

Here ſpots no more in ſhadowy ſtreaks appear;
But lakes inſtead, and groves of trees,
The wondering Muſe tranſported ſees,
And their tall heads diſcover'd mountains rear.
And now once more I downward caſt my ſight,
When lo! the earth, a larger moon, diſplays
Far off, amidſt the heavens, her ſilver face,
And to her ſiſter-moon by turns gives light!
Her ſeas are ſhadowy ſpots, her land a milky white.

VIII.

What power unknown my courſe ſtill upwards guides,
Where Mars is ſeen his ruddy rays to throw
Through heatleſs ſkies that round him ſeem to glow,
And where remoter Jove o'er his four moons preſides?
And now I urge my way more bold,
Unpierc'd by Saturn's chilling cold,
And paſs his planetary guards, and his bright ring behold.
Here the ſun's beams ſo faintly play,
The mingled ſhades almoſt extinguiſh day.
His rays reverted hence the ſire withdraws,
For here his wide dominions end;
And other ſuns, that rule by other laws,
Hither their bordering realms extend.

IX.

And now far off through the blue vacant borne,
I reach at laſt the milky road,
Once thought to lead to Jove's ſupreme abode,
Where ſtars, profuſe in heaps, Heaven's glittering heights adorn.

Loſt

Loſt in each other's neighbouring rays,
They undiſtinguiſh'd ſhine in one promiſcuous blaze.
So thick the lucid gems are ſtrown,
As if th' Almighty Builder here
Laid up his ſtores for many a ſphere
In deſtin'd worlds, as yet unknown.
Hither the nightly-wakeful ſwain,
That guards his folds upon the plain,
Oft turns his gazing eyes,
Yet marks no ſtars, but o'er his head
Beholds the ſtreamy twilight ſpread,
Like diſtant morning in the ſkies;
And wonders from what ſource its dawning ſplendors riſe.

X.

But lo!—what 's this I ſee appear?
It ſeems far off a pointed flame;
From earth-wards too the ſhining meteor came.
How ſwift it climbs th' aerial ſpace!
And now it traverſes each ſphere,
And ſeems ſome living gueſt, familiar to the place.
'Tis he—as I approach more near
The great Columbus of the ſkies I know!
'Tis Newton's ſoul, that daily travels here
In ſearch of knowledge for mankind below.
O ſtay, thou happy ſpirit, ſtay,
And lead me on through all th' unbeaten wilds of day;
As when the Sibyl did Rome's father guide
Safe through the downward roads of night,
And in Elyſium bleſt his ſight
With views till then to mortal eyes deny'd.

Here

Here let me, thy companion, ſtray,
From orb to orb, and now behold
Unnumber'd ſuns, all ſeas of molten gold;
And trace each comet's wandering way,
And now deſcry Light's fountain-head,
And meaſure its deſcending ſpeed;
Or learn how ſun-born colours riſe
In rays diſtinct, and in the ſkies
Blended in yellow radiance flow,
Or ſtain the fleecy cloud, or ſtreak the watery bow;
Or now diffus'd their beauteous tinctures ſhed
On every planet's riſing hills, and every verdant mead.

XI.

Thus, rais'd ſublime on Contemplation's wings,
Freſh wonders I would ſtill explore,
Still the great Maker's power adore,
Loſt in the thought—nor ever more
Return to earth, and earthly things;
But here with native freedom take my flight,
An inmate of the Heavens, adopted into light!
So for a while the royal eagle's brood
In his low neſt ſecurely lies,
Amid the darkneſs of the ſheltering wood,
Yet there with in-born vigour hopes the ſkies:
Till fledg'd with wings full-grown, and bold to riſe
The bird of Heaven to Heaven aſpires,
Soars 'midſt the meteors and cœleſtial fires,
With generous pride his humbler birth diſdains,
And bears the thunder through th' ætherial plains.

THE TENTH BOOK OF LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, TRANSLATED.

THE ARGUMENT AND CONNECTION OF THE STORY WITH THE FOREGOING BOOKS.

Pompey, flying to Ægypt, after his defeat at Pharſalia, was by the king's conſent baſely murdered by Pothinus, and his head preſented to Cæſar, as he approached the Ægyptian coaſt, in purſuit of his enemy. The poet having repreſented this cataſtrophe in the two former books; the argument of the tenth book is as follows:

Cæſar lands in Ægypt. He goes to Alexandria; viſits the temple, and the ſepulchre of the kings, in which Alexander the Great was buried. The poet, in a beautiful digreſſion, declaims againſt the ambition of that monarch. Ptolemy, the young king of Ægypt, meets Cæſar at his arrival, and receives him into his palace. His ſiſter Cleopatra, who had been kept a priſoner in Pharos, makes her eſcape, and privately getting admittance to Cæſar, implores his protection. By his means ſhe is reconciled to her brother; after which ſhe entertains Cæſar at a feaſt.

The

The ſupper being ended, Cæſar requeſts of Achoreus, the prieſt, an account of the antiquities of Ægypt, particularly of the river Nile. Achoreus's reply. The courſe of that river deſcribed, with an enumeration of the various opinions concerning its ſpring, and the cauſes of its overflowing. Pothinus plots the death of Cæſar. His meſſage to Achillas to invite him to join in this attempt. Achillas marches againſt Alexandria with an army compoſed of Ægyptians and Romans, and beſieges Cæſar in the palace, who ſeizes Ptolemy as a pledge for his own ſecurity. A herald, ſent from the king to enquire the cauſe of this tumult, is ſlain. An attack being made, Cæſar defends himſelf, burns the Ægyptian ſhips in the harbour, and poſſeſſes himſelf of Pharos, where he puts Pothinus to death. Arſinoe, younger ſiſter of Ptolemy, by the aid of Ganimede her governor, arriving in the camp, cauſes Achillas to be ſlain. Ganimede renews the attack againſt Cæſar, who is blocked up in Pharos, and reduced to the greateſt extremity.

WHEN conquering Cæſar follow'd to the land
His rival's head, and trod the barbarous ſtrand,
His fortune ſtrove with guilty Ægypt's fate
In doubtful fight, and this the dire debate;
Shall Roman arms great Lagus' realm enthrall?
Or ſhall the victor, like the vanquiſh'd, fall
By Ægypt's ſword? Pompey, thy ghoſt withſtood
Th' impending blow, and ſav'd the general's blood,

Le-

Left Rome, too happy after loſs of thee,
Should rule the Nile, herſelf from bondage free.

Secure, and with this barbarous pledge content,
To Alexandria now the conqueror went.
The croud that ſaw his entry, while, before,
Advancing guards the rods of empire bore,
In murmur'd ſounds their jealous rage diſclos'd,
At Roman rites and foreign law impos'd.
Obſerving Cæſar ſoon his error ſpy'd,
That not for him his mighty rival dy'd,
Yet ſmooth'd his brow, all marks of fear ſuppreſs'd,
And hid his cares, deep bury'd in his breaſt.

Then with intrepid mien he took his way,
The city walls and temples to ſurvey,
Works which thy ancient power, great Macedon, diſplay,
He view'd the ſplendid fanes with careleſs eyes,
Shrines rich with gold and ſacred myſteries,
Nor fix'd his ſight, but, eager in his pace,
Deſcends the vault, which holds the royal race,
Philip's mad ſon, the proſperous robber, bound
In Fate's eternal chains, here ſleeps profound,
Whom death forbad his rapines to purſue,
And in the world's revenge the monſter ſlew.
His impious bones, which, through each climate toſt,
The ſport of winds, or in the ocean loſt,
Had met a juſter fate, this tomb obtain'd,
And ſacred, to that kingdom's end, remain'd.

O! ſhould auſpicious years roll round again,
And godlike Liberty reſume her reign,
Preſerv'd to ſcorn the reliques wou'd be ſhown
Of the bold chief, whoſe boundleſs pride alone
This curſt example to Ambition gave,
How many realms one mortal can enſlave!

Diſdaining what his father won before,
Aſpiring ſtill, and reſtleſs after more,
He left his home; while Fortune ſmooth'd his way,
And o'er the fruitful Eaſt enlarg'd his ſway.
Red Slaughter mark'd his progreſs, as he paſt;
The guilty ſword laid human nature waſte,
Diſcolour'd Ganges' and Euphrates' flood,
With Perſian this, and that with Indian blood.
He ſeem'd in terror to the nations ſent,
The wrath of Heaven, a ſtar of dire portent,
And ſhook, like thunder, all the continent!

Nor yet content, a navy he provides,
To ſeas remote his triumphs now he guides,
Nor winds nor waves his progreſs could withſtand;
Nor Libya's ſcorching heat, and deſart land,
Nor rolling mountains of collected ſand.
Had Heaven but giv'n him line, he had outrun
The fartheſt journey of the ſetting ſun,
March'd round the poles, and drank diſcover'd Nile
At his ſpring-head—But winged fate the while
Comes on with ſpeed, the funeral hour draws near;
Death only could arreſt his mad career,

Who

Who to his grave the world's ſole empire bore,
With the ſame envy 'twas acquir'd before;
And, wanting a ſucceſſor to his reign,
Left all to ſuffer conqueſt once again.

Yet Babylon firſt yielded to his arms,
And Parthia trembled at his proud alarms.
Oh ſhame to tell! could haughty Parthia fear
The Grecian dart, and not the Roman ſpear?
What though the North, and South, and Weſt are ours,
Th' unconquer'd Eaſt defies our feeble powers,
So fatal once to Rome's great Craſſi known,
A province now to Pella's puny town.

Now from Peluſium, where expanding wide
Nile pours into the ſea his ample tide,
Came the boy-king; his preſence ſoon appeas'd
The people's rage, and giddy Tumult ceas'd.
In Ægypt's palace, Cæſar ſleeps ſecure;
This princely hoſtage does awhile enſure
His terms of peace; when lo! the ſiſter-queen,
In a ſmall boat conceal'd, ſecurely mean,
With gold corrupts the keeper of the port,
And undiſcover'd lands, and lurks within the court.
The Royal Whore! her country's worſt diſgrace,
The fate and fury of the Roman race!
As Helen's ſoft incendiary charms
Provok'd the Grecian and the Trojan arms,
No leſs did Cleopatra's eyes inſpire
Italian flames, and ſpread the kindled fire.

A rabble rout, a vile enervate band
Preſum'd th' imperial eagles to withſtand;
Canopus march'd, a woman at their head,
And then, if ever, Rome knew aught of dread,
E'en mighty Rome with terror heard the jar
Of clatter'd cymbals tinkling to the war,
And ſhook her lofty towers, and trembled from afar.
What triumphs had proud Alexandria ſeen,
Had great Octavius then a captive been,
When hovering Victory, at Leucate's bay,
Hung on her wings, and 'twas a ſtrife that day,
If the loſt world a Diſtaff ſhould obey.
From that curſt night this daring hope aroſe,
That ſhameful night, the ſource of future woes,
Which firſt commenc'd polluted loves, between
A Roman general and Ægyptian queen.
O who can Anthony's wild paſſion blame?
Ev'n Cæſar's flinty heart confeſs'd the ſoftening flam
The foul adulterer, reeking with the ſtains
Of impious ſlaughter on Theſſalian plains,
Unwaſh'd from blood, amidſt the rage of war,
In joys obſcene forgets his cruel care.
Though Pompey's ghoſt yet haunt thoſe barbar walls,
And howling in his ears for vengeance calls,
Secure in guilt, he hugs a harlot's charms,
And mingles lawleſs love with lawleſs arms,
Nor mindful of his chaſter progeny,
A baſtard-brother, Julia, gives to thee.

His rallying foes on Libyan plains rejoin;
Luxurious Cæſar, ſhamefully ſupine,
Forgoes his gains, and for a kiſs or ſmile
Sells the dear purchaſe of his martial toil.

Him Cleopatra ſought t' eſpouſe her care;
Preſuming of her charms, the mournful fair
In wild diſorder loos'd her lovely hair,
And, with a face inviting ſure relief,
In tender accents thus diſclos'd her grief:

Great Cæſar, look! of Lagus' royal race,
So thou reſtore me to my rightful place,
I kneel a queen. Expell'd my father's throne,
My hope of ſuccour is in you alone.
You riſe a proſperous ſtar to Ægypt's aid;
O ſhine propitious on an injur'd maid!
My ſex has oft the Pharian ſcepter ſway'd,
For ſo the laws admit. Let Cæſar read
Our parent's will; my brother's crown and bed
Are mine to ſhare, and were the youth but free
From ſaucy tutors, he would marry me.
But by Pothinus' nod his paſſions move,
Pothinus wields his ſword, and manages his love.
Forbid that crime; I freely quit my claim,
But ſave from ſuch reproach our houſe and name.
Reſcue the royal boy from mean command,
Reſtore the ſcepter to his trembling hand,
This vile domeſtick's lawleſs pride reſtrain,
Remove the traitor-guard, and teach the king to reign.

Th' imperious ſlave, who kill'd great Cæſar's foe,
Inur'd to blood, would murder Cæſar too,
But far, far hence, ye gods, avert the threaten'd blow!
Let Pompey's head ſuffice Pothinus' fame,
Nor let a nobler death increaſe our ſhame!

Here paus'd the queen, and ſpoke in looks the reſt;
Not words alone could move his ſavage breaſt;
Her eyes enforce her prayers; ſoft beauty pleads,
And brib'd the judge; a night of guilt ſucceeds.
Then ſoon for peace th' affrighted brother ſought,
And with rich gifts his reconcilement bought.

Affairs united thus, the court ordains
A ſolemn feaſt, where joy tumultuous reigns.
Here Cleopatra's genius firſt was ſhown,
And arts till then to frugal Rome unknown.
The hall a temple ſeem'd; corrupter days
Scarce to the gods would ſuch a ſtructure raiſe.
Rich was the fretted roof, and cover'd o'er
With ponderous gold; all onyx was the floor.
Nor marble plates alone the walls incas'd,
Beauteous to fight, and all th' apartment grac'd
But ſolid pillars of thick agate ſtood,
And ebony ſupply'd for common wood.
Ivory the doors, with Indian tortoiſe ſeen
Inlaid, and ſtudded emerald between.
The beds too ſhone, profuſe of gems, on high,
The coverings Tyrian ſilk, of double dye,

Em-

Embroider'd part with gold, with ſcarlet part,
A curious mixture of Ægyptian art.

And now the croud of menial ſlaves appears,
Of various ſkin, and ſize, and various years.
Some ſwarthy Africans with frizled hair;
Black Æthiops theſe; and thoſe, like Germans, fair,
With yellow locks, which, Cæſar owns, outſhine
In colour ev'n the natives of the Rhine;
Beſide th' unhappy youth by ſteel unmann'd,
And ſoften'd from their ſex, a beardleſs band;
An abler train was rang'd in adverſe rows,
Yet ſcarce their cheeks did the firſt down diſcloſe.

The princes took their ſeats; amid the reſt
Sat lordly Cæſar, their ſuperior gueſt.
Proud Cleopatra, not content alone
T' enjoy a brother-ſpouſe, and ſhare his throne,
Had ſtain'd her cheeks, and arm'd with artful care
Her fatal eyes, new conqueſt to prepare;
Bright jewels grac'd her neck, and ſparkled in her hair.
O'ercharg'd with ſpoils which the Red-Sea ſupply'd,
Scarce can ſhe move beneath the ponderous pride.
Sidonian ſilk her ſnowy breaſts array'd,
Which through the net-work veil a thouſand charms diſplay'd.
Here might be ſeen large oval tables, wrought
Of citron from Atlantic foreſts brought,
Their treſſels ivory; not ſo rich a ſort
Was Cæſar's prize in vanquiſh'd Juba's court.

Blind oſtentatious madneſs! to diſplay
Your wealth, to whom ev'n civil war 's a play,
And tempt an armed gueſt to ſeize the prey!
Grant riches not the purpoſe of his toil,
Nor with rapacious arms to hunt for ſpoil,
Think him a heroe of that chaſter time,
When poverty was praiſe, and gold a crime;
Suppoſe Fabricius preſent at the ſhow,
Or the rough conſul choſen from the plough,
Or virtuous Curius; each would wiſh to come
With ſuch a triumph back to wondering Rome.

What earth and air, the ſea and Nile afford,
In golden veſſels heaps the plenteous board;
Whate'er ambitious luxury could find
Through the ſearch'd globe, and more than want enjoin'd;
Herds of Ægyptian gods, and fowl of various kind.
In cryſtal ewers Nilus ſupplies around
His pureſt ſtreams; vaſt glittering bowls abound
With wine from Meroe's iſle, whoſe noble age,
Fermenting, ſparkles with ungovern'd rage:
With twiſted wreaths, which fragrant flowers compoſe,
Delightful nard, and ever-blooming roſe,
They crown their brows; and ſtrow their oily hair
With ſpice from neighbouring fields, not yet expir'd in air.
Here Cæſar learns the fruitful world to drain,
While conſcious thoughts his ſecret ſoul arraign;

Bluſhing

Bluſhing he inward mourns the dire debate
With his poor ſon, but mourns, alas! too late,
And longs for war with Ægypt's wealthy ſtate.

At length, the tumult of the banquet o'er,
When fated luxury requir'd no more,
Cæſar protracts the ſilent hours of night,
And, turning to Achoreus cloath'd in white,
High on a lofty couch—Say, holy ſeer!
Whoſe hoary age thy guardian gods revere,
Devoted to their rites! wilt thou relate
The riſe and progreſs of the Pharian ſtate?
Deſcribe the land's extent, what humours ſway
The people's minds, and to what powers you pray,
What cuſtoms keep, and what devotion pay.
Whate'er your ancient monuments contain,
Produce to light, and willing gods explain.
If Plato once obtain'd a like requeſt,
To whom your ſires their myſtic rites confeſt,
This let me boaſt, perhaps you have not here
A meaner gueſt, or leſs judicious ear.
Fame of my rival led me firſt, 'tis true,
To Ægypt's coaſt, yet join'd with fame of you.
If ſtill had vacant hours amidſt my wars,
To read the heavens, and to review the ſtars;
Henceforth all calendars muſt yield to mine,
And ev'n Eudoxus ſhall the palm reſign.
But more than all, the love of truth, which fires
My glowing breaſt, an ardent wiſh inſpires
To learn, what numerous ages ne'er could know,
Your river's ſource, and cauſes of it's flow.

Indulge my hope Nile's ſecret birth to view,
No more in arms I'll civil ſtrife purſue.

He paus'd; when thus Achoreus made reply;
Ye reverend ſhades of our great anceſtry!
While I to Cæſar nature's works explain,
And open ſtores yet hid from eyes profane,
Be it no crime your ſecrets to reveal!
Let others hold it pious to conceal
Such mighty truths. I think the gods deſign'd
Works ſuch as theſe to paſs all human kind,
And teach the wondering world their laws and heavenly mind.

At nature's birth, a various power was given
To various ſtars, that croſs the poles of Heaven,
And ſlack the rolling ſphere. With ſovereign rays
The Sun divides the months, the nights, the days;
Fix'd in his orb the wandering courſe reſtrains
Of other ſtars, and the great dance ordains.
The changeful Moon intends th' alternate tides,
Saturn o'er ice and ſnowy zones preſides;
Mars rules the winds, and the wing'd thunder guides,
Jove's is a ſky ſerene and temperate air;
The ſeeds of life are Venus' kindly care.
O'er ſpreading ſtreams, Cyllenius, is thy reign:
And when that part of Heaven thou doſt attain,
When Cancer with the Lion mingles rays,
And Sirius all his fiery rage diſplays,

Beneath

ath whoſe hot ſurvey, deep in his bed,
ure from ſight, old Nilus veils his head;
n thou from thence, in thy cœleſtial courſe,
r of floods, doſt ſtrike the river's ſource,
conſcious ſtreams break out, and flowing ſoon
thy call, as ocean does the moon;
check their tide, till night has from the ſun
in'd thoſe hours th' advancing ſummer won.

in was the faith of old, that melted ſnow
Æthiopian hills produc'd this flow;
let the natives ſun-burnt ſkins declare,
no bleak North breathes wintry tempeſts there,
apours from the South poſſeſs the parching air.
es, ſuch torrents as by ſnows increaſe,
n to ſwell when ſpring does firſt releaſe
ſe wintery ſtores; Nile ne'er provokes his ſtreams,
the hot Dog-ſtar ſhoot his angry beams;
then reſumes his banks, till Libra weighs
ual ſcale the meaſur'd nights and days.
e he the laws of other ſtreams declines,
flows in winter, when at diſtance ſhines
moderate ſun; commanded to repair,
mmer's heat, to cool th' intemperate air.
n ſcorch'd Siene feels her Cancer's fire,
left the world, conſum'd in flame, expire,
to its aid his watery forces draws,
ſwells againſt the Lion's burning jaws,

Moiſt-

Moistening the plains, till Phœbus late descends
To Autumn's cooler couch, and Meroe's shade extends.

Who can the cause of such great changes read?
Ev'n so our parent Nature had decreed
Nile's constant course, and so the world has need.

As vainly too Antiquity apply'd
Th' Etesian winds to raise this wondrous tide,
Which blow at stated seasons of the year
For several days, and long possess the air;
Or thought vast clouds, which, driv'n before them fly
Beyond the South, discharg'd the burden'd sky
On Nilus' head, and thence his current swell'd;
Or that those winds the river's course repell'd,
Which stopp'd, and press'd by th' entering sea, diddain
His banks, and issuing boils along the plains.

Some think vast pores, and gaps in earth abound,
Where streams in silent veins creep under ground,
Led from the chilling North, the line to meet,
When pointed beams direct on Meroe beat,
While the parch'd earth a watery succour craves;
Then Po and Ganges roll their smother'd waves
Deep through the vaults beneath; and Nile supply
Discharges at one vent their mingled tide,
Nor can the gather'd flood in one straight chan
ride.

Some think the sea, which round all lands ext
His liquid arms, these gushing waters sends

That length of courſe the ſaltneſs wears away;
Or thus; ſince Phœbus and the ſtars, we ſay,
Drink ocean's ſtreams; when, near hot Cancer's claws,
The thirſty ſun a larger portion draws,
That more than air digeſts, attracted ſo,
Falls back by night, and cauſes Nile to flow.

Might I in ſo perplex'd a cauſe engage,
I think, ſince nature grew mature in age,
Some waters, Cæſar, have deriv'd their birth
From veins by ſtrong convulſions broke in earth;
And ſome coæval with the world began,
And ſtarting through appointed channels ran,
When this whole frame th' Almighty Builder rear'd,
Ordain'd its laws, and its firſt motions ſteer'd.

The kings of Greece, of Ægypt, and the Eaſt,
Ardent like you, were with this wiſh poſſeſt,
And every age has labour'd to attain
The wondrous truth, but labour'd ſtill in vain,
For nature lurks obſcure, and mocks their pain.
Philip's great ſon, whoſe conſecrated name
Memphis adores, the firſt in regal fame,
Envious of this, detach'd a choſen band
To range th' extreme of Æthiopia's land!
They paſs the ſcorching ſoil, and only view
Where hotter ſtreams their conſtant way purſue.
The fartheſt Weſt our great Seſoſtris ſaw,
While harneſs'd kings his lofty chariot draw,

Yet

Yet drank your Rhodanus and Padus firſt
At both their ſprings, ere Nile obey'd his thirſt.
Cambyſes, mad with luſt of power t' o'er-run
The long-liv'd nations of the riſing ſun,
To promis'd ſpoils a numerous army led;
His famiſh'd ſoldiers on each other fed,
Exhauſted he return'd, nor ſaw great Nilus' head:—
Nor boaſting fame pretends to make it known;
Where'er thou flow'ſt, thy ſpring 's poſſeſt by none,
And not one land can call thee, Nile, her own.
Yet what the god, who did thy birth conceal,
Has giv'n to know, to Cæſar I 'll reveal.

Firſt from the Southern pole thy ſtream we trace,
Which rolling forward with a ſpeedy pace,
Under hot Cancer is directly driven
Againſt Bootes' wain, far in the North of Heaven.
Yet winding in thy courſe from eaſt to weſt,
Arabia now, now Libya's ſands are bleſt
With thy cool flood; which firſt the Seres ſpy,
Yet ſeek thee too; thy current, rolling by,
Through Æthiopia next, a ſtranger, flows.
Nor can the world perceive to whom it owes
Thy ſacred birth, which nature hid from all,
Leſt any nation ſhould behold thee ſmall,
And, covering deep thy infant head, requir'd
That none ſhould find what is by all admir'd.

Thou, by a law to other ſtreams unknown,
In Summer's ſolſtice o'er thy banks art thrown,
And bring'ſt in thy full tide a winter of thy own.

To

To thee alone 'tis given thy waves to roll
Athwart the globe, enlarg'd to either pole;
Theſe nations ſeek thy fountain, thoſe would trace
Thy gulph. With ſpacious arms thou doſt embrace
Hot Meroe, fruitful to a ſooty race,
And proud of ebon woods; yet no retreat
Their uſeleſs ſhades afford to ſhun th' exceſſive heat.
Then through the regions of the ſcorching ſun,
Not leſſen'd by his thirſt, thy waters run.
O'er barren ſands they take a tedious courſe,
Now rolling in one tide their gather'd force;
Now wandering in their way, and ſprinkled round,
O'er yielding banks thy wanton billows bound.
Thy channel here its ſcatter'd troops regains,
Between th' Ægyptian and Arabian plains,
Where Philas bounds the realm; with eaſy pace
Thy ſlippery waves through deſarts cut their race,
Where Nature by a tract of land divides
Our ſea, diſtinguiſh'd from the Red-Sea's tides.
Who that beholds thee here ſo gently flow,
Would think thou ever could'ſt tempeſtuous grow?
But when o'er rugged cliffs and ways unev'n
In ſteepy cataracts thou'rt headlong driv'n,
Thy ruſhing waves, reſiſted, fiercer fly,
And batter'd froth rebounding fills the ſky.
The hills remurmur with the daſhing ſound,
Thy billows ride triumphant far around,
And rear their conquering heads with hoary honours crown'd.
Hence ſhaken Abatos firſt feels thy rage,
And rocks, which in our great forefathers age

Were

Were call'd the river's veins; becauſe they ſhow
His firſt increaſe, and ſymptoms of his flow.
Vaſt piles of mountains here encompaſs wide
His ſtreams, to Libya's thirſty land deny'd,
Which thus inclos'd in a deep valley glide.
At Memphis firſt he ſees the open plains,
Then flows at large, and his low banks diſdains.

While thus ſecure, as if no danger nigh,
Till night's black ſteeds had travell'd half the ſky,
They paſs the hours of reſt, Pothinus' mind
From brooding miſchief can no leiſure find.
Seaſon'd in ſacred blood, what crime can ſcare
The wretch, that late could ſuch a murder dare?
Great Pompey's ghoſt dwells in his breaſt, t' inſpire
New monſters there; and furies add their fire.
He hopes ignoble hands ſhall wear thoſe ſtains,
Which Heaven for injur'd Roman chiefs ordains,
And that blind fortune to a ſlave that day
The ſenate's vengeance ſhould bequeath away,
The debt for civil war, which Cæſar once ſhall pay.
But oh! ye righteous powers, exert your care!
The guilty life in Brutus' abſence ſpare!
Nor let vile Ægypt, Rome's great juſtice boaſt,
And this example to the world be loſt!

Vain is th' attempt; yet, ſcorning ſecret ſnares,
Steel'd by his crimes, the deſperate villain dares,
With open war th' unconquer'd chief provoke,
And dooms his head already to the ſtroke,

Deſigns

Deſigns to bid the ſlaughter'd father go,
And ſeek his ſon in dreary ſhades below.
Yet firſt he ſends a truſty ſlave, to bear
This haſty meſſage to Achillas' ear,
His partner-ruffian in great Pompey's fall,
Whom the weak king had made his general,
And, thoughtleſs of his own defence, reſign'd
A power againſt himſelf and all mankind.

Go, ſluggard, to thy bed of down, and ſteep
Thy heavy eyelids in luxurious ſleep!
While Cleopatra does the court invade,
And Pharos is not privately betray'd,
But giv'n away; doſt thou alone forbear
To grace the nuptials of thy miſtreſs here?
Th' inceſtuous ſiſter ſhall her brother wed,
Ally'd already to the Roman's bed,
And ſharing both by turns; Ægypt 's her hire,
Already paid, and Rome ſhe may require.
Could Cleopatra's forceries decoy
Ev'n Cæſar's age, and ſhall we truſt a boy?
Whom if one night ſhe fold within her arms,
Drunk with lewd joys, and faſcinating charms,
Whatever pious name the crime allay,
Between each kiſs, he'll give our heads away,
And we by racks or flames muſt for her beauty pay.
In this diſtreſs fate no relief allows;
Cæſar 's her lover, and the king her ſpouſe;
And ſhe herſelf, no doubt, the doom has paſt
On us, and all who would have left her chaſte.

But

But by the deed which we together ſhar'd,
In vain, if not by new attempts repair'd,
By that ſtrict league a hero's blood has bound,
Bring ſpeedy war, and all their joys confound,
Ruſh boldly on; with ſlaughter let us ſtain
Their nuptial torch; the cruel bride be ſlain
Ev'n in her bed, and which ſoe'er ſupplies
In preſent turn the huſband's place, he dies.
Nor Cæſar's name our purpoſe ſhall appall;
Fortune 's the common miſtreſs of us all,
And ſhe, that lifts him now above mankind,
Courted by us, may be to us as kind.
We ſhare his brighteſt glory, and are great
By Pompey's death, as he by his defeat.
Look on the ſhore, and read good omens there,
And aſk the bloody waves what we may dare.
Behold what tomb the wretched trunk ſupplies,
Half hid in ſand, half naked to the ſkies!
Yet this was Cæſar's equal whom we ſlew:
And doubt we then new glory to purſue?
Grant that our birth 's obſcure; yet, ſhall we need
Kings or rich ſtates confederate to the deed?
No, Fate 's our own, and Fortune in our way,
Without our toil, preſents a nobler prey;
Appeaſe we now the Romans while we may!
This ſecond victim ſhall their rage remove
For Pompey's death, and turn their hate to love.
Nor dread we mighty names, which ſlaves adore;
Stripp'd of his army what 's this ſoldier more
Than thou or I?—to-night then let us end
His civil wars; to-night the fates ſhall ſend

A ſa-

A ſacrifice to troops of ghoſts below,
And pay that head, which to the world they owe.
At Cæſar's throat let the fierce ſoldiers fly,
And Ægypt's youth with Rome's their force apply,
Thoſe for their king, and theſe for liberty.
No more, but haſte, and take the foe ſupine,
Prepar'd for luſt, and gorg'd with food and wine.
Be bold, and think the gods to thee commend
The cauſe, which Brutus' prayers and Cato's will defend.

To miſchief ſwift, Achillas ſoon obey'd
This ſummons, yet his ſudden march betray'd
By no loud ſignal, nor the trumpet's jar:
In ſilent haſte he led a barbarous train of war.
Degenerate crouds of Romans fill his bands,
So loſt in vice, ſo chang'd in foreign lands,
That they, who ſhould have ſcorn'd the king's commands,
Forgetful of their country and their fame,
Under a vile domeſtick's conduct came.
No faith, no honour, can the herd reſtrain,
That follow camps, and fight for ſordid gain;
Like ruffians brib'd, they ne'er the cauſe enquire,
That ſide 's the juſt, which gives the largeſt hire.
If by your ſwords proud Cæſar was to bleed,
Strike for yourſelves, ye ſlaves! nor ſell the deed!
Oh wretched Rome! where'er thy Eagle flies,
New civil wars, new fury, will ariſe;

Ev'n on Nile's banks, far from Theſſalian plains,
Amidſt thy troops their country's madneſs reigns.
What more could the bold houſe of Lagus dare,
Had Pompey found a juſt protection there?
No Roman hand 's exempt, but each muſt ſpill
His ſhare of blood, and Heaven's decrees fulfil.
Such vengeful plagues it pleas'd the gods to ſend,
And with ſuch numerous wounds the Latian ſtate to rend.

Not for the ſon or father now they fight;
A baſe-born ſlave can civil arms excite,
Achillas mingles in the Roman ſtrife;
And, had not Fate protected Cæſar's life,
Theſe had prevail'd; each villain ready ſtood,
This waits without, and that within, for blood.
The court, diſſolv'd in feaſting, open lay
To treacherous ſnares, a careleſs eaſy prey.
Then o'er the royal cups had Cæſar bled,
And on the board had fall'n his ſever'd head,
But left, amid the darkneſs of the night,
Their ſwords unconſcious, in the huddled fight,
Might ſlay the king, the ſlaves awhile took breath,
And ſlipp'd th' important hour of Cæſar's death.
They thought to make him ſoon the loſs repay,
And fall a ſacrifice in open day.
One night is given him; by Pothinus' grace
He ſees the ſun once more renew his race.

Now

Now the fair morning-ſtar began to ſhow
The ſign of day from Caſſia's lofty brow,
And ev'n the dawn made ſultry Ægypt glow.
When from afar the marching troops appear,
Not in looſe ſquadrons ſcatter'd here and there,
But one broad front of war, as if that day
To meet an equal force, and fight in juſt array.
While Cæſar thinks not the town-walls ſecure,
He bars the palace-gates, compell'd t' endure
Th' inglorious ſiege, and in a corner hide
Inclos'd, nor dares to the whole court confide.
In haſte he arms his friends; his anxious breaſt,
Now fir'd with fury, now with doubt depreſt,
Much fears th' aſſault, yet more that fear diſdains;
So when ſome generous ſavage, bound with chains,
Is ſhut within his den, he howls with rage,
And breaks his teeth againſt the maſſy cage:
And thus, if by new weight of hills impos'd
Sicilian Ætna's breathing jaws were clos'd,
Ev'n thus th' impriſon'd god of fire would rave,
And drive his flames rebellowing round the cave.
Behold the man, who lately ſcorn'd to dread
The ſenate's army to juſt battle led,
The flower of Roman lords, and Pompey at their head,
Who, in a cauſe forbidden hope, could truſt
That Providence for him ſhould prove unjuſt,
Behold him now oppreſt, forlorn of aid,
Driv'n to a houſe, and of a ſlave afraid!
He, whom rough Scythians had not dar'd abuſe,
Nor ſavage Moors, who barbarouſly uſe

In ſport, to try inhoſpitable arts
On ſtrangers bound, their living mark for darts;
Though Rome's extended world, though India join'd
With Tyrian Gades ſeems a realm confin'd,
A ſpace too ſcanty to his waſter mind,
Now, like a boy or tender maid, he flies,
When ſudden arms th' invaded works ſurprize;
He traverſes the court, each room explores,
His hope is all in bars and bolted doors.
Yet doubtful while he wanders here and there,
He leads the captive king his fate to ſhare,
Or expiate that death the ſlaves for him prepare.
If darts or miſſive flames ſhall fail, he'll throw
Their ſovereign's head againſt th' advancing foe.
So, when Medea fled her native clime,
And fear'd juſt vengeance on her impious crime,
With ready ſteel the cruel ſorcereſs ſtood,
To greet her father with her brother's blood,
Prepar'd his head, to ſtop, with dire affright,
A parent's ſpeed, and to aſſure her flight.

Yet Cæſar, that unequal arms might ceaſe,
Suſpends his fury, and eſſays a peace.
A herald from the king is ſent, t' aſſuage
His rebel ſervants, and upbraid their rage,
And in their abſent Tyrant's name t' enquire
The ſecret author of this kindled fire.
But, ſcornful of reproach, th' audacious crew
The ſacred laws of nations overthrew,
And for his ſpeech the royal envoy ſlew.

In-

Inhuman deed! that ſwells the guilty ſcore
Of Ægypt's monſters, well increas'd before.
Not Theſſaly, not Juba's ſavage train,
Pharnaces' impious troops, not cruel Spain,
Nor Pontus, nor the Syrtes' barbarous land,
Dar'd an attempt like this voluptuous band.

Th' attack is form'd, the palace cloſely pent;
Huge javelins to the ſhaken walls are ſent,
A ſtorm of flying ſpears; yet from below
No battering rams reſiſtleſs drive the blow,
No engine 's brought, no fires; the giddy croud
In parties roam, and with brute clamours loud,
In ſeveral bands their waſted ſtrength divide,
And here and there to force an entrance try'd;
In vain, for Fortune fights on Cæſar's ſide.

Then, where the palace 'midſt ſurrounding waves
Projects luxuriant, and their fury braves,
The ſhips too their united force apply,
And ſwiftly hurl the naval war on high.
Yet, preſent every where with ſword or fire,
Cæſar th' approaches guards, and makes the foes retire.
To all by turns he brings ſucceſsful aids,
Inverts the war, and, though beſieg'd, invades.
Fireballs, and torches dreſt with unctuous ſpoil
Of tar combuſtible, and frying oil,
Kindled he launch'd againſt the fleet; nor ſlow
The catching flames inveſt the ſmouldering tow.

The pitchy planks their crackling prey become;
The painted ſterns, and rowers ſeats conſume.
There, hulks half-burnt ſink in the main; and here
Arms on the waves and drowning men appear.

Nor thus ſuffic'd, the flames from thence aſpire,
And ſeize the buildings with contagious fire.
Swift o'er the roofs by winds increas'd, they fly;
So ſhooting meteors blaze along the ſky,
And lead their wandering courſe with ſudden glare,
By ſulphurous atoms fed in fields of thinneſt air.

Affrighted crouds the growing ruin view;
To ſave the city from the ſiege they flew,
When Cæſar, wont the lucky hour to chuſe
Of ſudden chance in war, and wiſely uſe,
Loſt not in ſlothful reſt the favouring night,
But ſhipp'd his men, and ſudden took his flight.
Pharos he ſeiz'd, an iſland heretofore,
When prophet Proteus Ægypt's ſceptre bore,
Now by a chain of moles contiguous to the ſhore.
Here Cæſar's arms a double uſe obtain;
Hence from the ſtraiten'd foe he bars the main,
While to his friends th' important harbour lies
A ſafe retreat, and open to ſupplies.
Nor longer now the doom ſuſpended ſtands,
Which Juſtice on Pothinus' guilt demands.
Yet not as guilt, unmatch'd like his, requires,
Not by the ſhameful croſs, or torturing fires,
Nor torn by ravenous beaſts, the howling wretch expires.

The

The ſword diſhonour'd did his head divide,
And by a fate like Rome's beſt ſon he dy'd.
Arſinoe now, by well-concerted ſnares
'Scap'd from the palace, to the foe repairs;
The truſty Ganymede aſſiſts her flight.
Then o'er the camp ſhe claim'd a ſovereign's right;
Her brother abſent, ſhe aſſumes the ſword,
And frees the tyrant from his houſhold lord;
By her juſt hand Achillas meets his fate,
Rebel accurs'd! in blood and miſchief great!
Another victim, Pompey, to thy ſhade;
But think not yet the full atonement made,
Though Ægypt's king, though all the royal line
Should fall, thy murmuring ghoſt would ſtill repine;
Still unreveng'd thy murder would remain,
Till Cæſar's purple life the ſenate's ſwords ſhall ſtain.

Nor does the ſwelling tempeſt yet ſubſide.
The chief remov'd that did its fury guide,
To the ſame charge bold Ganymede ſucceeds,
Proſperous awhile in many hardy deeds.
So long th' event of war in balance lay,
So great the dangers of that doubtful day,
That Cæſar from that day alone might claim
Immortal wreaths, and all the warrior's fame.

Now while to quit the ſtraiten'd mole he ſtrove,
And to the vacant ſhips the fight remove,
War's utmoſt terrors preſs on every ſide;
Before the ſtrand beſieging navies ride;

Behind, the troops advance. No way is ſeen
T' eſcape, or ſcarce a glorious death to win.
No room with ſlaughter'd foes to ſtrew the plain,
And bravely fall amidſt a pile of ſlain.
A captive to the place he now appears,
Doubtful if death ſhould move his hope, or fears.
In this diſtreſs a ſudden thought inſpir'd
His hardy breaſt, by great examples fir'd;
Bold Scæva's action he to mind recalls,
And glory won near fam'd Dyrrachium's walls;
Where, whilſt his men a doubtful fight maintain,
And Pompey ſtrove the batter'd works to gain,
Amidſt a field of foes, that hemm'd him round,
Alone the brave Centurion kept his ground.

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*** Here the original poem breaks off abruptly, having been left unfiniſhed by the author.

CONTENTS

TO

HUGHES'S POEMS.

	Page.
Recommendatory Poems - - -	3—16
The Triumph of Peace - - -	17
The Court of Neptune - - - -	23
The Houſe of Naſſau - - - -	37
Ode on the Death of a Friend - - -	55
Anacreon, Ode III. - - - -	56
The Story of Pyramus and Thiſbe - -	58
The Triumph of Love - - -	63
The Picture - - - - - -	65
Barn Elms - - - - - -	67
Phœbe and Aſteria - - - -	68
Song - - - - - - -	71

To

Page

To Octavia indiſpoſed - - - - 72
Beauty and Muſick - - - - 73
Cupid's Review - - - - ib.
To a Lady playing on the Organ - - 76
Sonnet - - - - - ib.
To a Painter - - - - 77
To the Author of Fatal Friendſhip - 79
On Divine Poetry - - - 81
Song - - - - - - 82
On a Peacock - - - - 83
On Lucinda's Tea Table - - 85
The March - - - - 86
Written in a Lady's Prayer-Book - 87
Ode on the Spring - - - ib.
Horace, Ode III. Book III. - - 88
Greenwich Park - - - 93
To Molinda - - - - 96
A Letter to a Friend in the Country - 98
Horace, Book I. Ode XXII. - - 99
——— Book II. Ode XVI. - - 102

The

Page

The Birth of the Roſe - - 106
Six Cantatas - - - 111—123
The Praiſes of Heroic Virtue - - 124
Under the Print of Tom Britton - 125
Song. The Fair Traveller - - 126
A Cantata - - - - ibid
Song - - - - - 127
Cupid and Scarlati - - - 128
A Cantata - - - - 129
Paſtora - - - - 131
A Paſtoral Maſque - - - 132
A Cantata - - - - 136
A Fragment - - - - 137
Claudianus - - - - 138
A Cantata - - - - 139
The Soldier in Love - - - 140
An Ode in Praiſe of Muſick - - 142
Apollo and Daphne - - - 147
A Thought in a Garden - - 149
A Wiſh - - - - 151

Page

Cantata - - - - 153
An Ode - - - - 155
An Epilogue - - - - 160
Written in a Window at Greenhithe - 161
The Toaſters - - - - 162
Tofts and Margaretta - - - ibid
The Wandering Beauty - - 163
Dialogue de l'Amour et du Poete - 164
The ſame in Engliſh - - 165
Venus and Adonis - - - 168
Cantata - - - - 170
Beauty, an Ode - - - 171
Myra - - - - 173
Alexander's Feaſt - - - 174
Songs - - - - 181
Tranſlated from Perſian Verſes - - 182
On Arqueänaſſa of Colophos - - 183
On Fulvia, the wife of Anthony - 184.
Hudibras imitated - - - ibid
Ode to the Creator of the World - 187

To

Page

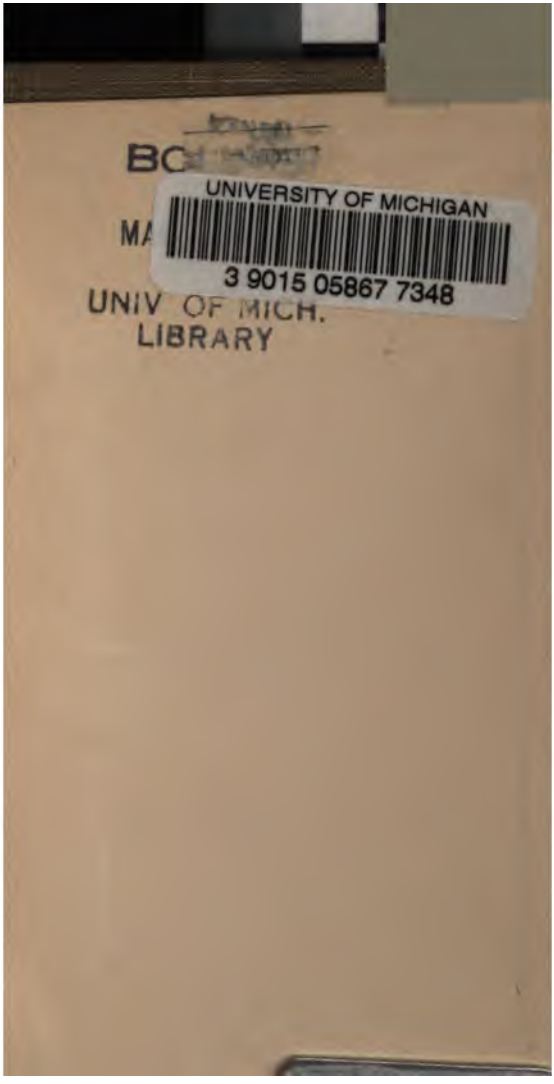
To Mr. Addiſon - - - 195
Advice to Mr. Pope - - - 197
To the Memory of Mr. Milton - 198
To a Lady - - - - ibid
A Fragment - - - - 199
Serenata, for two Voices - - 200
Horatius - - - - 203
On a Collar for Happy Gill - - 204
Character of the Lady Henrietta Cavendiſh Holles ibid
Truth, Honour, Honeſty - - 205
Hymn - - - - 206
A Monumental Ode - - - 208
An Alluſion to Horace, Book I. Ode XXII. 212
Apollo and Daphne - - - 215
Ode for the Birth-day of the Princeſs of Wales 229
Letter from Mr. Hughes to Lord Chancellor Cowper - - - - - - 235
Ode to Ditto - - - - - 237
What is Man - - - - - 239
Boileau, dans ſa I. Epiſtre au Roy - - 240
The ſame in Engliſh - - - - 241

The

Page

The Image of Pleaſure - - - - 244
An Ode in the Park at Aſted - - - 245
To Mr. Conſtantine, on his Paintings - 249
To Urania, on her Arrival at Jamaica - 250
Supplement to Milton's Il Penſeroſo - - 253
The Hue and Cry - - - - - 254
The Patriot - - - - - - 256
Scene in Oreſtes - - - - - 258
On the Birth-day of the Lord Chancellor Parker - - - - - - - - 266
The XIVth Olympick of Pindar - - 267
The Morning Apparition - - - 269
The Supplement - - - - - 271
The Ecſtaſy - - - - - - 276
The Tenth Book of Lucan's Pharſalia - 285

END OF HUGHES'S POEMS.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